

October

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A Startling
Adventure
THE MOON-
MAKER
By Arthur
Train
and SIXTEEN
other SUPERB
FEATURES
In this Issue



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE

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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXI

OCTOBER, 1916

NO. 5



The Wasters

By Herbert Kaufman

EVERY Saturday he opens his envelop with quaking fingers and breathes a prayer of relief for the reprieve—the pink-slip look has been on the manager's face these many months. At fifty, one realizes that failure is practically final. He's used up; his punch is gone; confidence has no past to feed on.

He's growing old at the rate of two years annually—despair is an avid man-eater.

Another "has been" soon to be turned adrift—one more rusting machine ready for the human junk-pile!

A pittance in the savings-bank will temporarily postpone the descent into tawdry neighborhoods; then will come cheaper and meaner boarding-houses; finally, tenement-rooms. God only knows what lies beyond.

Of course you don't personally anticipate such a future—but neither did he.

There were valorous purposes back there at the outset. His heart was a house o' dreams. Ambition miraged his hopes with rainbows.

The big chance was bound to come. No need to hoard—yet. Why deny oneself an occasional fling? Penny-hunters never bagged fortunes. He'd make his in a lump. The small game was not for him. So Thrift, rebuffed at the start, never entered their home.

His assurance convinced her, too. They'd soon arrive. Therefore, why economize on trifles?

His wife became a spendthrift, a waster. Their debts didn't bother them—one good turn would clean the slate. His plans were wonderful—the world was bound to recognize such ability. Every woman is eager to believe in the man of her choice. Love exaggerates faith. Had she foreseen the price to be paid, his career might have been different—far better deprivations in youth than privations in age.

He dressed her beyond their means. It pleased his vanity to show her off, to take her about, to frequent expensive restaurants, and meet people they couldn't afford to know.

The next week's salary was chronically bespoken for the last week's bills.

Credit was too easily procured. Every raise found an obligation ready to absorb it.

Year by year, they promised themselves to retrench—to cut out this and dispense with that.

Meanwhile, the firm changed into a corporation and offered to let him in on the ground floor, but it was "just his luck" not to have the cash handy.

On numerous occasions he could have bettered his position, but, with shaky finances, it was risky to relinquish a "certainty."

Desirable propositions come from out of town, but he couldn't take advantage of them because of the heavy cost of moving.

One by one, subordinates were promoted over his head; newcomers occupied the posts he might have won, had he dared press opportunity.

He grew ashamed; false pride tied his tongue. He did not confide in his wife. He didn't give her a chance to prove her worth. He had become a weakling—a coward, bluffed by a pay-envelop.

He robbed Peter Prudence to pay Paul Folly—now the accounting is due.

The name doesn't matter—call him Smith or Jones or Brown or use your own. He's a common type—one of countless men who might have been anything if they'd saved something, powerful factors in affairs if they'd looked ahead. So may you.



ST. FRANCIS AND THE LADY CLARE

By Edgar Lee Masters

Author of "Spoon River Anthology"

Decoration by W. G. Bender

I

ANTONIO loved the Lady Clare.
He caught her to him on the stair,
And pressed her breast and kissed her hair,
And drew her lips in his, and drew
Her soul out like a torch's flare.
Her breath came quick; her blood swirled round;
Her senses in a vortex swound.
She tore him loose and turned around,
And reached her chamber in a bound.
Her cheeks turned to a poppy's hue.

II

She closed the door and turned the lock.
Her breast and flesh were turned to rock.
She reeled as drunken from the shock.
Before her eyes the devils skipped:
She thought she heard the devils mock.
For had her soul not been as pure
As sifted snow, could she endure
Antonio's passion and be sure
Against his passion's strength and lure?
Lean fears along her wonder slipped.

III

Outside, she heard a drunkard call;
She heard a beggar against the wall,
Shaking his cup; a harlot's squall
Struck through the riot like a sword,
And gashed the midnight's festival.
She watched the city through the pane—
The old Silenus, half insane,
The idiot crowd that drags its chain—
And then she heard the bells again,
And heard the voices with the word.

IV

"Ecco il santo!" Up the street,
There was the sound of running feet
From closing door and window-seat.
And all the crowd turned on its way,
The Saint of Poverty to greet.
He passed. And then a circling thrill,
As water troubled which was still,
Went through her body like a chill,
Who of Antonio thought until
She heard the saint begin to pray.



V

And then she turned into the room.
Her soul was cloven through with doom,
Treading the softness and the gloom
Of Asia's silk and Persia's wool,
And China's magical perfume.
She sickened from the vases hued
In corals, yellows, greens, the lewd
Twined dragon-shapes and figures nude,
And tapestries that showed a brood
Of leopards by a pool.

VI

Such sudden sin the virgin knew
She quenched the tapers as she blew
Puff! Puff! upon them; then she threw
Herself in tears upon her knees,
And round her couch the curtain drew.
She called upon St. Francis' name,
Feeling Antonio's passion maim
Her body with his passion's flame
To save her, save her from the shame
Of fancies such as these!

VII

"Go by, mad life and old pursuits,
The wine-cup, and the golden fruits,
The gilded mirrors, rosewood flutes;
I would praise God forevermore
With harps of gold and silver lutes!"
She stripped the velvet from her couch
Her broken spirit to avouch.
She saw the devils slink and slouch,
And passion, like a leopard, crouch,
Half mirrored on the polished floor.

VIII

Next day she found the saint and said:
"I would be God's bride. I would wed
Poverty, and I would eat the bread
That you for anchorites prepare;
For my soul's sake, I am in dread."
"Go then," said Francis, nothing loath,
"Put off this gown of green-snake cloth,
Put on one somber as a moth;
Then come to me and make your troth,
And I will clip your golden hair."

IX

Thus was the Lady Clare debased
To sackcloth, and, around her waist,
A rope the jeweled belt replaced.
Her feet, made free of silken hose,
Naked in wooden sandals cased,
Went bruised to Bastia's chapel. Then
They housed her in St. Damian;
And here she prayed for poor women;
And here St. Francis sought her when
His faith sank under earthly woes.

X

Antonio cursed St. Clare in rime
And took to wine and got the lime
Of hatred on his soul; in time
Grew healed, though left a little lame,
And laughed about it in his prime.
When he could see with crystal eyes
That love is a winged thing which flies,
Some break the wings; some let them rise
From earth like God's dove to the skies
Diffused in heavenly flame.

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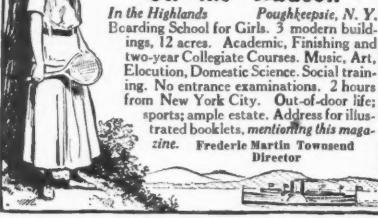
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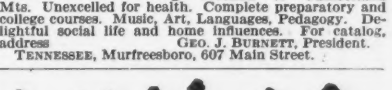
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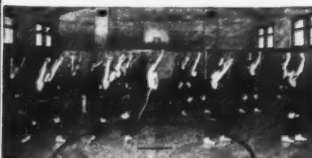
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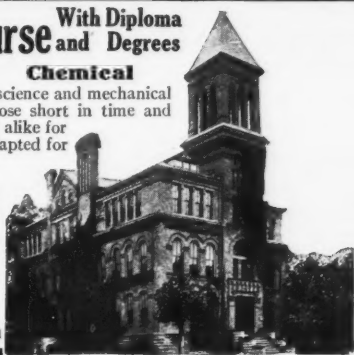
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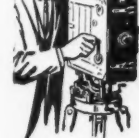
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Now there has grown up in the City of Baltimore, in connection with a great private day school, a Home Instruction Department, the high object and purpose of which is the education of children from four to twelve years of age, entirely in their own homes and yet according to the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of educational experts, who are specialists in elementary education. The school was established in 1897, and now has pupils in every state of the Union and 22 foreign countries. One mother writes: "The system seems to me almost magical in its results." Another, previously perplexed by educational problems, voices her relief in these words: "A real Godsend." A booklet outlining the plan and reasons of instruction will be sent on request.



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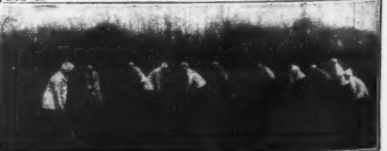
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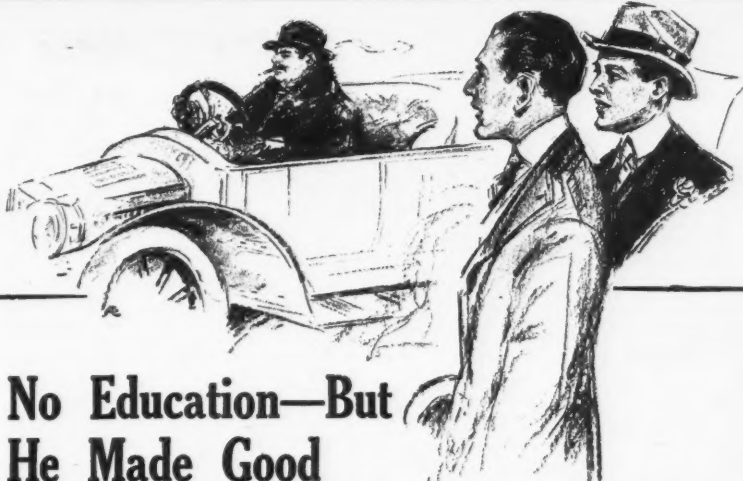
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PADEREWSKI



KREISLER

COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXI

OCTOBER, 1916

NO. 5



The Wasters

By Herbert Kaufman

EVERY Saturday he opens his envelop with quaking fingers and breathes a prayer of relief for the reprieve—the pink-slip look has been on the manager's face these many months. At fifty, one realizes that failure is practically final. He's used up; his punch is gone; confidence has no past to feed on.

He's growing old at the rate of two years annually—despair is an avid man-eater.

Another "has been" soon to be turned adrift—one more rusting machine ready for the human junk-pile!

A pittance in the savings-bank will temporarily postpone the descent into tawdry neighborhoods; then will come cheaper and meaner boarding-houses; finally, tenement-rooms. God only knows what lies beyond.

Of course you don't personally anticipate such a future—but neither did he.

There were valorous purposes back there at the outset. His heart was a house o' dreams. Ambition miraged his hopes with rainbows.

The big chance was bound to come. No need to hoard—yet. Why deny oneself an occasional fling? Penny-hunters never bagged fortunes. He'd make his in a lump. The small game was not for him. So Thrift, rebuffed at the start, never entered their home.

His assurance convinced her, too. They'd soon arrive. Therefore, why economize on trifles?

His wife became a spendthrift, a waster. Their debts didn't bother them—one good turn would clean the slate. His plans were wonderful—the world was bound to recognize such ability. Every woman is eager to believe in the man of her choice. Love exaggerates faith. Had she foreseen the price to be paid, his career might have been different—far better deprivations in youth than privations in age.

He dressed her beyond their means. It pleased his vanity to show her off, to take her about, to frequent expensive restaurants, and meet people they couldn't afford to know.

The next week's salary was chronically bespoken for the last week's bills.

Credit was too easily procured. Every raise found an obligation ready to absorb it.

Year by year, they promised themselves to retrench—to cut out this and dispense with that.

Meanwhile, the firm changed into a corporation and offered to let him in on the ground floor, but it was "just his luck" not to have the cash handy.

On numerous occasions he could have bettered his position, but, with shaky finances, it was risky to relinquish a "certainty."

Desirable propositions come from out of town, but he couldn't take advantage of them because of the heavy cost of moving.

One by one, subordinates were promoted over his head; newcomers occupied the posts he might have won, had he dared press opportunity.

He grew ashamed; false pride tied his tongue. He did not confide in his wife. He didn't give her a chance to prove her worth. He had become a weakling—a coward, bluffed by a pay-envelop.

He robbed Peter Prudence to pay Paul Folly—now the accounting is due.

The name doesn't matter—call him Smith or Jones or Brown or use your own. He's a common type—one of countless men who might have been anything if they'd saved something, powerful factors in affairs if they'd looked ahead. So may you.



ST. FRANCIS AND THE LADY CLARE

By Edgar Lee Masters

Author of "Spoon River Anthology"

Decoration by W. G. Benda

I

ANTONIO loved the Lady Clare.
He caught her to him on the stair,
And pressed her breast and kissed her hair,
And drew her lips in his, and drew
Her soul out like a torch's flare.
Her breath came quick; her blood swirled round;
Her senses in a vortex swound.
She tore him loose and turned around,
And reached her chamber in a bound,
Her cheeks turned to a poppy's hue.

II

She closed the door and turned the lock.
Her breast and flesh were turned to rock.
She reeled as drunken from the shock.
Before her eyes the devils skipped;
She thought she heard the devils mock.
For had her soul not been as pure
As sifted snow, could she endure
Antonio's passion and be sure
Against his passion's strength and lure?
Lean fears along her wonder slipped.

III

Outside, she heard a drunkard call;
She heard a beggar against the wall,
Shaking his cup; a harlot's squall
Struck through the riot like a sword,
And gashed the midnight's festival.
She watched the city through the pane—
The old Silenus, half insane,
The idiot crowd that drags its chain—
And then she heard the bells again,
And heard the voices with the word,

IV

"Ecco il santo!" Up the street,
There was the sound of running feet
From closing door and window-seat,
And all the crowd turned on its way,
The Saint of Poverty to greet.
He passed. And then a circling thrill,
As water troubled which was still,
Went through her body like a chill,
Who of Antonio thought until
She heard the saint begin to pray.



V

And then she turned into the room.
Her soul was cloven through with doom.
Treading the softness and the gloom
Of Asia's silk and Persia's wool.
And China's magical perfume.
She sickened from the vases hued
In corals, yellows, greens, the lewd
Twined dragon-shapes and figures nude.
And tapestries that showed a brood
Of leopards by a pool.

VI

Such sudden sin the virgin knew
She quenched the tapers as she blew
Puff! Puff! upon them; then she threw
Herself in tears upon her knees.
And round her couch the curtain drew.
She called upon St. Francis' name.
Feeling Antonio's passion maim
Her body with his passion's flame
To save her, save her from the shame
Of fancies such as these!

VII

"Go by, mad life and old pursuits.
The wine-cup, and the golden fruits,
The gilded mirrors, rosewood flutes;
I would praise God forevermore
With harps of gold and silver lutes!"
She stripped the velvet from her couch
Her broken spirit to avouch.
She saw the devils slink and slouch,
And passion, like a leopard, crouch,
Half mirrored on the polished floor.

VIII

Next day she found the saint and said:
"I would be God's bride. I would wed
Poverty, and I would eat the bread
That you for anchorites prepare;
For my soul's sake, I am in dread."
"Go then," said Francis, nothing loath,
"Put off this gown of green-snake cloth.
Put on one somber as a moth;
Then come to me and make your troth,
And I will clip your golden hair."

IX

Thus was the Lady Clare debased
To sackcloth, and, around her waist,
A rope the jeweled belt replaced.
Her feet, made free of silken hose,
Naked in wooden sandals cased,
Went bruised to Bastia's chapel. Then
They housed her in St. Damian;
And here she prayed for poor women;
And here St. Francis sought her when
His faith sank under earthly woes.

X

Antonio cursed St. Clare in rime
And took to wine and got the lime
Of hatred on his soul; in time
Grew healed, though left a little lame,
And laughed about it in his prime.
When he could see with crystal eyes
That love is a winged thing which flies.
Some break the wings; some let them rise
From earth like God's dove to the skies
Diffused in heavenly flame.



WHEN the world-war was at its height, wireless messages signed with the name "Pax" had been received at the Naval Observatory at Washington, in which the sender declared himself capable of controlling the forces of nature. These mysterious messages were followed by the occurrence of extraordinary natural phenomena such as violent seismic shocks and an unprecedented display of the aurora borealis. Coincidentally, there appeared in the heavens a terrible air-craft, the Flying Ring, which, by means of a powerful lavender ray, disrupted the mountains in northern Africa and flooded the Desert of Sahara. The warring nations were informed that if they did not conclude a permanent peace, Pax would shift the axis of the earth and compel the termination of hostilities by turning central Europe into an arctic waste. The nations, convinced at last that, unless they acceded to his demands, human life upon the globe would come to an end, entered into negotiations for peace. At about this same time, Professor Benjamin Hooker, attached to the Department of Applied Physics at Harvard University, determined, by independent research, that the mysterious force had its origin in the wilds of Labrador, and resolved to go there himself to see what he could find out about Pax and his schemes. After much hardship, he discovered the location of the Ring, arriving there at the moment when Pax was about to carry out his threat to deflect the axis of the globe; but, owing to an accident to the machinery generating the lavender ray, an explosion occurred in which Pax and his associates were destroyed. The Flying Ring, however, remained intact, and Hooker, with his friend, the famous aviator Burke, succeeded in mastering its mechanism and starting in it for the United States.

PART I

THE WANDERING ASTEROID

I

"Now," said Bentham T. Tassifer, with an air of defiance, "we'll see!" He was a bandy-legged little man, whose abdominal structure suggested a concealed melon.

Red-faced and perspiring, he arose from where he had been teeing up his ball for the fifth hole, flourished his driver aggressively, and, adjusting his knobby calves at a carefully calculated angle, went through a variety of extraordinary contortions with his wrists and forearms.

The Moon-

A Romantic and Astounding

By Arthur

Written in collaboration with Professor Robert Williams
versity, Baltimore, joint author with Mr. Train of "The

Illustrated by

Outwardly, he was the personification of pugnacious assurance. He had every appearance of being absolutely certain of his ability to swat that small white sphere to a distance of not less than three hundred yards and plumb onto the next green. Inwardly, however, Bentham had no confidence in himself at all. He knew that the chances were just nineteen out of twenty that he would slice into the bushes at about sixty yards and lose a brand new "baby bramble." But, as befitted a deputy assistant solicitor at the Department of Justice, he allowed no hint of nervousness to betray itself, looked sternly at Judson, his lank opponent, and remarked again, "Now we'll see!"

Nobody but Mrs. Tassifer knew what a sucking dove Bentham really was in his inmost soul. The world at large regarded him as a rather terrible squatty person who had a chip on each shoulder, for he made almost as much noise insisting on his rights as a native Briton. In point of fact, he thought he looked like Stephen A. Douglas or, in lieu of that, like Robert G. Ingersoll possibly. But that was all on the exterior. And now, as he addressed the ball, he kept inwardly repeating to himself: "Eye on the ball—head steady—follow through. Eye on the ball—head steady—follow through." Then, summoning all his resources, he swung his driver over his shoulder and was about to bring it down with the impetus of a Travis, when he thought he saw a black gnat dancing in front of his eyes.

"Tush!" he exclaimed, waving with his left hand. "These flies!"

"Aren't any flies," retorted his friend Judson, from the Department of Agriculture, "in October."



Maker

Adventure

Train

Wood, of Johns Hopkins Uni-
Man Who Rocked the Earth."

George Gibbs

"Well, I thought there was," said Bentham, dressing at the ball once more. "There it is again!" he added, suddenly striking at something. Then he fastened his eyes on the horizon. "You're right! It isn't here—it's there! See it?" And he pointed out into the blue of space with his driver.

"Flying machine," announced Judson. "Watch it go!"

The black speck was coming swiftly toward them and growing larger every instant.

"It's like a doughnut—round with a hole in the middle!" cried Bentham. "I believe that fellow intends to land here. What impudence!"

By this time, both of them could see plainly the details of the machine which, constructed apparently of polished steel, flashed dizzily in the sunlight as it shot over the golf-course. It was evidently a hollow cylinder shaped like an anchor-ring or life-preserver, about seventy-five feet in diameter, with a tripod superstructure carrying, at its apex, a thimble-shaped device, the open mouth of which pointed downward through the middle of the machine. A faint yellow glare—a sort of luminous vapor—hovered below this gigantic car, which sailed through the air with a deep humming sound.

"It's coming down!" shouted Bentham indignantly. "We'd better beat it! This is an outrage!"

From overhead came a series of crackling vibrations, accompanied by a muffled roar like escaping steam. The

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"We'd better beat it! This is an outrage!"

car had ceased to move forward and was slowly descending. Strange creakings and snappings echoed like rifle-shots all about them, and a Niagara of what looked like hot steam shot through with a pale-yellow, phosphorescent light, drove down through the center of the ring and tore away the surface of the fair green, filling the air with a geyser of earth and grass. The two men, almost blinded by the rain of mud, sand, and small stones, ran like rabbits to the shelter of the nearest bunker.

"Outrageous! Inexcusable!" sputtered Mr. Tassifer, as he cowered on the other side of it. "Fellow must be simply mad! Private property!"

Then, after a couple of minutes, hearing no further sounds and the sand-storm having subsided, they raised their heads and peeked over the top of the bunker. Between the fourth and fifth holes, the turf on the fair green had been torn up in a circular patch of about a hundred feet in diameter, and in the shallow crater thus excavated, and surrounded by an irregular ring of divots, sand, and debris, rested a gigantic flying machine surmounted by a superstructure not unlike the fighting-mast of a battle-ship. The whole affair, embedded thus in the golf-course, had an air of permanency that irritated Mr. Tassifer, and, even as he gazed at the trespasser, a circular manhole opened in the side, a jointed steel ladder was lowered to the ground, and a short man in a strange kind of helmet climbed out and began to descend.

Then it was that Mr. Tassifer rose to the occasion.

"Here, you," he shouted, hurrying threateningly toward the newcomer; "this is private property! You can't land here! Take yourself off!"

The man from the machine leaped to earth and turned a circular glass face, like a small aquarium, to the enraged golfer. From outside, his countenance had a horrible grotesque appearance, like that of a man-eating shark. Lowering his head, he charged like an infuriated bull at Mr. Tassifer, who ignominiously took to his heels and did not look round until he had gained the shelter of the clubhouse piazza. Mr. Judson had arrived there before him.

"I'm going to telephone this minute and get a warrant for that fellow—trespass and assault—we'll see!" The little man was shaking with baffled rage and humiliated dignity. "Right in the middle of the fair green, too! How can we play that fifth hole, I'd like to know?"

"I say, play it as 'ground under repair,'" panted Mr. Judson, who was just getting his breath.

"'Ground under repair!'"

echoed Mr. Tassifer scornfully.

"There isn't any ground under

repair. It's got to be played

as 'a rub of the green!'" He glared furiously at Judson.

"Ground under repair!" repeated the other stubbornly.

"Rub of the green!" shouted Mr. Tassifer.

A sound of heavy footfalls came from behind them, and they turned to see the man from the flying machine coming up the steps. He had taken off his helmet and looked very pale and tired and quite tame.

"Excuse me," he said huskily. "Can I telephone to the observatory from here? My name's Hooker and we've just come down from Ungava—five hours. Simply had to land on your course—nowhere else! You couldn't let me have a cigarette, could you?"

II

THE morning after the successful descent of the Flying Ring among the bunkers and hazards of the golf-course of the Chevy Chase Club, at Washington, Professor Benjamin Hooker awoke to find himself not only famous but, beyond



The man from the machine leaped to earth and turned a circular glass face to the enraged golfer. He charged like an infuriated bull at Mr. Tassifer.

peradventure, the most interesting human being upon the terrestrial globe. Equipped with a marvelous engine capable of navigating space and of discharging a lavender ray which could annihilate anything from a fleet of battle-ships to a mountain-range, he was justly acclaimed "The First Citizen of the World." He, or the nation to which he should give his allegiance, could, it was properly assumed, control the destinies of mankind.

It had been universally known that the nations involved in the world-war had concluded a treaty of peace only under the threat of the mysterious being known as "Pax" to shift the axis of the globe and turn Europe into an arctic waste. It was now, therefore, generally believed that

Hooker was himself none other than Pax, and that, having brought about the end of the war, he had returned with his aerial monster to pursue further scientific investigations under the auspices of the national government.

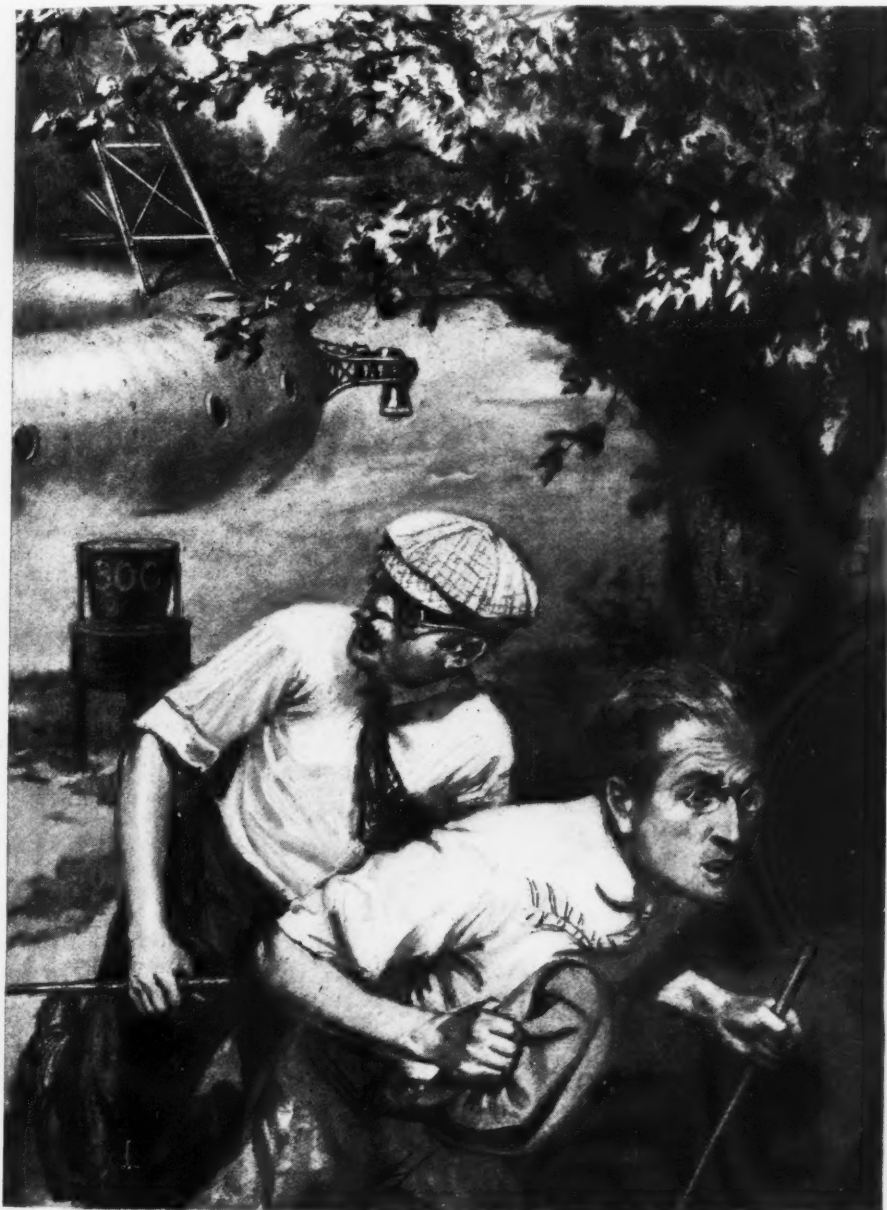
At any rate, Professor Benjamin Hooker, hitherto the most modest of all the retiring inhabitants of Cambridge,

fence, thirty feet high, outside which, both by day and night, armed guards were constantly on patrol. For, in the Flying Ring and in Professor Hooker, the government of the United States realized that it possessed not only the key to permanent peace but to the safety and prosperity of mankind as a whole. It may be said quite confidently that

the head on anybody other than Professor Hooker would have been completely turned. Daily there arrived at his boarding-house various ambassadorial representatives of foreign nations, who conferred upon him, in the name of their governments or monarchs, the highest decorations in their gift. But, as became a true American, he thought little of these decorations, and simply threw their crosses and other insignia into an empty and not very clean bureau drawer. All this fuss and feathers took, in his opinion, a confounded lot of time and interfered with the serious business of life. Yet his very modesty operated to increase his notoriety. Here was a shabby little man, with tousled brown hair, double-lensed spectacles, and a protruding Adam's apple—the most famous man in the world; nay, the most celebrated man since the creation—who, for simplicity and diffidence, surpassed both U. S. Grant and Admiral Dewey, who was content to go on wearing the same very baggy eighteen-dollar suit of clothes for years, and to live in a three-dollar-a-week hall bedroom, when his picture hung in every kitchen from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific coast.

But, to speak accurately, Bennie Hooker was not so much disregarding of these things as he was oblivious of them, for when he was not working in the Congressional Library or the Smithsonian Institution, he was wandering around Washington with his eyes on the ground or in the air, engrossed in working out some spatial problem and totally unaware that he was being pointed out at every corner as: "That's him! That's Hooker!"

Thus, pondering on the mysteries of space and time, of infinity, eternity, and the riddle of the universe—or, to be exact, upon an equation which he was figuring out on the seventeenth leaf of his note-book—Professor Benjamin Hooker wandered into Dupont Circle and absent-mindedly seated himself on the southeast end of a green park bench upon the northwest corner of which reclined a young lady dressed in a tan tailor-made suit. Professor Hooker did not know that he was in Dupont Circle; he did not even know that he was on a green park bench, and, if he had, he would not have known upon which end of it he was. Needless to say, he was entirely ignorant of the presence of the young lady in the tan tailor-made suit. The equation was a very annoying one, and, for some reason or other, he found



face, like a small aquarium, to the enraged golfer. Lowering his head, who ignominiously took to his heels

Massachusetts, now found himself in the spotlight of publicity, and hailed not only as the arbiter of world-politics but as the dictator of human destiny. True to his instincts, however, Professor Hooker paid no attention to this surfeit of adulation. The day after his arrival, having reported himself at the office of the secretary of State, he retired to the Congressional Library to prepare his statement for the Smithsonian Institution, and, having rented a hall bedroom in a quiet lodging-house on H Street, resumed the unpretentious existence of a scientific investigator.

By arrangement with the government, the Flying Ring was moved to a large aerodrome beyond the city, where its mysteries were protected from public curiosity by a steel

it impossible to integrate it. With his note-book on his knee, Professor Hooker chewed viciously the rubber tip of his lead-pencil and cursed the devil that was in the figures. And, as he was thus engaged, a clear, well-modulated young voice, which appeared to emanate from a point directly over his right shoulder, remarked,

"Why don't you write x in its exponential form, Professor Hooker?"

So far as its arousing Professor Hooker to a consciousness of his physical existence was concerned, the voice might have been but the murmur of the night breeze. To him, it was less than the voice of conscience.

"That's so," mused Professor Hooker. "Of course. Why didn't I think of that before?"

And this, as he thought, he proceeded to do. But still the solution would not come.



As he sat on his bed, smoking defiantly an after-breakfast pipe, he could see her in his mind's eye

"But you didn't think of it at all, and you haven't even done what I suggested!" declared the voice.

Then, for the first time, he looked up over his shoulder.

The girl in the tailor-made suit had moved along the bench and was now sitting next him in the closest proximity possible without actual contact. As she sat there, she was slightly taller than Professor Hooker, who, unfortunately, was too preoccupied to be conscious of the trim slenderness of her athletic figure, her alluring cheeks and chin, the long black lashes of her large gray eyes, her low, wide forehead, or the whimsical smile that played about her softly curving lips.

He saw none of these things, but he, somehow, received an impression of vigor, poise, certainty, and comprehension. In other words, his reaction was entirely intellectual and not in the slightest degree physical, which made it very much easier for Professor Hooker to sit as he did on that green park bench and say:

"Plague take the thing! Got any idea what's the matter with it?"

"Let me have your note-book," ordered the young lady, and, without waiting for a reply, removed it genially from his reluctant fingers and annexed the pencil. "There!" she said. "Now it's simple enough—don't you see? X has the significance of the real part of the complex."

"Well," declared Bennie, with obvious admiration, "you're certainly a shark at mathematics!"

The young lady took out her watch.

"You had better be thankful that I'm not the man-eating variety—it's nearly lunch-time!"

If Professor Hooker's eyes had been as sensitive to delicate shades of the complexion as they were to the varied hues shown in his spectrophotometer, he would have noticed that a pink flush—very nearly wave-length 6250, he would have said—spread over her face as she caught his eye; but this incident wholly escaped his notice.

At the same moment, the bellow of a factory whistle somewhere over Alexandria way caused Professor Hooker to arouse himself out of his state of semilethargy.

"By thunder, it's one o'clock!" he exclaimed, and, without further ado, he arose, bolted across the Circle, and made a flying leap for a street-car which was just swinging into Connecticut Avenue.

The tailor-made girl followed him with an amused gaze.

"I really believe I know more mathematics than he does," she remarked complacently to herself. "But isn't he just a dear?" And with that, she, too, arose and walked briskly away, as if she knew exactly where she was going—which she did.

III

He was fifteen minutes late to lunch, and the other boarders had made way with everything on the table except a single chop and a few scrapings of macaroni which Mrs.



Mullins, the landlady, had carefully rescued and preserved for him. But Professor Hooker, who ate merely as a matter of form, did not notice the absence of the other courses and, automatically obeying the law of compensation, evened up on the sago pudding, of which there was an inevitable abundance. Then he went up to his room, lit his pipe, seated himself, cross-legged, sideways on his bed, and got to work at his note-book again. The equation, however, in spite of the young lady's clever suggestions, still refused to be solved. For an hour, he chewed his pencil, arising occasionally and walking up and down, three steps each way, in front of the marble-topped walnut bureau, until the middle-aged spinster who occupied the room below was ready to scream with nerves. As, however, she was waiting for a man to come and take her out walking, she was obliged to possess her soul and feet in patience.

"I ought to have let that young woman finish up this calculation for me," Hooker at last conceded to the face in the glass. "I can't handle the thing myself, and now I'll have to go out to Georgetown and bother Thornton with it."

Thornton was the senior astronomer at the new Naval Observatory, and, with his junior associate, Evarts, had been the first scientist to observe the mysterious phenomena incident to the manifestations of Pax's power. But as Professor Hooker, at this point, remembered that he had left one of his other note-books at the Smithsonian, and as this note-book, when found, in turn suggested another unsolved problem, it was almost dark before he boarded the Georgetown car and quite naturally took his seat among the places reserved for smokers.

The evening paper, however, offered very little of interest. In fact, Professor Hooker rarely found anything upon its front pages that he cared to read. The antics of political parties and their bosses, the matrimonial eccentricities of social leaders, "what the man will wear," even the vivid accounts of battle, murder, and sudden death with which its columns were replete meant nothing to him. Disgustedly he folded over the newspaper and ran his eye down the miscellaneous foreign-news items. An obscure paragraph caught his eye.

THE NEW COMET

Geneva, Switzerland—The officials of the observatory here have just published the corrected elements of the orbit of the new comet reported by Battelli last month. They predict that this new intruder into the solar system will be of unusual brilliancy, probably surpassing that of the Great Comet of 1811.

So far as its arousing Professor Hooker to a consciousness of his physical existence was concerned, the voice might have been but the murmur of the night breeze

Here was something worth while—something directly pertaining to Professor Hooker's bailiwick. Comets were his specialty. He had a familiar acquaintance with them and their families—knew them all by their first names, so to speak. Now, the Great Comet of 1811 had been the most sensational sidereal exhibition on record. It had caused a confident belief throughout the nations that the end of the world was surely at hand. If the new comet were going to be anything like that—holy smoke!

The full moon was climbing over the ghostly white domes of the observatory as Professor Hooker, still pondering on the comet, trudged up the long hill to where his friend gave his life to the unselfish service of mankind. At the farther end of the building, a light glowed in a single window, and, having been admitted by a sleepy porter, he walked down the long corridor and knocked at Thornton's door. Receiving no response, he waited for a moment, knocked again, and then opened the door himself. Thornton was sitting at his desk, completely absorbed in his calculations.

The grave profile of the astronomer showed through the dim light from the shrouded electric lamp like the head of an ancient statue of some Greek philosopher. Before him lay a litter of white papers covered with figures and an open book of logarithms. Immured in the interior of the great dome, with its monumental walls like those of an ancient Egyptian pyramid, they could hear no sound save the slow tick of the sidereal clock and the faint whir of the complicated machinery that drove the telescope in its infallible following of the movements of the solar system. For upward of two minutes, Thornton remained unconscious of Hooker's presence. Then, with a sigh, he laid down his pencil and, looking up, observed his friend for the first time.

"Hello, Bennie," he exclaimed, with a suggestion of excitement in his ordinarily calm voice; "pull your chair up here! We've got something big—the biggest thing, in fact, that has ever happened in astronomy! We got the elements of Battelli's comet yesterday. Unless I've made some mistake in my figures, there's going to be a smash-up in the universe!"

From Thornton, the conservative, such a declaration had immeasurable significance.

"You mean it's going to hit the earth?" asked Hooker, with interest.

"No," answered Thornton; "but it looks as if it would strike one of the smaller asteroids in a head-on collision—and if it does——"

"Something will drop," finished Hooker. "Which asteroid?"

"Medusa—one I've been following in its orbit for more than two years—a small planet, largely composed of pitchblende."

Hooker pursed his lips into a whistle.

"What do you really suppose will happen?" he inquired.

"No one can tell," replied the astronomer. "The collision might check Medusa in its orbit and cause it to fall into the sun. In falling, it might cross the earth's path and strike us—it might mean the end of the world!"

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated Professor Hooker. "When is this interesting event going to take place?"

"I calculate that the comet and the asteroid will come into collision at three o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth of next month. You can come over and see it if you like."

"I'll be here," Bennie assured him, jotting down the date.

"And now," he added, pulling his note-book from his pocket, "be a good fellow and solve this equation for me, will you?"

"Good Lord!" protested Thornton. "Really, don't you think it's almost bedtime? I'm no good outside my own line, anyway."

"This *is* your line," retorted Bennie.

"Look here, Thornton; don't go back on me. All this fooling-around of mine with radium and that sort of stuff has weakened my mathematics. I've simply got to solve this equation. I almost solved it this morning," he added, with a shamefaced recollection of the girl in the tan suit.

"There's no use your calling on me," answered Thornton definitely. "It would take a week for me to catch up with you, anyhow."

Hooker's face clearly showed his disappointment.

"But, Thornton," he protested, "who else is there but you? You're the most expert mathematician in America!"

The astronomer laughed.

"I wish I were," he replied. "But the fact of the matter is my mathematics is by no means my strong point. Anyhow, I haven't the time. It's simply out of the question."

"Well, who *is* there?" persisted Bennie.

Thornton leaned back meditatively.

"I suggest your trying the research professor of applied mathematics at the new National Institute."

"Thanks," answered his friend, slipping his note-book back into his pocket and putting on his hat. "By the way, what's the gent's name?"

Thornton's eye twinkled.

"His name," he said, "is Miss Rhoda Gibbs."

IV

PROFESSOR BENNIE HOOKER arose next morning and got on line in company with Mrs. Mullins' other boarders for his bath in the tin tub just as usual. But something was different. Breakfast, while no stodgier than usual, did not taste quite the same, and he answered Miss Parkinson, the spinster who roomed beneath him, quite sharply that he wasn't responsible for the milk or for the maple sirup either, although, in his absent-mindedness, he had appropriated considerably more than his share of both. The fact of the matter was that Thornton had told him to go to a woman for assistance—a woman!

It was now upward of thirty years since there had been a woman in Bennie's life—leaving out, of course, Miss Beebe, his landlady in Cambridge, and Bridget McGee, the biddy who cleaned his room in the house (Continued on page 126)



"Are you the research professor of applied mathematics?" he exclaimed

Perfecto

By

Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

HE spoke American with an English accent. He looked Spanish with a streak of Indian. He made an excellent villain, and because they could not pronounce his real name (or the name he gave), they called him Perfecto, which is not a name, really, but a size. That he had brains remained to be seen. At the moment, sitting between them on a narrow wooden bench, he was making impartial love to the Vampire and the Christian Slave. The bench was one of many on the sunny side of a large courtyard. Perhaps a hundred brightly painted men and women occupied similar benches or sat frankly on the curb with their feet in the gutter. There were cowboys, negroes, statesmen, courtiers, and the females of those species. There were soldiers and cavemen, Kentucky mountaineers and gunmen, sailors and longshoremen. "Eat 'Em Alive-o Bill," the bad egg of Arizona, lisped in real life, and made his wife look under the bed for burglars. A young Society Queen had been discovered chewing tobacco on an East Side roof. Almost every time she spoke to anybody, she had to smile so as not to give offense. But the screen is silent. She had large, dark eyes and Fifth Avenue lines. The Vampire had been the conscientious and underpaid secretary of a Christian Endeavor Society; of the Christian Slave's former avocations the less said the better, and as for Perfecto, that excellent all-around villain, nobody knew what he had been, and nobody knew what he was going to be.

In one corner of the courtyard was a large tank. Across this, under its own steam, moved a perfect model of a transatlantic greyhound. An apparatus like a glorified butterchurn caused the water in the tank to heave and roll. A man in his shirt-sleeves turned a crank and every second took sixteen photographs of the tiny liner. Half-way across the tank, she blew up with a loud crash.

"Fine—fine!" exclaimed the director, and turned hastily away. His face and his hurry reminded one of the White Rabbit in "Alice," but he had an energy and a resourceful-



"It's a diamond necklace. It's not a present. Only, if anything happens to me, you keep it—see?"

ness which reminded one of the director of a moving-picture company.

His eye encountered that of Perfecto. The director stopped as suddenly as a pitched ball impounded by the catcher's glove.

"What do you know about revolutions?" he said.

"Me?" said Perfecto. "I know all about them."

"Come to the office, then, and tell me all you know."

"Some highbrow," he said, as they went along, "has turned in an A No. 1 South American Revolution scenario. The boss thinks a lot of it, and we're going to can the 'Sphinx of Egypt' and run this instead."

They reached the director's private office. The director handed Perfecto a sheaf of typewritten pages.

"Ever been through a revolution?"

"Sure," said Perfecto; "sure Mike!"

"Well, lamp that over. I look to you to help out with the local color. I'll be back in an hour." And he hurried off to direct the heroine of a "society film" in her leap from a fourth-story window onto the roof of a glass conservatory to escape the unexpurgated attentions of a Swedish chauffeur



In order to dispel the illusion which he had created, it was necessary for him to climb a step-ladder and, in full sight of the crowd, remove his false beard and wave it above their heads

who was a Prussian spy in disguise. For such is the life of the Idle Rich.

During the ensuing hour, Perfecto did not so much as glance at the scenario. There was no reason why he should. He had written it himself.

"Well?" said the director.

"It's all true," said Perfecto, "every word, every scene. I know that country like the wrinkles in my hand. It is a great picture—great! What is more, for a few dollars you get the entire population of Oranchez to do the mob scenes, and President Garcia would ask no more than to have his army immortalized in those actions which lead to the deposition of his predecessor."

"You're sure?"

"You could cable him."

The director did so, to this effect:

The whole United States is desirous of viewing on the moving-picture screen the immortal actions of the gallant army which placed your excellency in the White House of Oranchez. What facilities, if any, can your excellency offer us? We should, of course, be ready to compensate your excellency's gallant army for the loss of its time, etc., etc.

The president of Oranchez cabled in answer that he would afford the Oceanic Film Company every facility within his power.

Two days later, there sailed for Oranchez three camera-men, many thousand feet of film, the Society Queen, the Vampire, "Eat 'Em Alive-o Bill," a director, a business-manager, supernumeraries of many sorts—and Perfecto.

Of all the company, only Perfecto and the director could speak any South American Spanish. Perfecto could speak it all, and the director could say, "Hard-boiled eggs."

II

THE director, the Society Queen, and Perfecto sat in the smoking-room sipping green mint and ice. It had been a rough day. "Eat 'Em Alive-o Bill" was still very sick, and even the Vampire preferred the fresh sea air to the smoke of black cigars.

"When did they pull this revolution, anyway?" asked the director.

"A year ago," said Perfecto. "The New York papers mentioned it. The old president, Miramonte, he whom the people love, his army having been destroyed, was put in a dungeon below sea-level in the fortress of Otranto. Young Miramonte, the president's son, escaped overseas, and now this Garcia rules. He rules by virtue of his army, to pay which the people have to eat dirt."

"Miramonte was a regular friend of the people?"

"Sure—sure Mike! And so was young Miramonte. If it wasn't for the Garcia army, Garcia would not last a day."

"How big is the army?"

"It numbers about four thousand men," said Perfecto. "The old president had but two



They were both hurt, the Society Queen in her left shoulder, and the general in his self-esteem. There were recriminations in two languages. And it looked, for a moment, as if the general were going to order his army off the scene and refuse to play any more

thousand. For all that, the people being favorable to his cause, he must have won in the end but for a stratagem. Garcia fled; Miramonte pursued. Miramonte camped in the Valley of the Sun. Garcia, with all his forces, it seemed, had escaped over the mountain. This was not the case. A few of his men had passed over the mountain, leaving a broad trail. The rest, however, with subtle deceit, had hidden in a cave. Oranchez is noted for its caves. The Cave of the Sun is like your Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, only the entrance is not so wide. During the night, Garcia and his forces came out of the cave, fell upon the sleeping forces of Miramonte, exterminated them, and took the president prisoner."

"But why didn't Miramonte have the horse-sense to examine the cave before he took to his downy?" asked the Society Queen.

"Little Bright-Eyes," said Perfecto, "war is like chess. When you think you have forecast every possible move of your adversary, he pushes forward some overlooked pawn, and cries, 'Check!'"

After a little, the Society Queen sought her downy; but the director and Perfecto

ordered more drinks and talked until late in the night.

"It would be a rich country if it was developed, sure Mike," said Perfecto. "There is gold, copper, coffee, bananas, and mahogany. But the people are few and the square miles many. Oranchez is the only city.

There is no seaport. An excellent seaport could

be built for half a million dollars. Such was Miramonte's pet dream. But now the treasury is empty—always empty."

The next morning, they lifted the coast of Oranchez; in the afternoon, the sea being calm, they were put ashore in small boats.

Perfecto and the Society Queen were the last to leave the ship. The Society Queen would have been one of the first, but just as she was leaving her stateroom, Perfecto dropped his hand on her forearm and detained her.

"You wanta talk to me?"

"Sure—sure Mike! Here—take this!"

"What is it?"

"It's a diamond necklace. It's not a present. Only, if anything happens to me, you keep it—see?"

"Me? Why?"

"Because I trust you. Listen: I am a native of this country, an adherent of the old president. I have shaved my beard and my mustache, but, even so, I may be recognized. If I am recognized—" With a gesture, he cut his throat.

"Suppose I lose this here?"

Perfecto made a truly magnificent gesture.

"You will do your best," he said. "It is my capital—my all."

"What made you pick on me?"

"I have watched you close for three months," he said simply, "and above all other women I trust you. At this time, I have not the right to say more. You remember, in the great auto wreck, when I was really hurt? You held my head in your lap."

"How d'yer know? You was knocked out."

"I made pretense only," said Perfecto, "and since then. But I am not at liberty to speak. You will not hint to any of the others that I am in danger."

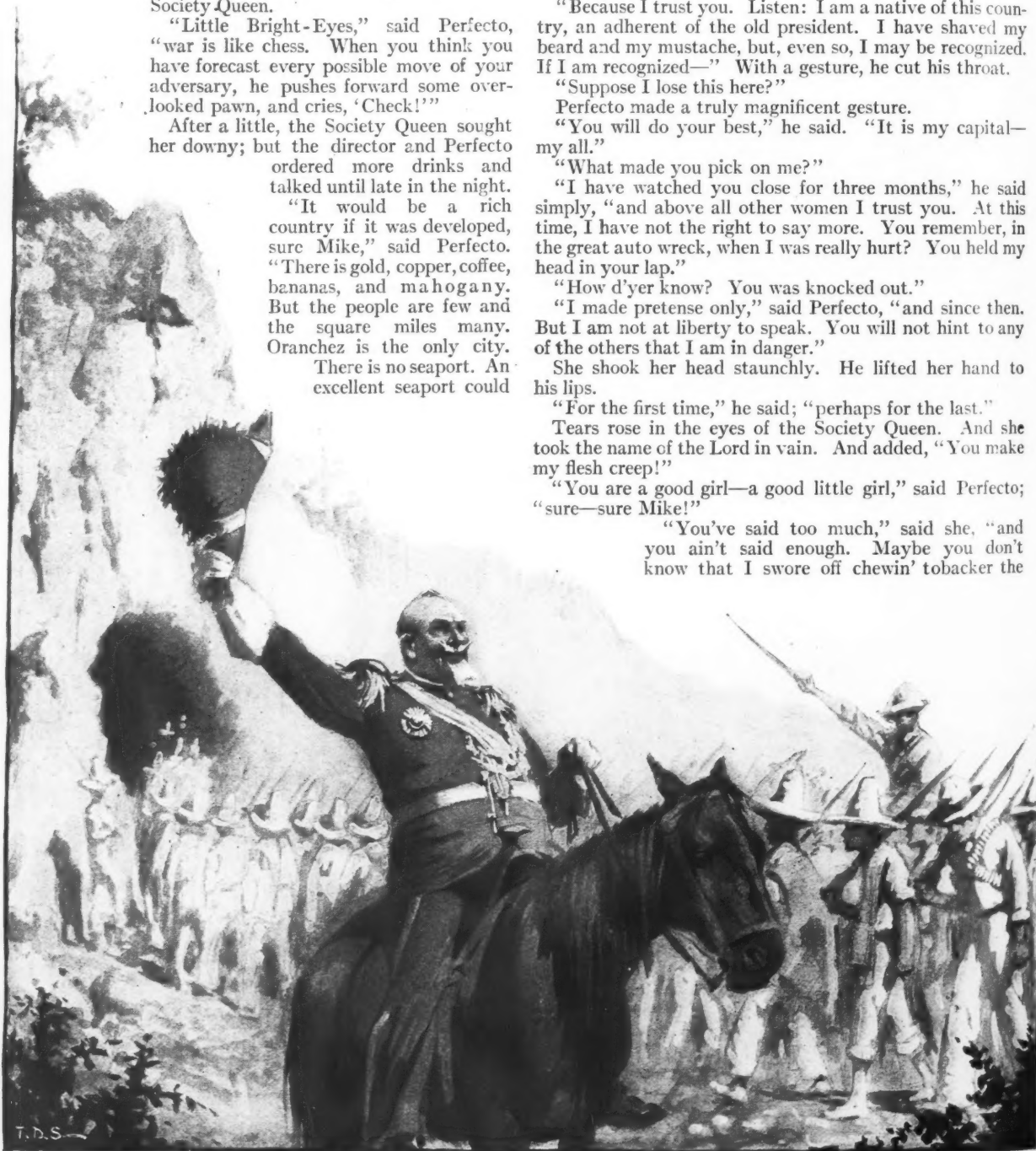
She shook her head staunchly. He lifted her hand to his lips.

"For the first time," he said; "perhaps for the last."

Tears rose in the eyes of the Society Queen. And she took the name of the Lord in vain. And added, "You make my flesh creep!"

"You are a good girl—a good little girl," said Perfecto; "sure—sure Mike!"

"You've said too much," said she, "and you ain't said enough. Maybe you don't know that I swore off chewin' tobacker the



Mounted on his war-horse, the president took up his stand near the mouth

day I met you, and ain't chewed since. And I've tried to act like a lady."

Perfecto evaded the issue.

"Toward me," he said, "you have always acted like an angel. Listen: If evil fortune overtake me, the diamonds are yours. But if good fortune should come to me, would you share it?"

She simply lifted her face, and he kissed her on the mouth.

"Sure I would," she said; "sure!"

"Sure Mike?"

An angelic look, half smiling, suffused the face of the Society Queen.

"Sure Mike," she said.

III

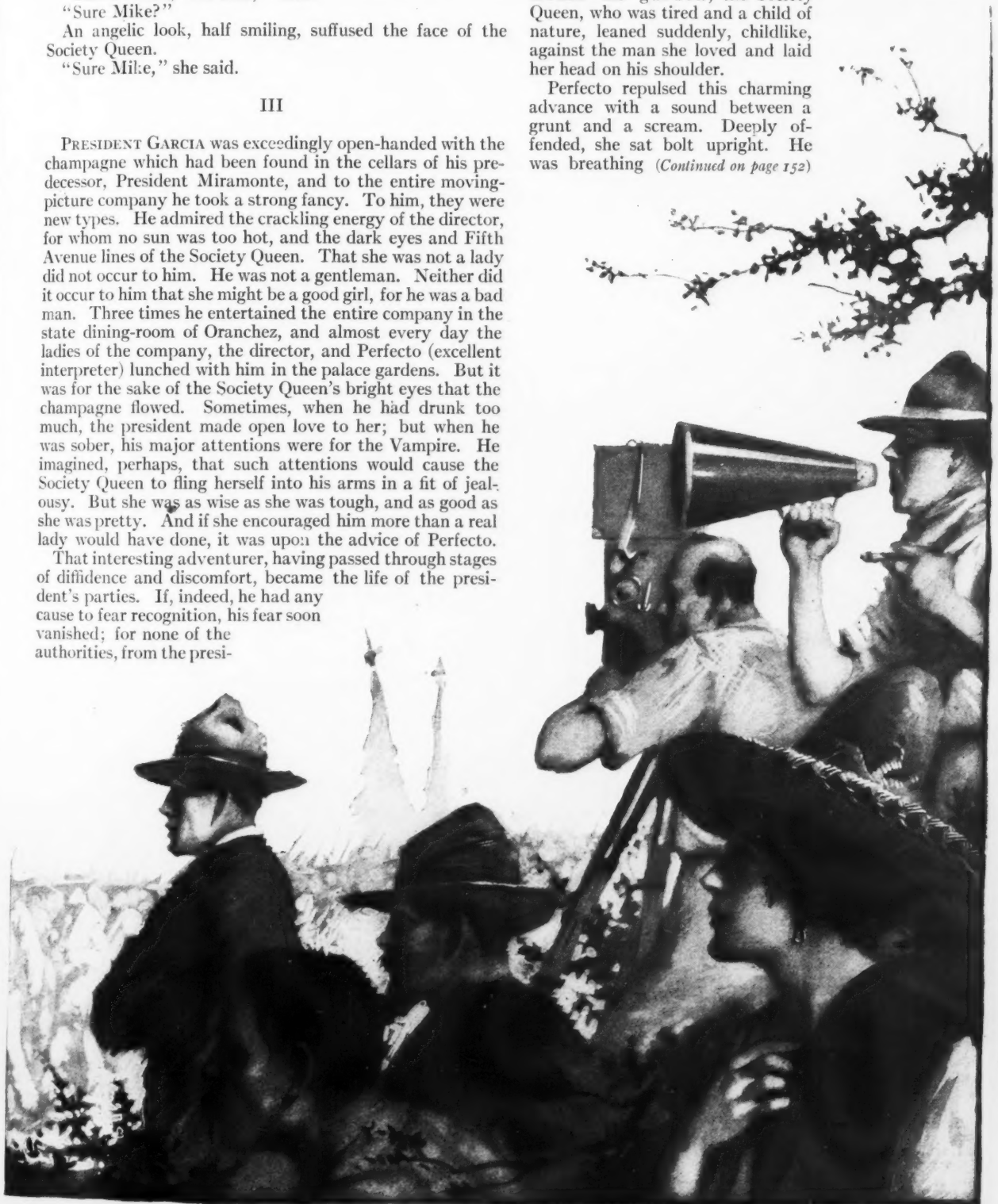
PRESIDENT GARCIA was exceedingly open-handed with the champagne which had been found in the cellars of his predecessor, President Miramonte, and to the entire moving-picture company he took a strong fancy. To him, they were new types. He admired the crackling energy of the director, for whom no sun was too hot, and the dark eyes and Fifth Avenue lines of the Society Queen. That she was not a lady did not occur to him. He was not a gentleman. Neither did it occur to him that she might be a good girl, for he was a bad man. Three times he entertained the entire company in the state dining-room of Oranchez, and almost every day the ladies of the company, the director, and Perfecto (excellent interpreter) lunched with him in the palace gardens. But it was for the sake of the Society Queen's bright eyes that the champagne flowed. Sometimes, when he had drunk too much, the president made open love to her; but when he was sober, his major attentions were for the Vampire. He imagined, perhaps, that such attentions would cause the Society Queen to fling herself into his arms in a fit of jealousy. But she was as wise as she was tough, and as good as she was pretty. And if she encouraged him more than a real lady would have done, it was upon the advice of Perfecto.

That interesting adventurer, having passed through stages of diffidence and discomfort, became the life of the president's parties. If, indeed, he had any cause to fear recognition, his fear soon vanished; for none of the authorities, from the presi-

dent down, gave the slightest indication of ever having set eyes on him before. Even the Society Queen, who loved him, thought that, in love with romance and adventure, it had amused him to exaggerate his danger. From this notion, she had a rude awakening.

It was a hot night, and Perfecto had invited her to drive in the Botanical Garden. It was also a dark night, delicious with the perfume of the sea and of flowers. Half-way around the garden, the Society Queen, who was tired and a child of nature, leaned suddenly, childlike, against the man she loved and laid her head on his shoulder.

Perfecto repulsed this charming advance with a sound between a grunt and a scream. Deeply offended, she sat bolt upright. He was breathing (Continued on page 152)



of the cave in the full sunlight, to review his troops as they marched in



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

"Miss Rue," he said, "I have told your father and mother that I am in love with you and want to make you my wife." The girl sat there, speechless, astounded

The Dark Star

A Story of Destiny

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

A BELIEF in the influence of the heavenly bodies upon human destiny has played an important part in human history. A dark star called by the ancients Erlik, after the Prince of Darkness, presided at the birth of the chief characters in this story—they are children of the Dark Star.

The Reverend Wilbur Carew, a missionary, with his wife and little daughter Ruhannah (Rue), having escaped massacre by the Turks at Trebizond, returns, incapacitated and poverty-stricken, to his old home at Brookhollow, near Gayfield, Mohawk County, New York.

Here Rue grows up and develops a great love for drawing. She dreams of being an artist. But her destiny is the Gayfield mill, where all her companions go to work as soon as they are old enough. Rue has been left six thousand dollars by her grandmother, which is to be hers when she is twenty-five years old or when she marries. Rue wants the money in order to study art. It seems an eternity to wait until she is twenty-five. Marriage would bring it into her possession at once.

One winter night, at a dance, she meets Jim Neeland, son of the mill-owner, just back from study in Paris, and beginning his career as an illustrator. Rue plies him with questions about his work. He tells her about his life and friends in New York, one of whom is the Princess Mistchenka. Rue is thrilled. Neeland takes her home and kisses her in the doorway.

V

EX MACHINA

IN bed, the window open and the covers pulled to her chin, Rue lay wakeful, living over again the pleasures of the evening; and Neeland's face was always before her open eyes, and his pleasant voice seemed to be sounding in her ears. As for the kiss, it did not trouble her. Girls she went with were not infrequently so saluted by boys. That, being her own first experience, was important only in that degree. And she shyly thought the experience agreeable. And, as she recalled, revived, and considered all that Neeland had said, it seemed to her that this young man led an enchanted life and that such as he were indeed companions fit for princesses.

"Princess Mistchenka," she repeated aloud to herself. And, somehow, it sounded vaguely familiar to the girl, as though somewhere, long ago, she had heard another voice pronounce the name.

After she had become accustomed to the smell of rancid oil and dyestuffs and the interminable racket of machinery, she did not find her work at the knitting-mill disagreeable. It was like any work, she imagined—an uninteresting task which had to be done.

The majority of the girls and young men of the village worked there in various capacities; wages were fair, salaries better; union regulations prevailed. There was nothing to complain of. And nothing to expect except possible increase in wages, holidays, and a dis-



Into this she presently plumped her line, and the next instant jerked it out again, with a wriggling, silvery minnow flashing on the hook

quieting chance of getting caught in the machinery, which familiarity soon discounted.

As for the social status of the mill-workers, the mill was Gayfield; and Gayfield was a village where the simpler traditions of the republic still survived, where there existed no invidious distinction in vocations—a typical old-time community, harboring the remains of a Grand Army post and too many churches of too many denominations, where the chance metropolitan stranger was systematically “done,” where distrust of all cities and desire to live in them was equaled only by a passion for moving pictures and automobiles, where the school trustees used double negatives and traced their ancestry to Colonial considerables, who, however, had signed their names without capital letters or with a Maltese cross—the world in miniature, with its due proportion of petty graft, petty squabbles, envy, kindness, jealousy, generosity, laziness, ambition, stupidity, intelligence, honesty, hypocrisy, hatred, affection, badness, and goodness as standardized by the code established according to folkways on earth—in brief, a perfectly human community, composed of the usual ingredients, worthy and unworthy—that was Gayfield, Mohawk County, New York.

Before spring came—before the first robin appeared—and while icy roads lay still icy under sunlit pools of snow-water, a whole winter indoors, and a sedentary one, had changed the smoothly tanned and slightly freckled cheeks of Rue Carew to a thinner and paler oval. Under her transparent skin a tea-rose pink came and went; under her gray eyes lay bluish shadows. Also, floating particles of dust, fleecy and microscopic motes of cotton and wool filling the air in the room where Ruhannah worked, began to irritate her throat and bronchial tubes, and the girl developed an intermittent cough.

When the first bluebird arrived in Gayfield, the cough was no longer intermittent; and her mother sent her to the village doctor. So Rue Carew was transferred to the box factory adjoining, in which the mill made its own paper boxes, where young women sat all day at intelligent machines and fed them with squares of pasteboard and strips of gilt paper; and the intelligent and grateful machines responded by turning out hundreds and hundreds of complete boxes, all neatly gilded, pasted, and labeled. And, after a little while, Ruhannah was able to nourish one of these obliging and responsive machines. And, by July, her cough had left her, and two delicate freckles adorned the bridge of her nose.

The half-mile walk from and to Brookhollow twice a day was keeping her from rapid physical degeneration. Yet, like all North American summers, the weather became fearfully



"Say, girlie," he began, the cigar still tightly screwed into his cheek. "is there a juice-mill anywhere near us. d'y'know?"

hot in July and August, and the half-mile, even in the early morning and at six in the evening, left her listless, limp, nervously dreading the great concrete-lined room, the reek of glue and oil, the sweaty propinquity of her neighbors, and the monotonous appetite of the sprawling machine which she fed all day long with pasteboard squares.

She went to her work in early morning bareheaded, in a limp pink dress, very open at the throat, which happened to be the merciful mode of the moment—a slender, sweet-lipped thing, beginning to move with grace now, and her chestnut hair burned gold-pale by the sun.



There came that movable holiday in August, when the annual shut-down for repairs closed the mill and box factory during forty-eight hours—a matter of prescribing oil and new bearings for the overfed machines, so that their digestions should remain unimpaired and their dispositions amiable.

It was a hot August morning, intensely blue and still,

with that slow, subtle concentration of suspended power in the sky, ominous of thunder brooding somewhere beyond the western edges of the world.

Ruhannah aided her mother with the housework, picked peas and a squash and a saucerful of yellow pansies in the weedy little garden, and, at noon, dined on the trophies of her husbandry physically and esthetically.

After dinner, dishes washed and room tidied, she sat down on the narrow, woodbine-infested veranda with pencil and paper, and attempted to draw the stone bridge, and the little river where it spread in deeps and shallows above the broken dam.

Perspective was unknown to her, of classic composition she was also serenely ignorant; so the absence of these in her picture did not annoy her. On the contrary, there was something hideously modern and recessional in her vigorous endeavor to include in her drawing everything her gray eyes chanced to rest on. She even arose and gently urged a cow into the already overcrowded composition, and, having accomplished its portrait with Cezanne-like fidelity, began to look about for Adoniram to include him also, when her mother called to her, holding out a pair of old gloves.

"Dear, we are going to save a little money this year. Do you think you could catch a few fish for supper?"

The girl nodded, took the gloves, laid aside her pencil and paper, picked up the long bamboo pole from the veranda floor, and walked slowly out into the garden.

A trowel was sticking in the dry earth near the flower-bed, where poppies and pansies and petunias and phlox bordered the walk.

Under a lilac, the ground seemed moister and more promising for vermicular investigation; she drew on her gloves, dug a few holes with the trowel, extracted an angleworm, frowned slightly, holding it

between gloved fingers, regarding its contortions with pity and aversion.

To bait a hook was not agreeable to the girl. She managed to do it, however; then, shouldering her pole, she walked

across the road and down to the left, through rank grasses and patches of milkweed, bergamot, and Queen Anne's lace, scattering a cloud of brown-and-silver-spotted butterflies.

Alder, elder, and Indian willow barred her way; rank thickets of jewelweed hung vivid, blossoming drops across her path; woodbine and clematis trailed dainty snares to catch her in their fairy nets; a rabbit scurried out from

behind the ruined paper-mill as she came to the swift, shallow water below the dam. Into this she presently plumped her line, and the next instant jerked it out again, with a wriggling, silvery minnow flashing on the hook.

Carrying her pole, with its tiny, glittering victim dangling aloft, Rue hastily retraced her steps to the road, crossed the bridge to the farther end, seated herself on the limestone parapet, and, swinging her pole with both hands, cast line and hook and minnow far out into the pond. It was a business she did not care for—this extinguishing of the life-spark in anything. But, like her mill-work, it appeared to be a necessary business, and, so regarding it, she went about it.

The pond above the half-ruined dam lay very still; her captive minnow swam about with apparently no discomfort, trailing on the surface of the pond above him the cork which buoyed the hook.

Rue, her pole clasped in both hands between her knees, gazed with preoccupied eyes out across the water where, on the sandy shore, a pair of speckled tip-ups ran busily about, dipping and bobbing, or spread their white, striped wings to shear the still surface of the pond, swing shoreward with bowed wings again, and resume their formal, quaint, and busy manners.

From the interstices of the limestone parapet grew a white bluebell—the only one Rue had ever seen. As long as she could remember, it had come up there every year and bloomed, snow-white, amid a world of its blue comrades in the grass below. She looked for it now, saw it in bud—three sturdy stalks sprouting at right angles from the wall and curving up parallel to it. Somehow or other, she had come to associate this white freak of nature with herself—she scarcely knew why. It comforted her oddly to see it again, still surviving, still delicately vigorous, though where among those stone slabs it found its nourishment she never could imagine.

The intense blue of the sky had altered since noon; the west became gradually duller and the air stiller, and now, over the Gayfield hills, a tall cloud thrust up silvery-edged convolutions toward a zenith still royally and magnificently blue.

She had been sitting there watching her swimming cork for over an hour when the first light western breeze arrived, spreading a dainty ripple across the pond. Her cork danced, drifted; beneath it she caught the momentary glimmer of the minnow; then the cork was jerked under; she clasped the pole with all her strength, struck upward, and a heavy pickerel, all gold and green, sprang furiously from the water and fell back with a sharp splash.

Under the sudden strain of the fish, she nearly lost her balance, scrambled hastily down from the parapet, propping the pole desperately against her body, and stood so, unbending, unyielding, her eyes fixed on the water where the taut line cut it at forty-five degrees.

At the same time, two men in a red runabout, speeding westward, caught sight of the sharp turn by the bridge which the ruins of the paper-mill had hidden. The man driving the car might have made it even then had he not

seen Ruhannah in the center of the bridge. It was instantly all off; so were both mud-guards and one wheel; so were driver and passenger, floundering on their backs among the rank grass and wild flowers. Ruhannah, petrified, still fast to her fish, gazed at the catastrophe over her right shoulder.

A broad, short, squarely built man of forty emerged from the weeds, went hastily to the car, and did something to it. Noise ceased; clouds of steam continued to ascend from the crumpled hood.

The other man, even shorter but slimmer, sauntered out



From the book on the invalid's knees, Brandes took his cue, and the tions of foreign missions, skilfully inspired by the respectful

of a bed of milkweed whither he had been catapulted. He dusted with his elbow a gray-felt hat as he stood looking at the wrecked runabout; his comrade, still clutching a cigar between his teeth, continued to examine the car.

"What do you know about this?" growled the thick-set man, in utter disgust. "Do we hunt for a garage—or what?"

"It's up to you, Eddie. And, say, what was the matter with you? Don't you know a bridge when you see one?"

"That girl—" He turned and looked at Ruhannah, who was dragging the big, flapping pickerel over the parapet by main strength.

The men scowled at her in silence; then the one addressed as Eddie rolled his cigar grimly into the left corner of his jaw.

"It seems to worry ner a lot what she's done to us," he observed briefly.

"I wonder does she know she wrecked us," suggested the other. He was a stunted, wiry little man of thirty-five. His head seemed slightly too large; he had a pasty face with the sloe-black eyes, button nose, and the widely chiseled mouth of a circus clown.

The eyes of the short, thick-set man were narrow and grayish green in a round, smoothly shaven face. They narrowed still more as the thunder broke louder from the west.

took off his pearl-gray hat. His language was less grammatical than his friend's, but his instincts were better.

"Thank you," he said, his companion staring all the while at the girl without the slightest expression. "Is there a telephone in any of them houses, miss?"—glancing around behind him at the three edifices which composed the cross-roads called Brookhollow.

"No," said Rue.

It thundered again; the world around had become very dusky and silent, and the flash veined a rapidly blackening west.

"It's going to rain buckets," said the man called Eddie. "If you live around here, can you let us come into your house till it's over, gir-er-miss?"

"Yes."

"I'm Mr. Brandes — Ed Brandes, of New York"—speaking through cigar-clutching teeth. "This is Mr. Ben Stull, of the same. It's raining already. Is that your house?"

"I live *there*," said Rue, nodding across the bridge. "You may come in."

She walked ahead, dragging the fish. Stull went to the car, took two suitcases from the boot; Brandes threw both overcoats over his arm, and followed in the wake of Ruhannah and her fish.

"No Saratoga and no races to-day, Eddie," remarked Stull. But Brandes's narrow gray-green eyes were following Ruhannah.

"It's a pity," continued Stull, "somebody didn't learn you to drive a car before you ask your friends joy-riding."

"Aw—shut up!" returned Brandes slowly, between his teeth.

They climbed the flight of steps to the veranda through a rapidly thickening gloom which was ripped wide open at intervals by lightning.

Thus, Brandes and his shadow, Bennie Stull, came into the home of Ruhannah Carew.

Her mother, who had observed their approach from the window, opened the door.

"Mother," said Ruhannah, "here is the fish I caught—and two gentlemen." With which dubious but innocent explanation

she continued on toward the kitchen, carrying her fish.

Stull offered a brief explanation to account for their plight and presence; Brandes, listening and watching the mother out of greenish, sleepy eyes, made up his mind concerning her.

While the spare room was being prepared by mother and daughter, he and Stull, seated in the sitting-room, their hats upon their knees, exchanged solemn commonplaces with the Reverend Mr. Carew.

Brandes, always the gambler, always wary and reticent by nature, did all the listening before he came to conclusions that relaxed the stiffness of his attitude and the immobility of his large, round face. Then, at ease under circumstances and conditions which he began to comprehend and have an amiable contempt for, he became urbane and conversa-



conversation developed into a monologue on the present condition and the brief and ingenious questions of Brandes

Ruhannah, dragging her fish over the grass, was coming toward them, and the man called Eddie stepped forward to bar her progress.

"Say, girlie," he began, the cigar still tightly screwed into his cheek, "is there a juice-mill anywhere near us, d'y'know?"

"What?" said Rue.

"A garage."

"Yes; there is one at Gayfield."

"How far, girlie?"

Rue flushed, but answered,

"It is half a mile to Gayfield."

The other man, noticing the color in Ruhannah's face,

tional, and a little amused to find navigation so simple, even when out of his proper element.

From the book on the invalid's knees, Brandes took his cue, and the conversation developed into a monologue on the present condition of foreign missions, skilfully inspired by the respectful attention and the brief and ingenious questions of Brandes.

"Doubtless," concluded the Reverend Mr. Carew, "you are familiar with the 'Life of the Reverend Adoniram Judson,' Mr. Brandes."

It turned out to be Brandes's favorite book.

"You will recollect, then, the amazing conditions in India which confronted Doctor Judson and his wife."

Brandes recollected perfectly—with a slow glance at Stull.

"All that is changed," said the invalid, "God be thanked! And conditions in Armenia are changing for the better, I hope."

"Let us hope so," returned Brandes solemnly.

"To doubt it is to doubt the goodness of the Almighty," said the Reverend Mr. Carew. His dreamy eyes became fixed on the rain-splashed window, burned a little with somber inward light.

"In Trebizond," he began, "in my time—"

His wife came into the room, saying that the spare bed-chamber was ready and that the gentlemen might wish to wash before supper, which would be ready in a little while.

On their way up-stairs, they encountered Ruhannah coming down. Stull passed with a polite grunt; Brandes ranged himself for the girl to pass him.

"Ever so much obliged to you, Miss Carew," he said. "We have put you to a great deal of trouble, I am sure."

Rue looked up surprised, shy, not quite understanding how to reconcile his polite words and pleasant voice with the voice and manner in which he had addressed her on the bridge.

"It is no trouble," she said, flushing slightly. "I hope you will be comfortable."

And she continued to descend the stairs a trifle more hastily, not quite sure she cared very much to talk to that kind of man.

In the spare bedroom, whither Stull and Brandes had been conducted, the latter was seated on the big and rather shaky maple bed, buttoning a fresh shirt and collar, while Stull took his turn at the basin. Rain beat heavily on the windows.

"Say, Ben," remarked Brandes, "you want to be careful when we go down-stairs that the old guy don't spot us for sporting men. He's a minister or something."

Stull lifted his dripping face of a circus clown from the basin.

"What's that?"

"I say we don't want to give the old people a shock. You know what they'd think of us."

"What do I care what they think?"

"Can't you be polite?"

"I can be better than that; I can be honest," said Stull, drying his sour visage with a flimsy towel.

After Brandes had tied his polka-dotted tie carefully before the blurred mirror,

"What do you mean by that?" he asked stolidly.

"Ah—I know what I mean, Eddie. So do you. You're a smooth talker, all right. You can listen and look wise, too, when there's anything in it for you. Just you see the way you got Stein to put up good money for you! And all you done was to listen to him and keep your mouth shut."

Brandes rose with an air almost jocular and smote Stull upon the back.

"Stein thinks he's the greatest manager on earth. Let him tell you so if you want anything out of him," he said, walking to the window.

The volleys of rain splashing on the panes obscured the outlook; Brandes flattened his nose against the glass and stood as though lost in thought. Behind him, Stull dried his features, rummaged in the suitcase, produced a bath-

robe and slippers, put them on, and stretched himself out on the bed.

"Aren't you coming down to buzz the preacher?" demanded Brandes, turning from the drenched window.

"So you can talk phony to the little kid? No."

"Ah—get it out of your head that I mean phony."

"Well, what do you mean?"

"Nothing."

Stull gave him a contemptuous glance and turned over on the pillow.

"Are you coming down?"

"No."

So Brandes took another survey of himself in the glass, used his comb and brushes again, added a studied twist to his tie, shot his cuffs, and walked out of the room with the solid deliberation which characterized his carriage at all times.

VI

THE END OF SOLITUDE

A rain-washed world, smelling sweet as a wet rose, a cloudless sky, delicately blue, and a swollen stream tumbling and foaming under the bridge—of these Mr. Eddie Brandes was agreeably conscious as he stepped out on the veranda after breakfast, and inserted a cigar between his teeth.

He always had the appearance of having just come out of a Broadway barber shop with the visible traces of shave, shampoo, massage, and manicuring patent upon his person.

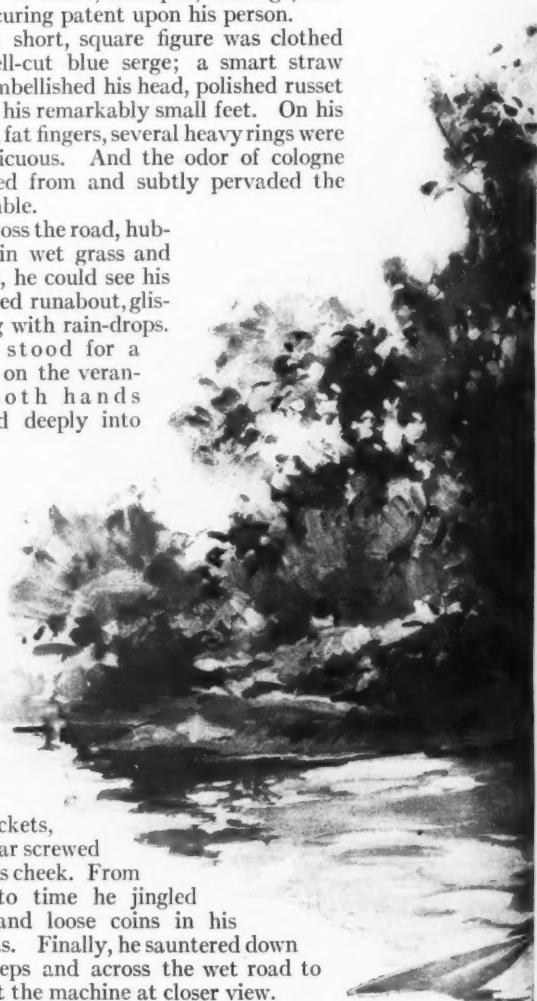
His short, square figure was clothed in well-cut blue serge; a smart straw hat embellished his head, polished russet shoes his remarkably small feet. On his small, fat fingers, several heavy rings were conspicuous. And the odor of cologne exhaled from and subtly pervaded the ensemble.

Across the road, hub-deep in wet grass and weeds, he could see his wrecked runabout, glistening with rain-drops.

He stood for a while on the veranda, both hands shoved deeply into

his pockets, his cigar screwed into his cheek. From time to time he jingled keys and loose coins in his pockets. Finally, he sauntered down the steps and across the wet road to inspect the machine at closer view.

Contemplating it tranquilly, head on one side and his left eye closed to avoid



the drifting cigar smoke, he presently became aware of a girl in a pink-print dress leaning over the gray parapet of the bridge. And, picking his way among the puddles, he went toward her.

"Good-morning, Miss Carew," he said, taking off his straw hat.

Rue turned her head over her shoulder; the early sun glistened on his shiny, carefully parted hair, and lingered in glory on a diamond scarf-pin.

"Good-morning," she said, a little uncertainly, for the memory of their first meeting on the bridge had not entirely been forgotten.

"You had breakfast early," he said.

"Yes."

He kept his hat off; such little courtesies have their effect. Also, it was good for his hair which, he feared, had become a trifle thinner recently.

"It is beautiful weather," said Mr. Brandes, squinting at her through his cigar smoke.

"Yes." She looked down into the tumbling water.

"This is a beautiful country, isn't it, Miss Carew?"

"Yes."

With his head a little on one side, he inspected her. There was only the fine curve of her cheek visible, and a white neck under the chestnut hair, and one slim, tanned hand resting on the stone parapet.

"Do you like motoring?" he asked.

She looked up.

"Yes. I have only been out a few times."

"I'll have another car up here in a few days. I'd like to take you out."

She was silent.

"Ever go to Saratoga?" he inquired.

"No."

"I'll take you to the races—with your mother. Would you like to go?"

She remained silent so long that he became a trifle uneasy.

"With your mother," he repeated, moving so he could see a little more of her face.

"I don't think mother would go," she said.

"Would she let you go?"

"I don't think so."

"There's nothing wrong with racing," he said, "if you don't bet money on the horses."

But Rue knew nothing about sport, and her ignorance, as well as the suggested combination of Saratoga, automobile, and horse-racing, left her silent again. Brandes sat down on the parapet of the bridge and held his straw hat on his fat knees.

"Then we'll make it a family party," he said—"your father and mother and you. Shall we? And we'll just go off for the day."

"Thank you."

"Would you like it?"

"Yes."

"Will you go?"

"I—work in the mill."

"Every day?"

"Yes."

"How about Sunday?"

"We go to church. I don't know—perhaps we might go in the afternoon."

"I'll ask your father," he said, watching the delicately flushed face with an odd, almost sluggish persistency. His gray-green eyes seemed hypnotized; he appeared unable to turn them elsewhere, and she, gradually becoming conscious of his scrutiny, kept her own eyes averted.

"What were you looking at in the water?" he asked.

"I was looking for our boat. It isn't there. I'm afraid it has gone over the dam."

"I'll help you search for it," he said, "when I come back from the village. I'm going to walk over and find somebody who'll cart that runabout to the railroad station. You're not going that way, are you?" he added, rising.

"No."

"Then"—he lifted his hat high and put it on with care—"until a little later, Miss Carew. And I want to apologize for speaking so familiarly to you yesterday. I'm sorry. It's a way we get into in New York. Broadway isn't good for a man's manners. Will you forgive me, Miss Carew?"

Embarrassment kept her silent; she nodded her head, and finally turned and looked at him. His smile was agreeable. She smiled faintly, too, and rose.

"Until later, then," he said. "This is the Gayfield road, isn't it?"

"Yes."

She turned and (Continued on page 132)



He rowed her about on the pond

My Hawaiian Aloha

By Jack London

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of Mr. London's articles on our delightful territorial possession—Hawaii. The first appeared in the September issue.

HAWAII is the home of shanghaied men and women, and of the descendants of shanghaied men and women. They never intended to be here at all. Very rarely, since the first whites came, has one, with the deliberate plan of coming to re-



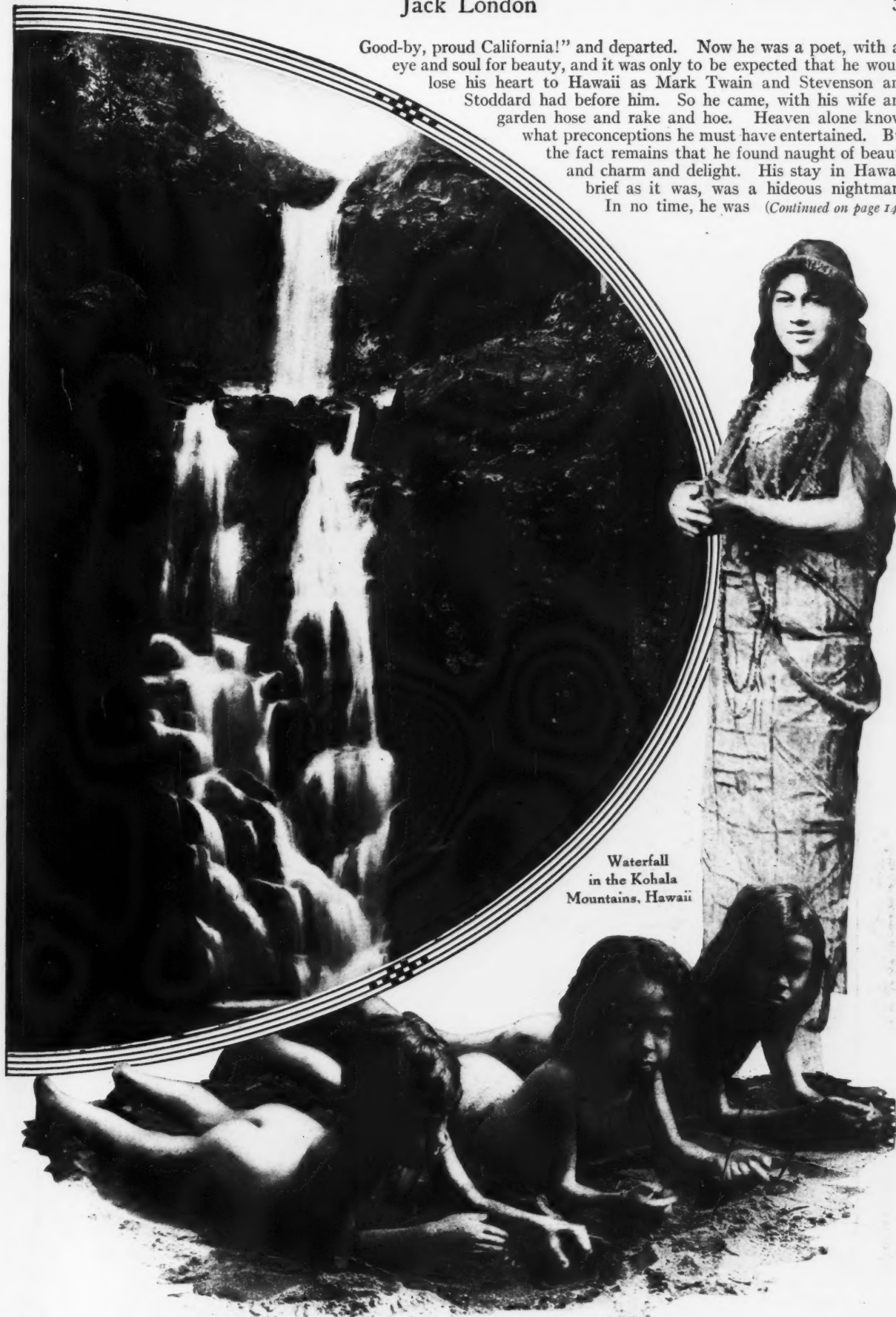
Hawaiian girl playing the *ukulele*—a native guitar which has become popular in this country

Ditch-trail on a Hawaiian mountainside

main, remained. Somehow, the love of the Islands, like the love of a woman, just happens. One cannot determine in advance to love a particular woman, nor can one so determine to love Hawaii. One sees, and one loves or does not love. With Hawaii, it seems always to be love at first sight. Those for whom the Islands were made, or who were made for the Islands, are swept off their feet in the first moments of meeting, embrace, and are embraced.

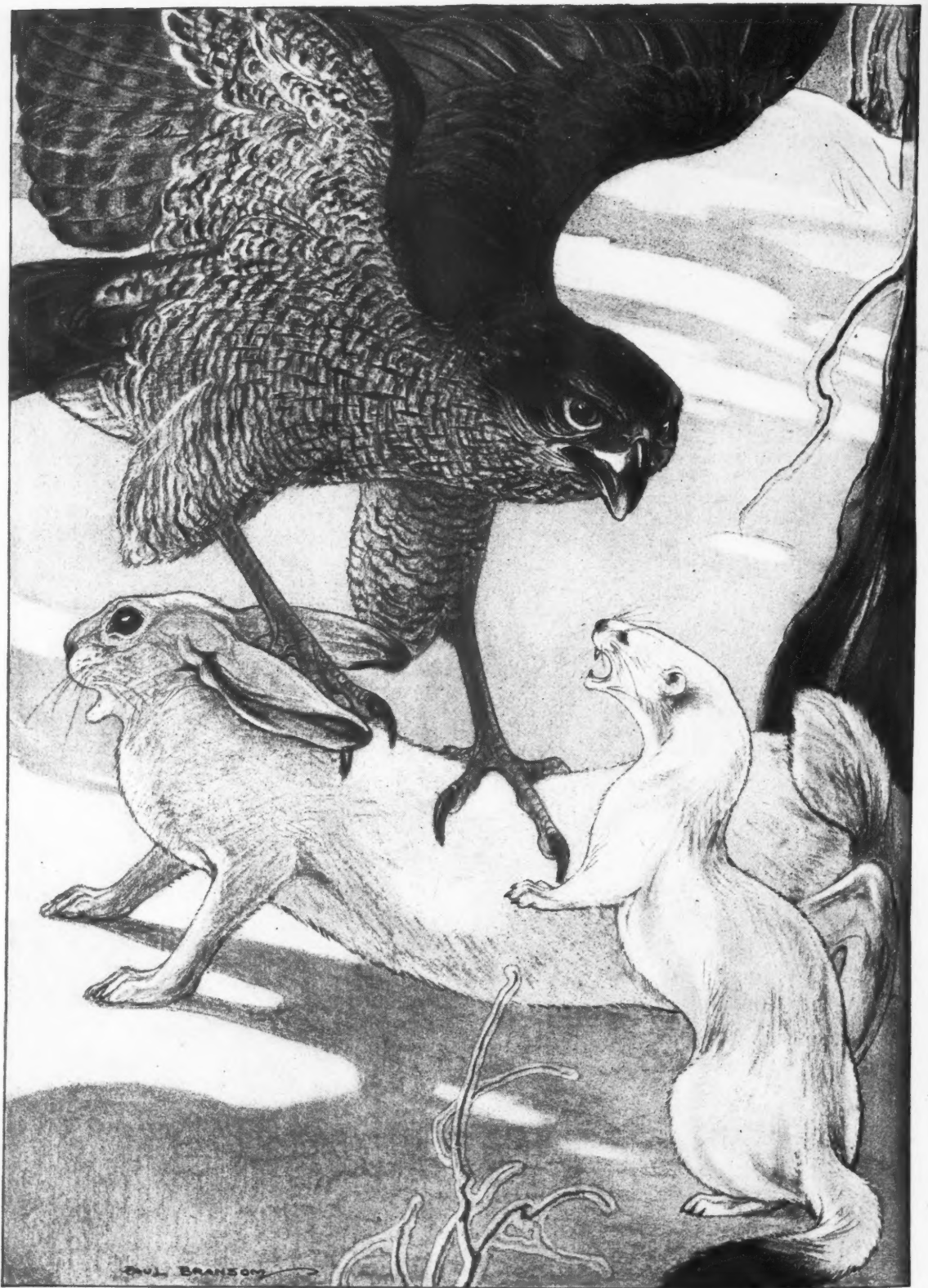
I remember a dear friend who resolved to come to Hawaii and make it his home forever. He packed up his wife, all his belongings, including his garden hose and rake and hoe, said,

Good-by, proud California!" and departed. Now he was a poet, with an eye and soul for beauty, and it was only to be expected that he would lose his heart to Hawaii as Mark Twain and Stevenson and Stoddard had before him. So he came, with his wife and garden hose and rake and hoe. Heaven alone knows what preconceptions he must have entertained. But the fact remains that he found naught of beauty and charm and delight. His stay in Hawaii, brief as it was, was a hideous nightmare. In no time, he was (Continued on page 142)



Waterfall
in the Kohala
Mountains, Hawaii

Daughters of Hawaii



DRAWN BY PAUL BRANSON

At that instant, with a hissing sound, a dark shadow dropped out of the air. It struck the rabbit. He was enveloped in a dreadful flapping of wings. Iron talons, that clutched and bit like the jaws of a trap, seized him by the back



He sped away in panic-terror among the silent trees. From behind the glassy twigs emerged another form, snow-white like the fleeing rabbit

The Morning of the Silver Frost

By Charles G. D. Roberts

Illustrated by Paul Bransom

ALL night the big buck rabbit (he was really a hare, but the backwoodsman called him a rabbit) had been squatting on his form under the dense branches of a young fir tree.

The branches grew so low that their tips touched the snow all around him, giving him almost perfect shelter from the drift of the storm. The storm was one of icy rain, which everywhere froze instantly as it fell. All night it had been busy incasing the whole wilderness—every tree and bush and stump, and the snow in every open meadow or patch of forest glade—in an armor of ice, thick and hard and glassy clear. And the rabbit, crouching motionless save for an occasional forward thrust of his long, sensitive ears, had slept in unwounded security, knowing that none of his prowling foes would venture forth from their lairs on such a night.

At dawn, the rain stopped. The cold deepened to a still intensity. The clouds lifted along the eastern horizon, and a thin, icy flood of saffron and palest rose washed down across the glittering desolation. The wilderness was ablaze on the instant with elusive tongues and points of colored light—jeweled flames, not of fire but of frost. The world had become a palace of crystal and opal—a dream-palace—that would vanish at a touch, a breath. And, indeed, had a wind arisen then to breathe upon it roughly, the immeasurable crystal would have shattered as swiftly as a dream; the

These famous stories of the life-problems of the little people of the wild never fail of sincerely appreciative reception by all *Cosmopolitan* readers, and their resumption by Mr. Roberts is regarded as an occasion for congratulation. The next of the series, "The Ledge on Baldface," will be published shortly.

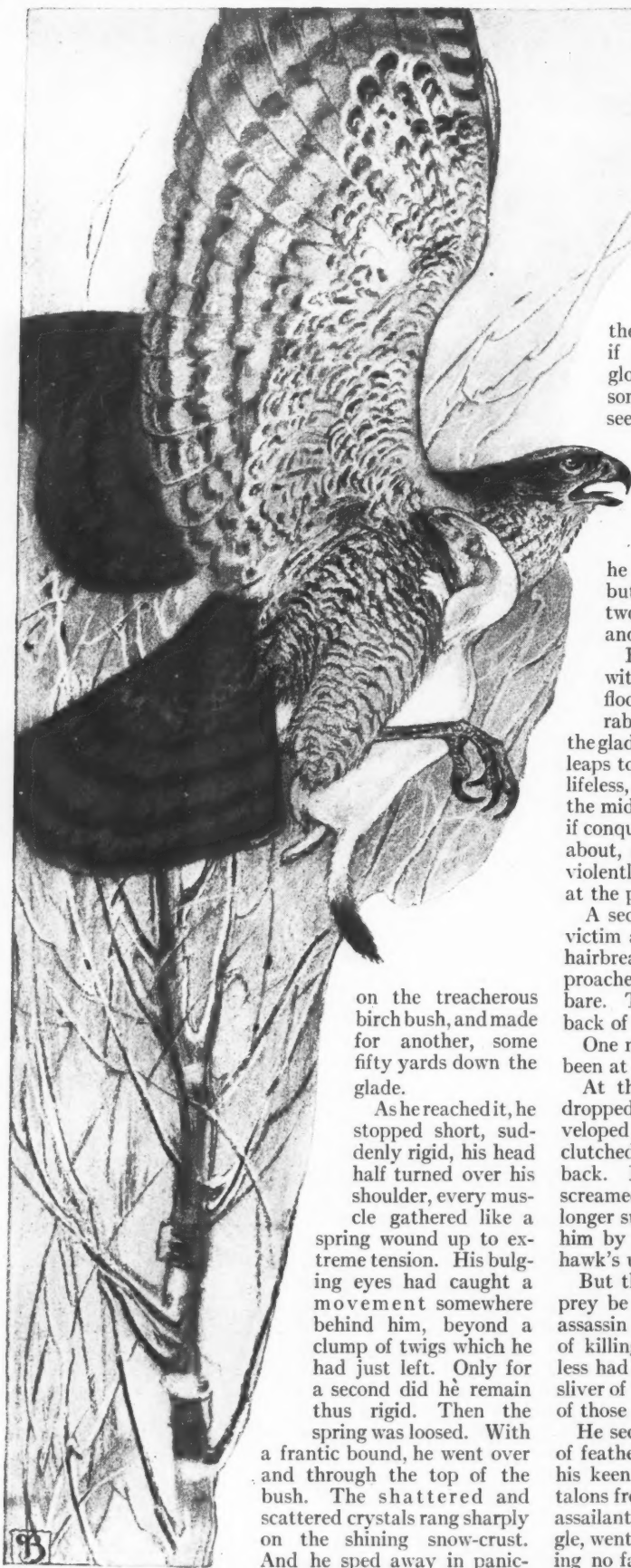
too rigid twigs and branches would have snapped and clattered down in ruin.

The rabbit came out from under his little ice-clad fir tree; and, for all his caution, the brittle twigs

broke about him as he emerged, and tinkled around him sharply. The thin, light sound was so loud upon the stillness that he gave a startled leap into the air, landing many feet away from his refuge. He slipped and sprawled, recovered his foothold, and stood quivering, his great, prominent eyes trying to look in every direction at once, his ears questioning anxiously to and fro, his nostrils twitching for any hint of danger.

There was no sight, sound, or scent, however, to justify his alarm, and, in a few seconds, growing bolder, he remembered that he was hungry. Close by, he noticed the tips of a little birch sapling sticking up above the snow. These birch tips, in winter, were his favorite food. He hopped toward them—going circumspectly over the slippery surface—and sat up on his hind quarters to nibble at them. To his intense surprise and disappointment, each twig and aromatic bud was sealed away, inaccessible though clearly visible, under a quarter-inch of ice. Twig after twig he investigated with his inquiring, sensitive cleft nostrils, which met everywhere the same chill reception. Round and round the tantalizing branch he hopped, unable to make out the situation. At last, thoroughly disgusted, he turned his back

The Morning of the Silver Frost



The gnawing torment which clung beneath her wing

on the treacherous birch bush, and made for another, some fifty yards down the glade.

As he reached it, he stopped short, suddenly rigid, his head half turned over his shoulder, every muscle gathered like a spring wound up to extreme tension. His bulging eyes had caught a movement somewhere behind him, beyond a clump of twigs which he had just left. Only for a second did he remain thus rigid. Then the spring was loosed. With a frantic bound, he went over and through the top of the bush. The shattered and scattered crystals rang sharply on the shining snow-crust. And he sped away in panic-terror among the silent trees. From behind the glassy

twigs emerged another form, snow-white like the fleeing rabbit, and sped in pursuit—not so swiftly, indeed, as the rabbit, but with an air of implacable purpose that made the quarry seem already doomed. The pursuer was much smaller than his intended victim, very low on the legs, long-bodied, slender, and sinuous; and he moved as if all compacted of whipcord muscle. The grace of his long, deliberate bounds was indescribable. His head was triangular in shape, the ears small and close-set, the black-tipped muzzle sharply pointed, with the thin black lips upcurled to show the white fangs as if in a ferocious but soundless snarl, and the eyes glowed red with blood-lust. Small as it was, there was something terrible about the tiny beast, and its pursuit seemed as inevitable as fate.

For perhaps fifty yards, the weasel followed straight upon the rabbit's track. Then he swerved to the right. He had lost sight of his quarry. But he knew its habits in flight. He knew it would run in a circle; and he took a chord of that circle, so as to head the fugitive off. He knew he might have to repeat this maneuver several times, but he had no doubts as to the result. In a second or two, he also had disappeared among the azure shadows and pink-and-saffron gleams of the ice-clad forest.

For several minutes the glade was empty, still as death with the bitter but delicate glories of the winter dawn flooding ever more radiantly across it. On a sudden, the rabbit appeared again—this time at the opposite side of the glade. He was running irresolutely now, with little aimless leaps to this side and to that; and his leaps were short and lifeless, as if his nerve-power were getting paralyzed. About the middle of the glade, he seemed to give up altogether, as if conquered by sheer panic. He stopped, hesitated, wheeled about, and crouched flat upon the naked snow, trembling violently and staring, with eyes that started from his head, at the point in the woods from which he had just emerged.

A second later, the grim pursuer appeared. He saw his victim awaiting him. But he did not hurry his pace by a hairbreadth. With the same terrible deliberation, he approached. Only his jaws opened; his long fangs glistened bare. The blood-red globule of light glowed redder at the back of his eyes.

One more of those inexorable bounds, and he would have been at his victim's throat. The rabbit screamed.

At that instant, with a hissing sound, a dark shadow dropped out of the air. It struck the rabbit. He was enveloped in a dreadful flapping of wings. Iron talons, that clutched and bit like the jaws of a trap, seized him by the back. He felt himself partly lifted from the snow. He screamed again. But now he struggled convulsively, no longer submissive to his doom, the hypnotic spell cast upon him by the weasel being broken by the shock of the great hawk's unexpected attack.

But the weasel was not of the stuff or temper to let his prey be snatched thus from his jaws. Cruel and wanton assassin though he was, ever rejoicing to kill for the lust of killing long after his hunger was satisfied, he nevertheless had the courage of a wounded buffalo. A mere daring sliver of white, he sprang straight into the blinding confusion of those great wings.

He secured a hold just under one wing, where the armor of feathers was thinnest, and began to gnaw inward with his keen fangs. With a startled cry, the hawk freed her talons from the rabbit's back and clutched frantically at her assailant. The rabbit, writhing out from under the struggle, went leaping off into cover, bleeding copiously but carrying no fatal hurt. He had recovered his wits, and had no idle curiosity as to how the battle between his enemies would turn out.

The hawk, for all her great strength and the crushing superiority of her weapons, had a serious disadvantage of position. The weasel, maintaining his deadly grip and working inward like a bulldog, had hunched up his lithe little body so that she could not reach it with her talons. She tore furiously at his back with her rending beak, but the amazingly tough, rubbery muscles resisted even that weapon to a certain degree. At last, securing a grip with her beak upon her adversary's thigh, she managed to pull the curled-up body out almost straight, and so gained a hold upon it with one set of talons.

That grip was crushing, irresistible, but it was too far back to be immediately fatal. The weasel's lithe body lengthened out under the agonizing stress of it, but it could not pull his jaws from their hold. They continued inexorably their task of gnawing inward, ever inward, seeking a vital spot.

The struggle went on in silence, as far as the voices of both combatants were concerned. But the beating of the hawk's wings resounded on the glassy-hard surface of the snow. As the struggle shifted ground, those flapping wings came suddenly in contact with a bush whose iced twigs were brittle as glass and glittering like the prisms of a great crystal candelabrum. There was a shrill crash and a thin, ringing clatter as the twigs shattered off and spun flying across the crust.

The sound carried far through the still, iridescent spaces of the wilderness. It reached the ears of a foraging fox, who was tiptoeing with dainty care over the slippery crust. He turned hopefully to investigate, trusting to get a needed breakfast out of some fellow marauder's difficulties. At the edge of the glade he paused, peering through a bush of crystal fire to size up the situation before committing himself to the venture.

Desperately preoccupied though she was, the hawk's all-seeing eyes detected the red outlines of the fox through the bush. With a frantic beating of her wings, she lifted herself from the snow. The fox darted upon her with a lightning rush and a shattering of icicles. He was just too late. The great bird was already in the air, carrying her deadly burden with her. The fox leaped straight upward, hoping to pull her down, but his clashing jaws just failed to reach her talons. Laboring heavily in her flight, she made off, striving to gain a tree-top where she might perch and once more give her attention to the gnawing torment which clung beneath her wing.

The fox, being wise, and seeing that the hawk was in extremest straits, ran on beneath her as she flew, gazing upward expectantly.

The weasel, meanwhile, with that deadly concentration of purpose which characterizes his tribe, paid no heed to the fact that he was journeying through the air. And he knew nothing of what was going on below. His flaming eyes were buried in his foe's feathers. His jaws were steadily working inward toward her vitals.

Just at the edge of the glade, immediately over the top of a branchy young paper-birch which shot a million colored points of light in the sunrise, the end came. The fangs of the weasel met in the hawk's wildly throbbing heart. With a choking burst of scarlet blood, it stopped.

Stone-dead, the marauder of the air crashed down through the slim birch top, with a vast scattering of gleams and crystals. With wide-sprawled wings, she thudded down upon the snow-crust, almost under the fox's complacent jaws. The weasel's venomous head, covered with blood, emerged triumphant from the mass of feathers.

As the victor writhed free, the fox, pouncing upon him with a careless air, seized him by the neck, snapped it neatly, and tossed the long, limp body aside upon the snow.

He had no use for the rank, stringy meat of the weasel when better fare was at hand. Then he drew the hawk close to the trunk of the young birch, and lay down to make a leisurely breakfast.



Then he drew the hawk close to the trunk of the young birch, and lay down to make a leisurely breakfast



DRAWN BY WORTH DRENTH

Penrod fell into step and accompanied the musicians down the street, keeping as near as possible to the little man with the big horn

The Horn of Fame

By
Booth
Tarkington

Illustrated by
Worth Brehm



*Penrod
Buys
An Antique*

He staggered to the wheelbarrow, sat, and blew—and yet the funnel uttered nothing

ONE day, a new ambition entered into Penrod Schofield; it was heralded by a flourish of trumpets and set up a great noise within his being.

On his way home from Sunday-school, he had paused at a corner to listen to a brass band, which was returning from a funeral, playing a medley of airs from "The Merry Widow," and, as the musicians came down the street, walking so gracefully, the sun picked out the gold braid upon their uniforms and splashed fire from their polished instruments. Penrod marked the shapes of the great bass horns, the suave sculpture of their brazen coils, and the grand, sensational flare of their mouths. And he saw plainly that these noble things, to be mastered, needed no more than some breath blown into them during the fingering of a few simple keys. Then obediently they gave forth those vast but dulcet sounds which stirred his spirit as no other sounds could stir it quite.

The leader of the band, walking ahead, was a pleasing figure, nothing more. Penrod supposed him to be a mere decoration, and had never sympathized with Sam Williams' deep feeling about drum-majors. The cornets, the trombones, the smaller horns were rather interesting, of course, and the drums had charm, especially the bass drum, which must be partially supported by a youth in front; but, immeasurably above all these, what fascinated Penrod was the little man with the monster horn. There Penrod's widening eyes remained transfixed upon the horn so dazzling, with its broad spaces of brassy high lights, and so overwhelming, with its mouth as wide as a tub, that there was something almost threatening about it.

The little elderly band-musician walked manfully as he blew his great horn; and, in that pompous engine of sound, the boy beheld a spectacle of huge forces under human control. To Penrod, the horn meant power, and the musician meant mastery over power, though, of course, Penrod did not know that this was how he really felt about the matter.

Grandiloquent sketches were passing and interchanging before his mind's eye—Penrod, in proud raiment, marching down the staring street, his shoulders swaying professionally, the roar of the horn he bore submerging all other sounds;

Penrod on horseback, blowing the enormous horn, and leading wild hordes to battle, while Marjorie Jones looked on from the sidewalk; Penrod astounding his mother and father and sister by suddenly serenading them in the library. "Why, Penrod, where *did* you learn to play like this?"

These were vague and shimmering glories of vision rather than definite plans for his life-work, yet he did, with all his will, determine to own and play upon some roaring instrument of brass. And, after all, this was no new desire of his; it was only an old one inflamed to take a new form. Nor was music the root of it, for the identical desire is often uproarious among them that hate music. What stirred in Penrod was new neither in him nor in the world, but old—old as old Adam, old as the childishness of man. All children have it, of course; they are all anxious to Make a Noise in the World.

While the band approached, Penrod marked the time with his feet; then he fell into step and accompanied the musicians down the street, keeping as near as possible to the little man with the big horn. There were four or five other boys, strangers, also marching with the band, but these were light spirits, their flushed faces and prancing legs proving that they were merely in a state of emotional reaction to music. Penrod, on the contrary, was grave. He kept his eyes upon the big horn, and, now and then, he gave an imitation of it. His fingers moved upon invisible keys near the median line of his abdomen; his cheeks puffed out, and, from far down in his throat, he produced strange sounds: "Taw-p'taw-p'taw! Taw-p'taw-p'taw! PAW!"

The other boys turned back when the musicians ceased to play, but Penrod marched on, still keeping close to what so inspired him. He stayed with the band till the last member of it disappeared up a staircase in an office-building down at the business-end of the street, and, even after that, he lingered a while, looking at the staircase.

Finally, however, he set his face toward home, whither he marched in a procession, the visible part of which consisted of himself alone. All the way, the rhythmic movements of his head kept time with his marching feet and, also, with

a slight rise and fall of his fingers at about the median line of his abdomen. And pedestrians who encountered him in this preoccupation were not surprised to hear, as he passed, a few explosive little vocalizations: "Taw-p'taw-p'taw! TAW! Taw-aw-HAW!"

These were the outward symptoms of no fleeting impulse but of steadfast desire; therefore they were persistent. The likeness of the great bass horn remained upon the retina of his mind's eye, losing nothing of its brazen enormity with the passing of hours, nor abating, in his mind's ear, one whit of its fascinating blatancy. Penrod might have forgotten almost anything else more readily; for such a horn has this double compulsion: people can not possibly keep themselves from looking at its possessor—and they certainly have GOT to listen to him!

Penrod was preoccupied at dinner and during the evening, now and then causing his father some irritation by croaking, "Taw-p'taw-p'taw!" while the latter was talking. And when bedtime came for the son of the house, he mounted the stairs in a rhythmic manner, and p'tawed himself through the upper hall as far as his own chamber.

Even after he had gone to bed, there came a revival of these manifestations. His mother had put out his light for him and had returned to the library down-stairs; three-quarters of an hour had elapsed since then, and Penrod's sister Margaret was in her room, next to his, when a continuous low croaking (which she was just able to bear) suddenly broke out into loud, triumphal blattings:

"TAW-p'taw-p'taw-aw-HAW! P'taw-WAW-aw! Aw-PAW!"

"Penrod," Margaret called, "stop that! I'm trying to write letters. If you don't quit and go to sleep, I'll call papa up, and you'll see!"

The noise ceased, or, rather, it tapered down to a desultory faint croaking which finally died out; but there can be little doubt that Penrod's last waking thoughts were of instrumental music. And in the morning, when he woke to face the gloomy day's scholastic tasks, something unusual and eager dawned in his face with the return of memory. "Taw-p'taw!" he began. "PAW!"

All day, in school and out, his mind was busy with computations—not such as are prescribed by mathematical pedants but estimates of how much old rags and old iron would sell for enough money to buy a horn. Happily, the

next day, at lunch, he was able to dismiss this problem from his mind—he learned that his uncle Joe would be passing through town on his way from Nevada the following afternoon, and all the Schofield family were to go to the station to see him. Penrod would be excused from school.

At this news, his cheeks became pink, and, for a moment, he was breathless. Uncle Joe and Penrod did not meet often, but when they did, uncle Joe invariably gave Penrod money. Moreover, he always managed to do it

privately, so that, later, there was no bothersome supervision. Last time, he had given Penrod a silver dollar.

At thirty-five minutes after two, Wednesday afternoon, uncle Joe's train came into the station, and uncle Joe got out and shouted among his relatives. At eighteen minutes of three, he was waving to them from the platform of the last car, having just slipped a two-dollar bill into Penrod's breast-pocket. And at seven minutes after three, Penrod opened the door of the largest "music store" in town.

A tall, exquisite, fair man, evidently a musical earl, stood before him, leaning whimsically upon a counter. The sight abashed Penrod not a bit—his remarkable financial condition even made him rather peremptory.

"See here," he said brusquely: "I want to look at that big horn in the window."

"Very well," said the earl; "look at it." And he leaned more luxuriously upon the counter.

"I meant—" Penrod began, but paused, somewhat daunted, while an unnamed fear brought greater mild-

ness into his voice as he continued, "I meant—I—how much is that big horn?"

"How much?" the earl repeated.

"I mean," said Penrod, "how much is it worth?"

"I don't know," the earl returned. "Its price is eighty-five dollars."

"Eighty-fi—" Penrod began mechanically, but was forced to pause and swallow a little air that obstructed his throat as the difference between eighty-five and two became more and more startling. He had entered the store rich; in the last ten seconds he had become poverty-stricken. Eighty-five dollars was the same as eighty-five millions.

"Shall I put it aside for you," asked the salesman-earl, "while you look around the other stores to see if there's anything you like better?"



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DRAWN BY WALTER BROWN

Penrod managed to secure it. With one hand free he fended the others off while he blew into the mouthpiece

"I guess—I guess not," said Penrod, whose face had grown red. He swallowed again, scraped the floor with the side of his right shoe, scratched the back of his neck, and then, trying to make his manner casual and easy,

"Well, I can't stand around here all day," he said. "I got to be gettin' on up the street."

"Business, I suppose?"

Penrod, turning to the door, suspected jocularly, but he found himself without resource; he was nonplused.

"Sure you won't let me have that horn tied up in wrapping-paper in case you decide to take it?"

Penrod was almost positive that the spirit of this question was satirical, but he was unable to reply except by a feeble shake of the head—though, ten minutes later, as he plodded forlornly his homeward way, he looked over his shoulder and sent backward a few words of morose repartee.

"Oh, I am, am I?" he muttered, evidently concluding a conversation which he had continued mentally with the salesman. "Well, you're double anything you call me; so that makes you a smart Aleck twice! Ole double-smart Aleck!"

After that, he walked with the least bit more briskness, but not much. No wonder he felt discouraged; there are times when eighty-five dollars can be a blow to anybody. Penrod was so stunned that he actually forgot what was in his pocket. He passed two drug stores, and they had absolutely no meaning to him. He walked all the way without spending a cent.

At home, he spent a moment in the kitchen pantry while the cook was in the cellar; then he went out to the stable and began some really pathetic experiments. His materials were the small tin funnel which he had obtained in the pantry, and a short section of old garden hose. He inserted the funnel into one end of the garden hose, and made it fast by wrappings of cord. Then he arranged the hose in a double, circular coil, tied it so that it would remain coiled, and blew into the other end.

He blew and blew and blew; he set his lips tight together, as he had observed the little musician with the big horn set his, and blew and sputtered, and sputtered and blew—but nothing of the slightest importance happened in the orifice of the funnel. Still he blew. He began to be dizzy; his eyes watered; his expression became as horrible as a strangled person's. He but blew the more. He stamped his feet and blew. He staggered to the wheelbarrow, sat, and blew—and yet the funnel uttered nothing; it seemed merely to breathe hard.

It would not sound like a horn, and, when Penrod finally gave up, he had to admit piteously that it did not look like a horn. No boy over nine could have pretended that it was a horn.

He tossed the thing upon the floor, and leaned back in the wheelbarrow, inert.

"Yay, Penrod!"

Comrade Sam Williams appeared in the doorway, and, behind Sam, Master Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, a fat lad and well-to-do.

"Yay, there!"

Penrod made no response. The two came in, and Sam picked up the poor contrivance Penrod had tossed upon the floor.

"What's this ole dingus?" Sam asked.

"Nothin'."

"Well, what's it for?"

"Nothin'," said Penrod. "It's a kind of a horn."

"What kind?"

"For music," said Penrod simply.

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"Music!" he yipped. "I thought you meant a cow's horn! He says it's a music-horn, Sam—what you think o' that?"

Sam blew into the thing industriously.

"It won't work," he announced.

"Course it won't!" Roddy Bitts shouted. "You can't make it go without you got a *real* horn. I'm goin' to get me a real horn some day before long, and then you'll see me goin' up and down here, playin' it like sixty. I'll—"

"Some day before long!" Sam mocked. "Yes, we will! Why'n't you get it to-day, if you're goin' to?"

"I would," said Roddy. "I'd go get the money from my father right now, only he wouldn't give it to me."

Sam whooped, and Penrod, in spite of his great depression, uttered a few jibing sounds.

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"Oh, yes!" said Sam. "'If it hadn't 'a' been for that.' It's always *sumpthin'!*"

"It is not!"

"Well, then, why'n't you go get a real horn?"

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"It's not either any toy horn," Roddy insisted; "it's a reg'lar horn for a band, and I could have it as easy as anything."

The tone of this declaration was so sincere that it roused the lethargic Penrod.

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"Well, didn't I say it was a real one?"

"Like in the band?"

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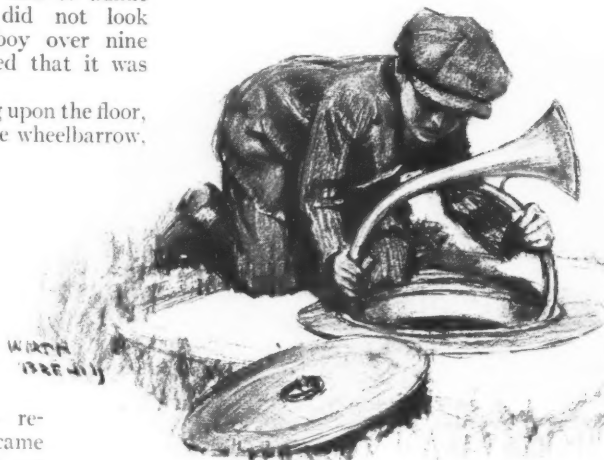
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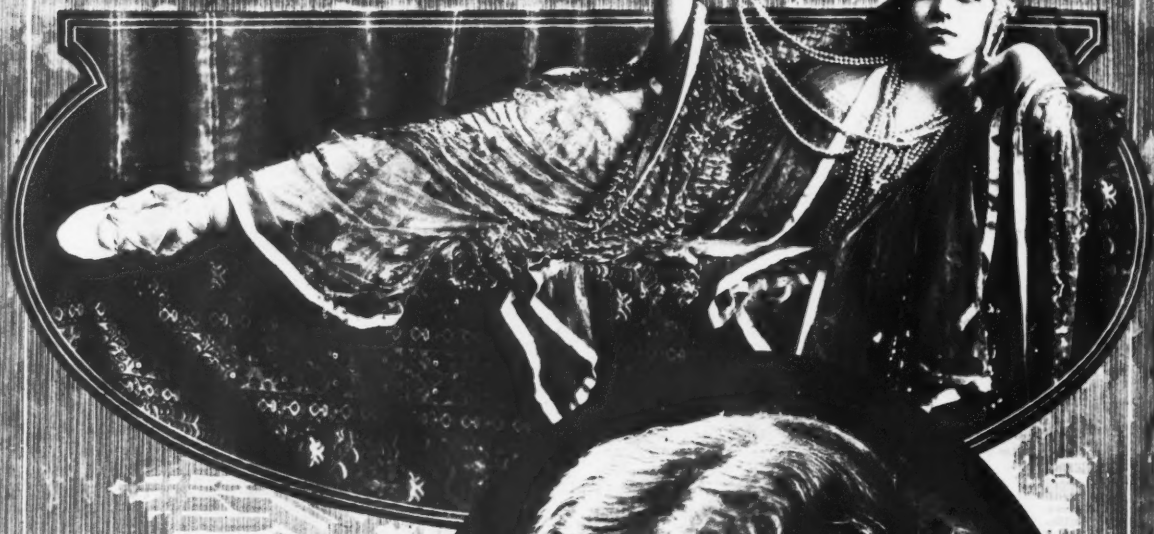
BETH LYDY has made long strides in her profession since she left the voice-training school in Chicago, two years ago. From vaudeville, she walked into the cast of the operetta, "Alone At Last," as understudy, and afterward appeared in several parts. Now she has stepped into a prominent rôle of "Step This Way."

The Fashion-Plate Girl



THE fashion-plate girl, of whom Marjorie Beverly is a charming example, is the latest idea for displaying feminine grace and beauty in the lighter forms of theatrical entertainment. Drawings of the newest modes are presented for a moment to the audience, when —lol the living model bursts right through the paper screen. Miss Beverly is this year with New York's "Midnight Frolic."

The Follies Girl of 1916



ALLYN KING is the Follies Girl of this year in the tenth-anniversary production of that perennial and popular revue. Of the fair group representing the ten years, she was the logical choice for the rôle, because this season is her first with the "Follies," having been but recently "discovered" while singing and dancing in a New Haven cabaret.



His Unconquerable Soul

The Real Peter Mann Is Revealed

By Samuel Merwin

Illustrated by George Gibbs

"The Trufflers" is a name invented by Peter Ericson Mann, a playwright, to designate a group of radical young people in the quaint Greenwich Village section of New York city who, in their daily lives, apply the doctrines of modern individualistic philosophy. Peter does not approve of trufflers, but, having fallen in love with one, Sue Wilde, he writes a play, "The Truffler," which, by its moral, is intended to win the girl away from her selfish mode of life. Peter's engagement to Sue is broken, and, after a family tragedy, she abandons the Village and accepts the love of Peter's friend, Henry Bates, familiarly known as the Worm. "The Truffler" has a try-out and fails. It is, however, rewritten by Neuermann, the manager, and Grace Derring, who has the leading rôle, and is now to have a New York production. In spite of Peter's attitude, he is human enough to have had a flirtation with Maria Tonifetti, a manicure-girl.

IT was the opening of Peter Ericson (Eric) Mann's new play, "The Truffler," at the Astoria Theater, on Broadway, where the signs never fail and where to have your name blazoned in electric lights above a theater entrance is to be advertised to a restless but numerically impressive world. Peter's name was up there now. It was, you might have supposed, his big night. But Peter was not among the eight or nine hundred correctly dressed men and women who pressed in expectantly through the wide doorway. Instead, clad in his every-day garments, an expression of ill-controlled irritation on his long face, moody, dark eyes peering resentfully out through his large, horn-rimmed glasses (*not* spectacles), he sat alone in the gallery, second row from the front, on the aisle.

Four rows behind him, and a little off to the left, sat a good-looking young woman, an Italian girl apparently, who stared down at him in some agitation. She, too, was alone. He had not seen her when he came in; he did not now know that she was there.

The two seats in the front row across the aisle were vacant until just before the musicians climbed from the mysterious region beneath the stage into the orchestra-pit down front and the asbestos curtain slid upward and out of sight. Then a rather casually dressed young couple came down the aisle and took them.

Peter, when he saw who they were, stiffened, bit his lip, turned away, and partly hid his face with his program. The girl was Sue Wilde, the one person on earth who had the power of at once rousing and irritating him merely by appearing within his range of vision—particularly when she appeared smiling, alert, and alive with health and spirits in the company of another man. When a girl has played with your deepest feelings, has actually engaged herself to marry you, only to slip out of your life without so much as consulting you; when she has forced you to take strong measures to bring her to her senses, only to turn up, after all, radiant, just where you have stolen in to be alone with your otherwise turbulent emotions—well, it may easily be disturbing.

The other man, on this occasion, was the Worm. Peter



Maria Tonifetti

knew that the Worm had disapproved of the steps he had taken to waken the truffling Sue to a sense of duty—the steps he had been forced to take. The Worm had actually been moved to the point of leaving Peter flat in the old rooms in Washington Square, where they had dwelt during three peaceful years with Hy Lowe, in bachelor content. Hy had left, too, in anger. Peter knew that both disapproved of his conduct. It is not pleasant to be disapproved of by old companions, particularly when you were so clearly, scrupulously right in all you have done. Still more unpleasant is it when one of the disapprovers appears with the girl whose selfish irresponsibility caused all the trouble. Sue's evident happiness was the climax. It seemed to Peter that she might at least have the decency to look—well, chastened.

I spoke, a moment back, of other disturbances within Peter's highly temperamental breast. They had to do with the play. The featured actress, Grace Derring, also was potentially a disturber. If you have followed Peter's emotionally torturous career, you will recall Grace. A year or more in the past, before we knew Peter at all, there had been something between Grace and himself. Why, she had brought him to the verge of suicide, and the Worm had spent a whole night arguing him out of it—not two years ago! And then, in the spring, when Max Neuermann unexpectedly called her in to build out the part (that was

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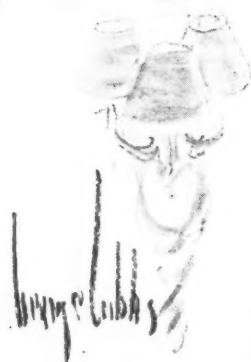
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Sue glanced around. Her elbow gently pressed that of the Worm. "It's around now. They were both looking at Peter rather eagerly, smiling.



when they were trying out the play on the road), Peter had most unexpectedly found himself again making love to her, only to find that she, hand and glove with Neuermann, was re-writing the play behind his back, tearing it to pieces, introducing new and quite false episodes, altering the very natures of his pains-

takingly wrought-out characters, obliterating whatever of himself had, at the start, been in the piece. He had been forced to wash his hands of the whole thing. He had kept away from Neuermann and Grace Derring all these painful months. He had answered neither Neuermann's business letters nor Grace's one or two guarded little notes. It had perturbed him to see his name used lavishly (Neuermann was a persistent and powerful advertiser) on the bill-boards and in the papers. It had perturbed him to-night to see it on the street in blazing light. And now it was on the program in his hand! To be sure, he had not taken steps to prevent this use of his name. He had explained to himself that Neuermann had the right under the contract and could hardly be restrained. But he was perturbed.

So here was the great night! Down there on the stage, in a few minutes now, Grace Derring, whose life had twisted so painfully close to his, would begin enacting the play she and Neuermann had rebuilt from his own inspired outburst. Up here in the gallery, across the aisle, one row down, sat, at this moment, the girl who had unwittingly inspired him to write it. She was smiling happily now, that girl! She did not know that the original play—"The Truffler," as he had conceived and written it—was aimed straight at herself. It was nothing if not a picture of the irresponsible, selfish bachelor girl who, by her insistence on "living her own life," wrecks the home of her parents. Peter's mouth set rather

grimly as he thought of this now. As he saw it, Sue had done just that.

Suddenly—he was looking from behind his hand at her shapely head; her hair, once short as a boy's, had grown to an almost manageable length—a warm thought fluttered to life in his heart. Perhaps it wasn't, even yet, too late! Perhaps enough of his original message had survived the machinations of Neuermann and Grace Derring to strike through and touch this girl's heart—sober her—make her think. It might even work out that— He had to set his teeth hard on the thoughts that came rushing now. It was as if a door had opened, letting loose the old forces, the old dreams (that is, the particular lot that had concerned his relations with Sue) that he had thought dead, long since, of inanition. Confused with all these dreams and hopes, these resentments and indignations was a thought that had been thrusting itself upon him of late as he followed Neuermann's publicity. It was that the play might succeed. However bad Grace had made it, it *might* succeed. This would mean money, a little fame, a thrilling sense of position and power.

If, from this inadequate analysis, you infer that Peter was a badly mixed young egotist, try to remember that you are seeing him on the occasion of a "first night." There is some unkindness in choosing this occasion for an attempt at snap-shotting a playwright's mind.

Sue glanced around. Her elbow gently pressed that of the Worm.

"It's Peter," she said, low; "he doesn't see us."

The Worm glanced around now. They were both looking at Peter, rather eagerly, smiling. The eminent playwright was absorbed in his program.

"He looks all in," observed the Worm.

"Poor Peter"—this from Sue—"these first nights are a frightful strain."

"Petel!" the Worm called softly.

He had to see them now. He came across the aisle, shook hands, peered gloomily, self-consciously down at them.



Peter," she said, low; "he doesn't see us." The Worm glanced
The eminent playwright was absorbed in his program.

"Hiding?" asked Sue, all smiles.

Peter's gloom deepened.

"Oh, no," he replied.

"Evidently you're not figuring on taking the author's call," said the Worm, surveying Peter's business suit.

The playwright raised his hand, moved it lightly, as if tossing away an inconsiderable thing.

"Why should I? I'm not interested. It's not my play."

The Worm was smiling. What was the matter with them—grinning like monkeys? Couldn't they at least show a decent respect for his feelings?

"There is a rather wide-spread notion to the contrary," said the Worm.

"Oh, yes—" again that gesture from Peter—"my name is on it. But it is *not* my play."

"Whose is it, then?"

Peter shrugged.

"How should I know? Haven't been near them for five months. They were all rewriting it then. They never grasped it. Neumann, to this day, I'm sure, has no idea what it is about. Can't say I'm eager to view the remains."

The orchestra struck up. Peter dropped back into his seat. He raised his program again, and again watched Sue from behind it. He had managed to keep up a calm front, but at considerable cost to his already racked nervous system. Sue's smile, her fresh olive skin, her extraordinary green eyes, the subtly pleasing poise of her head on her perfect neck touched again a certain group of associated emotions that had slumbered of late. Surely she had not forgotten the few disturbed, thrilling days of their engagement, their first kiss, that had so surprised them both, up in his rooms. She couldn't have forgotten! Perhaps his mutilated message *might* touch and stir her. Perhaps, again—

Suddenly Peter's program fluttered to the aisle. He drew an envelop from one pocket, a pencil from another, stared a moment openly at her hair and the curve of her cheek, and wrote, furiously, a sonnet.

He crossed out, interlined, rephrased. It was a passionate-enough little uprush of emotion, expressing very well what he felt on seeing again, after long absence, a woman he had loved—hearing her voice, looking at her hair and the shadows of it on her temple and cheek, remembering suddenly, with a stab of pain, the old yearnings, torments, and exaltations. Peter couldn't possibly have been as excited as he was to-night without writing something. His emotions had to come out.

The lights went down. The music was hushed. There was a moment of dim silence; then the curtain slowly rose. The large, sophisticated, sensation-hungry nine hundred settled back in their seats and dared the play to interest them.

I have always thought that there was a touch of pure genius in the job Grace Derring did with "The Truffler"—particularly in her rewriting of the principal part. On the side of acting, it was unquestionably the best thing she had done—perhaps the best she will ever do. The situation was odd, at the start. Peter—writing, preaching, shouting at Sue—had let his personal irritation creep everywhere into the structure of the play. He was telling her what he thought she was—a truffler, a selfish girl, avoiding all of life's sober duties, interested only in the pursuit of dainties, experimenting with pleasurable emotions. He had seen a perfect analogy between the modern bachelor girl and the truffler-hunting beetle (*Bolboceras Gallicus*) described by Fabre, and had carried it out mercilessly in the play. He had written with heat and force; the structure of the piece was effective enough. The difficulty (which Grace had been quick to divine) was that he had made an unsympathetic character of his girl—the practical difficulty, I mean. I am not sure that the girl as Peter originally drew her was not a really brilliant bit of characterization. But on the American stage, as in the American novel, you must choose, always, between artistic honesty and "sympathy." The part of commercial wisdom is to choose the latter. You may draw a harsh but noble character, a weak but likable character; you may picture cruelty and vice as a preliminary to Wesleyan conviction of sin and reformation, but never the unregenerate article. You may never be "unpleasant." All this, of course, Peter knew. The adroit manipulating of sympathy was the thing really he did best. But when he wrote "The Truffler," he was too excited over Sue and too irritated to write anything but his real thoughts. Therefore, the play had more power, more of freshness and the surface-sense of life than anything else he had written up to that time. And, therefore, it was commercially impossible.

Now Grace Derring was a bachelor girl herself. She knew the life. She had foregone the traditional duties—marriage, home-building, motherhood—in order to express her own life and gifts. She had loved—unwisely, too well—Peter. Like Peter, she approached the play in a state of nerves. As a practical player, she knew that the girl would never win her audience unless grounds could be found for the audience to like her despite her Nietzschean philosophy. What she perhaps saw less clearly was that, in her conception of the part, she had to frame an answer to Peter's charges. Probably, almost certainly, she supposed the play something of a personal attack on her own life. Therefore she substituted her view of the girl for Peter's, and played it as a counter-attack. If it had been real in the writing to Peter, it was quite as real in the playing to Grace. The result of this conflict of two aroused emotional natures was a brilliant theatrical success—though I am not sure that the play, in its final form, meant anything. I am not sure. It was rather a baffling thing. But it stirred you, and, in the third act, made you cry. Everybody cried in the third act.

The curtain came slowly down on the first act. The lights came slowly up. A house that had been profoundly still, absorbed in the clean-cut presentment of apparently real people, stirred, rustled, got up, moved into the aisles, burst

into talk that rapidly swelled into a low roar. The applause came a little late, almost as if it were an afterthought, and then ran wild. There were seven curtain-calls.

Down-stairs, two critics—*blasé* young men—wandered out into the lobby.

"Derring's good," observed one. "This piece may land her solid on Broadway."

"First act's all right," replied the other, casually lighting a cigarette. "I didn't suppose Pete Mann could do it."

Up in the gallery, Sue, looking around, pressed suddenly close to the Worm, and whispered:

"Henry—quick! Look at Peter!"

The playwright stood before his aisle-seat, staring with wild eyes up at the half-draped plaster ladies on the proscenium-arch. A line of persons in his row were pressing toward the aisle. A young woman next to him touched his arm and said, "Excuse me, please." Sue and the Worm heard her, but not Peter. He continued to stare—a tall, conspicuous man, in black-rimmed glasses, a black ribbon hanging from them down his long face. His hand, raised to his chest, clutched what appeared to be an envelop folded the long way. Plainly he was beside himself. The crowd in the aisle saw him now and stared. There was whispering. Some one laughed. Again the young woman touched his arm.

He turned, saw that he was blocking the row, noted the eyes on him, became suddenly red, and, stuffing the folded envelop into his pocket and seizing his hat, rapidly elbowed his way up the aisle.

Immediately following this incident, attention was shifted to another. A good-looking young woman, apparently an Italian, who had been sitting four rows behind Peter and off to the left, was struggling, in some evident excitement, to get out and up the aisle.

Her impetuosity made her as conspicuous as Peter had been.

Sue, still watching the crowd that had closed in behind the flying Peter, noted the fresh commotion.

"Quite an evening!" she said cheerfully.

"Seems to be a lady playwright in our midst as well."



She came to him again, opened his singlet, and examined his wounds

The Worm regarded the new center of interest and grew thoughtful. He knew the girl. It was Maria Tonifetti, manicurist at the sanitary barber shop of Marius in the basement of the Parisian Restaurant, down near Washington Square. He happened, too, to be aware that Peter knew Maria. He had seen Pete in there, getting his nails done. Once, this past summer, he had observed them together on a Fifth Avenue 'bus. And, on a Sunday evening, he had met them face to face at Coney Island, and Peter had gone red and hurried by. Now he watched Maria slipping swiftly up the aisle, where Peter had disappeared only a moment before. He did not tell Sue that he knew who she was.

Peter himself had not even seen Maria. At the moment, he was rushing like a wild man down the stairs to the street. He looked up street and down for a cruising taxi, saw one at the opposite curb, dodged across the street behind automobiles and in front of a street-car. A traffic-policeman shouted from the corner. Peter was unaware. He dove into the taxi, shouting, as he did so, the address of his rooms on Washington Square. The taxi whirled away to the south. Peter, a blaze of nerves, watched the dial, taking silver coins from his pocket as the charge mounted. At his door, he plunged out to the walk, threw the money on the driver's seat, dashed into the old bachelor-apartment building. The rooms had been lonely of late without Hy and the Worm. Now his mind on the one great purpose, he forgot that these friends had ever lived. He ran from the elevator to the apartment door, key in hand, hurried within, and tore into the closet. He emerged with his evening clothes—the coat on the hanger, the trousers in the press, and his patent-leather shoes. From a bureau drawer he produced white-silk waistcoat (wrapped in tissue-paper) and dress shirt. A moment more, and he was removing hurriedly, yet not without an eye for buttons and the crease in the trousers, his business suit. He did not forget to transfer the folded envelop to the inner pocket of his dress coat. But, first, he read the sonnet that was penciled on it and reread it. It seemed to him astonishingly good. "That's the way," he reflected, during the process, standing before the mirror, of knotting his white tie, "when your emotions are stirred to white heat and an idea comes, write it down. No matter where you are, write it down. Then you've got it."

He looked thoughtfully at the long, serious face that confronted him in the mirror, made larger by the ribbon that hung from his glasses. His hair was dark and thick, and it waved back from a high forehead. He straightened his shoulders, drew in his chin. That really distinguished young man, there in the mirror, was none other than Eric Mann, the playwright, author of the new Broadway success, "The Truffler"—a man of many gifts, a man, in short, of genius. Forgetting, for the moment, his hurry, he drew the folded envelop from his pocket and read the sonnet aloud with feeling and with gestures. In the intervals of glancing at the measured lines, he studied the poet before him. The spectacle thrilled him—just as he meant that the poem should thrill the errant Sue when he should read it to her. He determined now that she should not see it until he could get her alone and read it aloud. Once before, during this strange year of ups and downs, he had

read a thing of his to Sue and had thrilled her as he was now thrilling himself, right here in these rooms. He had swept her off her feet, had kissed her. Well—

He smiled exultingly at the genius in the mirror. Then he had been a discouraged young playwright, beaten down by failure.



"Married to-day!" He repeated the words in a flat voice. She nodded. "You must congratulate us, Peter. We're dreadfully happy"

Now he was—or shortly would be—the sensation of Broadway, author of the enormously successful "Nature" film, and following up that triumph by picking to pieces the soul of the selfish, "modern" bachelor girl—picking it to pieces so deftly, with such unerring theatrical instinct, that even the bachelor girl herself would have to join the throngs that would be crowding into the theater to see how supremely well he did it. More, was he not minting a new word, a needed word, to describe the creature? "The Truffler"—truffling—to truffle! A grand word; it perfectly hit off the sort of thing. Within ten years it would be in the dictionaries, and he, Peter Ericson Mann, would have put it there. He must jog Neuermann up about this to-morrow. Neuermann must see to it that the word did get into the language. No time to lose—a publicity job. Come to think of it, he didn't even know who was doing the publicity for Neuermann now. He must look into that—to-morrow. Shrewd, hard-hitting publicity-work is everything. That's what lands you, puts your name in among the household treasures. People take you for granted, assume your greatness without knowing why you are great. Then you're entrenched; then you're famous. No matter if you do bad work. They don't know the difference. You're famous—that's all there is to it. They have to take you, talk about you, buy your books, go to your plays. Mere merit hasn't a chance against you. You smash 'em every time—fame, money, power!

He saw the simply clad Sue Wilde, short hair all massed shadows and shining high lights, olive skin with rose in it; the figure of a boy, all lightness, ease, grace; those stirring green eyes—

He would read to her again—his sonnet—from the heart,

glowing with the fire that, even in his triumph, he could not forget. She would listen!

The third was the "big act" (there were four in all). All was ready for the artificial triumph that was to follow it—trained ushers, ticket-sellers, door-man behind the last row of orchestra seats clapping like mad; experienced friends of the management in groups where they could do the most good; trick curtains, each suggesting, by grouping or movement on the stage, the next. Neuermann wanted eight curtains after the big act. He got them—and five more. For the *clagues* were overwhelmed. A sophisticated audience that had forgotten for once how to be cold-blooded, tears drying unheeded on furrowed cheeks, was on its feet, clapping, stamping, shouting. After the third curtain came the first shouts for "Author." The shouts grew into an insistent roar. Again and again the curtain rose on the shifting, carefully devised group-effects; the audience had been stirred, and it wanted the man whose genius had stirred it.

Behind, in the prompt-corner, there was some confusion. You couldn't tell that excited mob that Peter Mann hadn't written fifty lines of that cumulatively moving story. It was his play—by contract. The credit was his, and the money. But no one had seen him for months.

After the tenth call, Neuermann ordered the footlights down and the house-lights up. He wore part of a wrinkled business suit; his collar was a rag, his waistcoat partly unbuttoned. He didn't know where he had thrown his coat. The sweat rolled in rivulets down his fat face.

Out front, the roar grew louder. (Continued on page 88)

The Career of Katherine Bush

By Elinor Glyn

Illustrated by
André Castaigne

KATHERINE BUSH gave up her position of shorthand typist in the office of Livingstone & Devereux (familiarily known as "Liv & Dev"), money-lenders, and became secretary to Sarah Lady Garribardine, one of the great ladies of London society. This move upon her part is in the way of a well-formed plan to lift herself out of the environment in which she has been brought up and into one where she will find more congeniality and perhaps attain conspicuous worldly success. Katherine is twenty-three and a girl of unusual intelligence. By diligent self-culture she has acquired a fondness for good literature, has learned to play the piano, and has taught herself French. Thus, she is already far above the cultural plane of her three sisters and two brothers with whom she lived at Laburnum Villa, in the London suburb of Bindon's Green. They appear to her hopelessly vulgar, with ideals that are utterly sham and low.

Among the clients of "Liv & Dev" was Lord Algernon ("Algy") Fitz-Rufus, the younger son of a stingy Welsh marquis. Katherine falls in love with him, and he, in turn, becomes very devoted, but she knows that his family would never forgive him if he married her and that the lives of both would be ruined. So, although in love with him, she resolves to put him out of her life, and writes him to forget about her. It is shortly after this that she enters upon her new position and goes to live in the fine mansion in Berkeley Square. Henceforth she takes little interest in her family.

Lady Garribardine becomes greatly interested in her new secretary, who shows a passionate desire to learn and improve herself in every way, and the girl sees in her employer her sought-for model of the true aristocrat. This titled woman never loses sight of the responsibilities of her station and class. Katherine quickly assimilates her ideas and looks around for others who can help her. A frequent visitor is Lady Garribardine's nephew, Gerard Strobbridge, who is married to Lady Beatrice, born Thorvil, a thoroughly unconventional woman. The pair go their own ways. Katherine believes Gerard a man from whom she can learn true culture, and resolves, without thinking of possible consequences, that she will make him see in her more than his aunt's secretary.

The result is that Gerard falls deeply in love with Katherine, but she quickly gives him to understand that he can never be anything more to her than a friend—of a kind of which she stands in real need—who will give her advice and assistance in gaining her ambition. After a considerable struggle, Gerard accepts this rôle, and applies himself to it with zest. More and more, Lady Garribardine gives Katherine opportunities to mingle with her guests and learn more about the great world. The time is passed mostly in London and at Lady Garribardine's country estate, Blissington Court.

On a visit to the House of Lords with Strobbridge, Katherine meets the Duke of Mordryn, an aristocrat of the most conservative type, a widower, who has recently returned to England after a long absence. She realizes that the position of this man's wife would be one of the greatest to be achieved in the land. A dinner is given by Strobbridge at which both Katherine and the duke are guests. The latter has no idea of the girl's position (Katherine has asked that she may be al-



"Go back without me—I have been so happy—and please

lowed, this once, to meet him as a social equal), and is greatly attracted by her personality and intelligence. Shortly after this, Mordryn goes to Blissington for Easter and, meeting Katherine at the station, she tells him who and what she is. He is completely nonplused and feels rather angry, wondering whether or not he has been tricked. But his senses tell him that she is highly bred, and exceptionally cultivated and refined. Lady Garribardine has included several eligible women of the duke's world in the party, because she is sure that he will marry again. But his grace's thoughts are on Katherine, and on the first evening he finds himself wondering whether she will be in the drawing-room after dinner.

YES; Katherine was over by the piano at the far end; but Lily Trevelyan and Blanche Montague and Julia Scarrisbrooke had surrounded the duke before he could get half-way down the long room, and escape was out of the question. No maneuvering enabled him to break free of them. So he had to sit and be purred at, and see with the tail of his eye a graceful creature in black talking quietly (and intelligently, he felt sure) to some less important guest, and then playing accompaniments, and then slipping away through a door at that end—presumably to bed.

He cursed civilization; he profoundly cursed beautiful ladies, and he became sarcastic, and caused Julia and Lily,



do not talk to me any more to-day—and, oh, please remember who you are and who I am, and leave me alone”

who were, for the moment, bosom friends, to confide to each other, over the latter's bedroom fire, that Mordryn was “too darling for words” but spiteful as her ladyship's black cat.

“I do hate men to be so clever—don't you, Lil? One never knows where one is with them.”

“Oh, but, Ju dearest, he isn't deformed or deadly dull or diseased or tipsy; he is awfully good-looking and very rich and a *duke*—really, you can't have everything! I thought Blanche Montague was shockingly open in her desire to secure him, did not you? I wonder why Sarah asked her here with us.”

Meanwhile, Katherine Bush did not permit herself to wonder at his grace's possible feelings or his future actions at all. She had seen the eager look in his dark-blue eyes once or twice across the room, and, being a wise woman, left things to fate.

“I wish G were here,” the hostess said to herself, as she, too, stood by a bedroom fire—her own. “I have no one to exchange unspoken confidences with. He would have understood and appreciated the enchanting comedy of female purpose, the male instinct to flee, and one young woman's supreme intelligence.”

The next day the duke, who knew the house well and in what wing Miss Arnott had worked, took it into his head to walk before breakfast in the rose garden. Miss Bush saw him from the window and allowed herself to bow gravely when he deliberately looked up; then she moved away. He felt a distinct sensation of tantalization. After breakfast, everyone would play tennis. He played an extraordinarily good game himself, and was in flannels, ready. Katherine thought he had a very fine figure and looked much younger in those clothes. She wanted to ask him about the emerald ring; she wanted to ask him about a number of things. She had work to do all the morning, but came out on to the tennis-lawn with a message to her mistress just before luncheon, during an exciting single match between the duke and an agile young man—the last game was at thirty—all—and Katherine paused to watch the strokes—forty-thirty—and then Mordryn won, amid shouts of applause.

Katherine had remarked that he ran about very little and won by sheer style and skill and hard hitting.

She did not loiter a second when he was free to move, but flitted back to the house before he could get near her. She lunched alone in her schoolroom.

By the afternoon, when she did appear at tea, the duke

was thoroughly ill-tempered—he knew not why or for what reason, merely that his mood was so. Katherine, busy with the teapot, only raised her head to give a polite, respectful bow in answer to his greeting. He was infinitely too much a man of the world to single out the humble secretary and draw upon her the wrath of these lovely guests. So he contented himself by watching her and noting her unconcerned air and easy grace. Some of the people seemed to know her well and be very friendly with her.

She showed not the slightest sign of a desire to speak to him. Could it be possible that this was the girl who only that night week had talked with him upon the enthralling subject of love?

Those utterances of hers which had sounded so cryptic at the time were intelligible now. How subtle had been her comprehension of the situation! He remembered her face when he had asked her if she knew Blissington, and, again, when she had told him that that night week he would know how altogether unprofitable any investigations regarding her would be. And now, in the character of humble secretary, she was just as complete as she had been when apparently a fellow guest and social equal. It was all annoyingly disturbing. It placed him in a false position and her in one in which she held all the advantage. And there she sat, serene and dignified, hedged round with that barrier of ice of which she had spoken. He had not experienced such perplexing emotions for many years.

He wanted to talk to her. He wanted to ask her what it all meant. He would like to know her history, and from whence she had come. Gwendoline D'Estaire had treated her, he had noticed, not as a dependent but as a friend. He himself felt rather awkward—he, man of the world, accustomed to homage from women.

He did manage to say that it was a bore that the rain had come on, and it looked as though to-morrow would be wet. And he felt humiliated at the fine, instantly suppressed smile which flickered round her mouth at this brilliant remark from an acknowledged wit.

Then he became angry with himself. What matter to him whether she smiled or did not smile? It was obvious that he could not be on terms of familiar friendship with Seraphim's secretary at his age and in his position. So he had strength of mind to move away from the table, and to allow himself to be purred over by one of the trio of charmers who had been asked for his benefit—but rage mounted in his breast. He was not enjoying himself at all, and if he did not see more of his old friend herself, he really would not stay over Monday, as he had intended, but would go back to town on Sunday night.

Lady Garribardine knew the signs of the times, and took him off to her sitting-room after tea, when most of the others began to play bridge.

"I think modern women have less charm than they had, Seraphim," the duke said, from the depths of an armchair, rather acidly. "They are almost as illiterate as ladies of the ballet used to be when I was young; they are quite as slangy and noisy, and they are full of affectations. If one does not know the last word of their fashionable jargon and cannot keep up a constant flow of 'back talk,' which, incidentally, it would require the wit of the St. James's Street cabmen of twenty years ago to be able to do, one is asphyxiated by them. I shall have to grow acclimatized, I feel. I have been too long away and have lost touch with the movement. I sigh for repose and peace."

"Nonsense, Mordryn! It will do you a great deal of good to be shaken up. You must move with the times."

"But I entirely decline to do so. To what end?"

"You must certainly marry again, now that you are at last free."

"Undoubtedly it is my obvious duty, as otherwise the title will die out. But surely you do not suggest that I should convert any of these charming creatures who were good enough to try to lighten my mood last night and to-day

into my duchess. I had hoped they were at least safely married, and now you make me trouble in case you are going to announce to me that some are widows."

"Blanche Montague is. I merely asked the others to accustom you to the modern type. They are to break in your sensibilities, so to speak, and next time you come, if you don't fancy Blanche, I will have a selection of suitable prospective duchesses."

"Will they make as much noise as these '*ballons d'essai*'?"

"More. Nothing modern can be dignified or quiet; so get the idea out of your head. They are all so out-of-door and so hearty, such delightful, knowingly, supremely innocent jolly good fellows, they can't be silent or keep still. There are too many new revues to be talked about, and too much golf to be played, and new American nigger dances to be learned. Come, come, Mordryn; you do not want to be ridiculously old-fashioned, and, really, Blanche Montague is most suitable. Montague left her well provided for—and she was only thirty-two last birthday."

"But I don't like her voice, and what should we converse about in the entr'actes?"

"Blanche is famous for her small talk. She will start upon any subject under the sun you please—and change it before you can answer the first question. No fear of stagnation there!"

"Even the description tires me."

"I think you had better give me an exact description of what you do want, for, my poor old friend, you seem to be out to court disappointment. I earnestly desire to help you into a second noose more satisfactory than the one I originally placed around your neck; so out with it—a full description!"

The duke deliberately lit a cigarette, and a gleam of firelight caught his emerald ring.

"Your famous talisman is flashing, Mordryn. The lyre shows that it approves of your thoughts."

"The woman I should like to marry must be, and look, supremely well-bred, but healthy and normal—not overbred like poor Laura and Gerard's wife, Beatrice. She must be able to talk upon the subjects which interest one—a person of cultivation, in short. She must have a sense of humor and fine ideals and a strong feeling about the responsibilities of the position, and be, above all things, dignified and quiet and composed. And I should like"—and here a faint, deprecatory smile flickered about his mouth for a moment—"I should like her to love me, and take a little interest in the human, tangible side of the affair—if you do not think I am asking too much of fate at my age?"

"It is a large order. I only know of one woman who answers to your requirements, and she, of course, is entirely out of the question."

"Who is she—and why is she out of the question?"

"Useless to answer either query, since, as I say, she is altogether out of the running. It was only an idea of mine, but I will diligently seek for your paragon, for, Mordryn, I shall never feel my conscience clear until I see you happily told off—and the father of at least six sturdy boys."

The duke raised his hands in deprecation.

"Heavens, Seraphim, you would overwhelm me with a litter, then? My wants in that direction are modest. The 'quiverful' has never appealed to me."

When he was dressing for dinner, he thought over his friend's words. He had not insisted upon knowing who the "one woman" could be; he himself had lately seen a creature who seemingly, as far as he could judge from one evening's acquaintance, possessed quite a number of the necessary qualifications, but, as in the case of Seraphim's specimen, his was also completely out of the running, and not to be thought of in any capacity—alas!

It was strange, with this resolution so firmly fixed in his mind, that, after dinner, he should have broken loose from the bevy of ladies waiting to entrap him, and have delib-



DRAWN BY ANDRÉ CARTAGNINE

On Easter Sunday in church, Katherine sat in the overflow pew, and so could be looked at by those highly placed in the chancel seat of honor without the least turning of their heads.

It was not surprising, then, that the duke found the sermon a very good and a very short one, and his thoughts ran on just as Gerard Strobbridge's had done in that same church once before

erately gone to the piano to talk to that dull little Lady Flamborough, who was leaning upon the lid, chatting with Miss Bush.

Katherine kept her eyes fixed upon the keyboard with that meek, deferential demureness suitable to her station when amid such exalted company; but her red mouth had an indefinable expression about it which was exasperating.

Mordryn seized the first second in which Lady Flamborough's attention was diverted by a remark from some one else to bend down a little and say softly:

"Are you not even going to say good-evening to me, Miss Bush? It is 'this night week.'"

She looked up with perfect composure.

"Good-evening, your grace."

He frowned.

"Is that all?"

"As your grace very truly remarked, it is 'this night week.'"

"And you think that has answered all the riddles?"

"Of course."

He frowned again; he knew Julia Scarrisbrooke was swooping down upon him—there was not a moment's time to be lost.

"I do not. To-morrow I will make an opportunity in which you will have to answer them all categorically—do you hear?"

Katherine thrilled. She liked his haughty bearing, the tone of command in his perfect voice.

She remembered once, when she and Matilda had been eating lunch at Lyons' Popular Café, Matilda had said,

"My, Kitten; there's such a strange-looking young man sitting behind you—whatever makes him look quite different to everyone else?"

And she had turned and perceived that a pure-Greek Hermes in rather shabby modern American clothes was manipulating a toothpick within a few feet of her—and her eye, trained from Museum study, had instantly seen that it was the balance and proportion, the set and size of the head, and the angle of the placing of the eye which differentiated him so startlingly from the mass of humanity surrounding them. She had said to Matilda:

"You had better look at him well, Tild—you will never see such another in the whole of your life. He is a freak, a perfect survival of the ancient Greek type. He is exactly right and not strange-looking really; it is all the other people who are wrong and clumsy or grotesque."

She thought of this now. The duke stood out from everyone else in the same way, although he was not of pure-Greek type but much more Roman, but there was that astonishing proportion of bone and length of limb about him, the acknowledged yet indescribable shape of a thoroughbred, which middle age had not diminished but rather accentuated.

She again noticed his hands and his great emerald ring; but she did

not reply at all to his announcement of his intentions for the morrow. She bent down and picked up a piece of music which had fallen to the floor, and Julia Scarrisbrooke swooped and caught her prey and carried it off into safety on a big sofa.

But as Katherine gazed from her window on that Good Friday night up into the deep-blue, star-studded sky, a feeling of awe came over her—at the magnitude of the vista fate was opening in front of her eyes.

XXVI

THE duke found great difficulty in carrying out his intention on that Saturday. For a duke to escape from a lady-pack brought there especially to hunt him is no easy task. He had reason to believe that his hostess would not aid him, either, and that it would be impossible to appeal to her sympathy, because he was quite aware that he would withhold his own had he to look at the matter dispassionately as concerning some one else.

It was a fool's errand he was bent upon in all senses of



Katherine was laboriously doing her duty when the duke came in. He place. She could get a good view of him from

the phrase. But, as this conviction forced itself upon him, the desire to see and talk with Katherine grew stronger.

It happened that she lunched down-stairs. At such a large party as this, that meal was consumed at several small tables of six each, and, of course, the secretary was not placed at his grace's. Indeed, she sat at one directly at his back, so that he could not see her, though once, in a pause, he heard her deep, fascinating voice. When later, in the hall, coffee and cigarettes had come, Katherine passed near him to put down a cup, and he seized the moment to address her.

"In twenty minutes I am coming from the smoking-room to the schoolroom—please be there."

Miss Bush gave no sign as to whether or no she heard this remark, which was made in a low voice with a note of pleading in it. If he chose to do this, she would make it quite clear that she would have no clandestine acquaintance with him, but, at the same time, she experienced a delicious sense of excitement.

She was seated before her typewriter, busily typing in-

numerable letters, when she heard his footsteps outside, and then a gentle tap at the door.

"Come in!" she called, and he appeared.

His face looked stern, and not particularly good-tempered.

"May I stay for a moment in this haven of rest, Miss Bush?" And he shut the door. "In so large a party, every sitting-room seems to be overflowing, and there is not a corner where one may talk in peace."

Katherine had risen with her almost overrespectful air, which never concealed the mischievous twinkle in her eyes when she raised them, but now they were fixed upon the sheets of paper.

"Your grace is welcome to that armchair for a little, but I am very occupied. Lady Garribardine wishes these letters to go by this evening's post."

"I wish you would not call me 'your grace,'" he said, a little impatiently. "I cannot realize that you can be the same person whom I met at Gerard Strobidge's."

"I am not." She looked up at him.

"Why?"

"It is obvious—I was me—myself—that night—a guest."

"And now?"

"Your grace is not observant, I fear; I am her ladyship's secretary."

"Of course—but still?" He came over quite close to her.

"If I had been the same person as the one you met at Mr. Strobidge's, you would not now have been obliged to contrive to come to the schoolroom to speak to me."

A dark flush mounted to his brow. She had touched a number of his refined sensibilities. Her words were so true and so simple, and her tone was quite calm, showing no personal emotion but merely as though she were announcing a fact.

"That is unfortunately true, but these are only ridiculous conventions which please let us brush aside. May I really sit down for a minute?"

Katherine glanced at the clock; it was half-past three.

"Until a quarter to four, if you wish. I am afraid I cannot spare more time than that."

She pointed to the armchair, which he took, and she reseated herself at the table, folding her hands. There was a moment's silence. The duke was feeling uncomfortably disturbed. There had been a subtle rebuke conveyed in her late speech, which he knew he merited. He had no right to have come there.

"Are you not going to talk to me at all, then?" he almost blurted out.

"I will answer, of course, when your grace speaks; it is not for me to begin."

"Very well. I not only speak—I implore—I even order you to discontinue this ridiculous humility—this ridiculous continuance of 'your grace.' Resume the character of guest, and let us enjoy these miserable fifteen minutes—but, first, I want to know what is the necessity for your total change of manner here? Gerard and Gwendoline knew that you were Lady Garribardine's secretary that night, but they did not consider it imperative to make



did not attempt to come near her, but stayed by the great center fire-the piano, and found her eye greatly pleased

a startling difference in their relations toward you because of that, as it seems that you would wish me to make now."

Katherine looked down, and then up again straight into his eyes; a slight smile quivered round her mouth.

"That is quite different—they know me very well—and dear Miss Gwendoline is not very intelligent. I have been there before to help to entertain bores for Mr. Strobridge and Lady Beatrice, but that night I was there—because I wanted to see—your grace."

Here she looked down again suddenly. The duke leaned forward eagerly. This was a strange confession!

"I wanted once to talk to a man as an equal, to feel what it was like to be a lady, and not to have to remember to be respectful. So I deliberately asked Mr. Strobridge to arrange it—after I had heard you speak."

The duke was much astonished—and gratified.

"How frank and delicious of you to tell me this! I thought the evening was enchanting—but why do you say such a silly thing as that you wanted to feel what it was like to be a lady? You could never have felt anything else."

"Indeed, I could. I am not a lady by birth—anything but!—only, I have tried to educate myself into being one, and it was so nice to have a chance of deciding if I had succeeded or no."

"And your verdict was?" He raised amused eyebrows.

She looked demure.

"By your words just now, I conclude that I have succeeded."

"Only by my words just now? I thought we had had a rather pleasant and interesting hour of conversation as fellow guests."

"Yes. You are not shocked, then, when I tell you that I am not really a lady?"

"No; the counterfeit presentment is so very perfect one would like to hear the details of the passage to its achievement."

Then she told him in as few and as simple words as she could—just the truth. Of her parentage, of her home at Bindon's Green, of "Liv & Dev's," of her ideals, and her self-education, and of her coming to Lady Garribardine's.

Mordryn listened with rapt attention, his gaze fixed upon her face. He made brief ejaculations at times, but did not otherwise interrupt her.

"You can understand now how entertained I was at the things which you said to me that night, can you not?"

Thus she ended her story, and the duke rose and sat down

upon the edge of the table quite close to her; he was visibly moved.

"You extraordinary girl! You have upset every theory I ever held. I shall go away now and think over all you have said. Meanwhile, I feel that this is the only way in which I can show my homage." And he took her hand with infinite respect and kissed it.

Then he removed his tall form from the table and quietly left the room.

And when she was alone, Katherine gently touched the spot where his lips had pressed; there was a quite unknown emotion running through her.

She found it very difficult to go on with her work after this, and made a couple of mistakes, to her great annoyance. Nearly an hour passed. She got up from her typing, and, after changing her blouse, went down to tea, her thoughts not nearly so calm as usual.

Was her friendship with this man finished? Had her frankness overreached itself? Just what did that kiss mean? Here was a character not so easy to read as Gerard Strobridge's. Here was a will perhaps as strong as her own. Her face was very pale, and those concentrated gray-green eyes looked stormy and rebellious.

The duke reached the smoking-room and was seated at the writing-table only one moment before the room was invaded by Lady Garribardine.

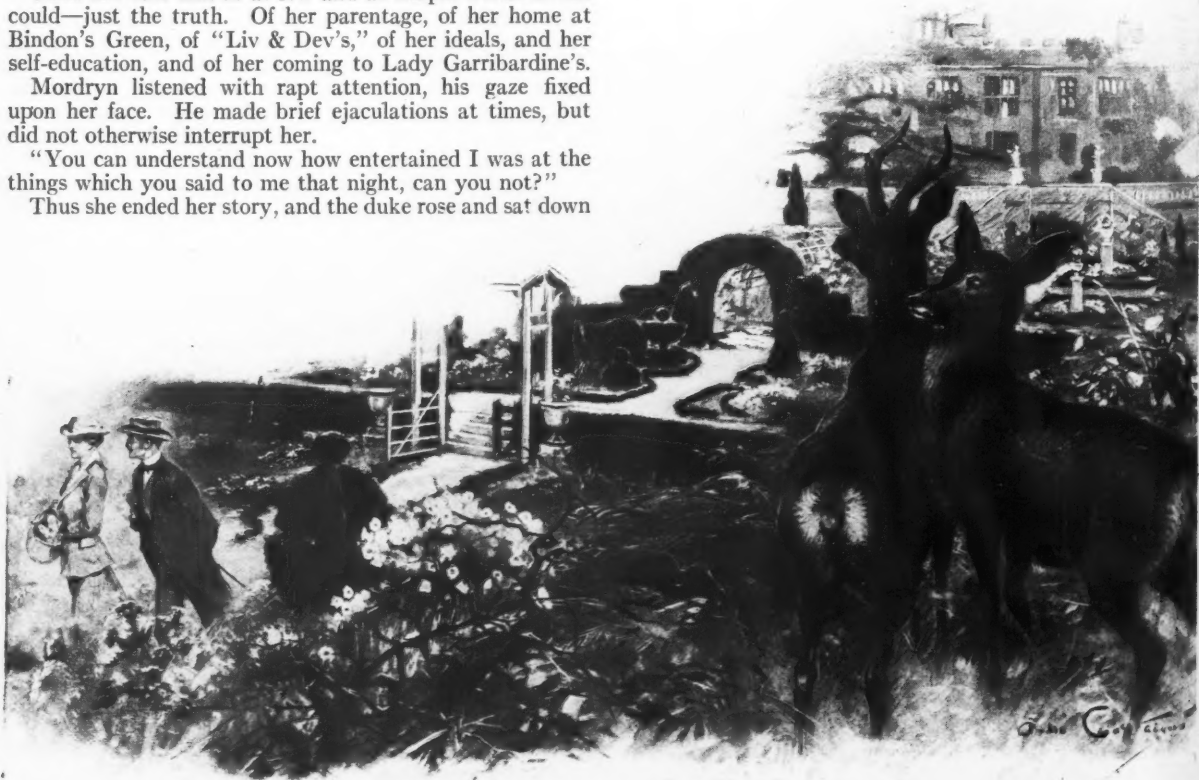
"Poor Mordryn, you had to take refuge here! I fear those charming creatures I have invited for you are proving a little fatiguing."

"Frankly, Seraphim, they bore me to death."

"Two others of a different type are coming presently. But you are safe in this corner. Most of them do not know I have moved the smoking-room to this wing."

"I think it is a great improvement."

Her ladyship looked at him out (Continued on page 160)



"Whither away, mistress?" he asked, as he raised his hat and walked by her side. "I am going to take these to old Mrs. Peterson at the far lodge; she has not been well these last days"



The Wheeled Hour

By Herbert Kaufman

Photographic Decorations by Lejaren A. Hiller

THE pages of history are highways. Time measures with a wheel.

Mobility and progress are inseparable. The shipbuilding and horse-breeding ancients were conquering nations.

Rome was a road, and therein lay her power. Those who moved fastest multiply their strength.

Man cannot go far afoot.

Strategy is a calculation in distances.

Trade rides in a carriage.

"Slack speed, lack deed." The might of centuries is in the miles they cover as well as in the methods they discover.

Without application to locomotive and boat, the service of steam would have been minimized.

How would it advantage humanity to quicken and simplify production if result and output could not be universally exchanged?

The necessities of individual communities are definite. Every considerable industry is organized upon an assumption of boundless distribution.

Districts removed from communication are poverty-stricken, even though fuel and minerals surfeit their mountains.

The troves of El Dorado are glass and moon-gold if unattainable. China is the richest empire and the poorest.

Exploitation waits upon transportation. Fertility does not determine value—accessibility is the deciding factor. What boots it to raise crops without markets for the surplus above home consumption?

Husbandry languishes; enterprise dies, and imagination dulls in isolation.

Man is only at his best in limitless environments. Competition is the hone of wits—we sharpen and are shrewd in the face of opportunities and rivals. Denied fresh inspiration, intelligence slows, stales, and settles into a slough.

Grandfather clocks imprison the minds of hillbillies and Circassians. Sequestered from centers of action, there are few new points in their view-points.

Knowledge, prosperity, and efficiency do not flourish along bypaths.

Roads are the veins through which the red blood of civilization pulses.

The growth of America is the outgrowth of American railroading. We became the fastest thinking because we were the swiftest moving of all peoples.

With half as much territory under track, we would have achieved half our accomplishments.

Deserts disappear before rails and start where they stop.

But railroads are merely the warp-threads of the fabric. Between them are countless spaces through which weave the shuttling motor-car—man's individual and personal railroad system to direct and operate at whatever hour necessity sends him afield.

At which point, let us become specific.

Chincoteague Island muzzles the Atlantic Coast at the Maryland line. On Chincoteague and the adjacent mainland are herds of wild ponies and folk who never saw the inside of a railroad-coach.

Tradition asserts their descent in unbranching line straight from the Jamestown colonists.

Spinning-wheels and hand-looms are still active back in the pines. Women wear linsey-woolsey and weave tapestry bedspreads.

Less than forty miles north is Ocean City, the terminus of the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic Railroad. Chesapeake Bay is just across country; Baltimore and Philadelphia a few hours distant.

From March to November, the inhabitants are deep-sea fishermen. In season, they "take boarders."

There is one hotel worthy of the name, and that is forty-six years old and still contains many of its original furnishings.

I have lived in Ocean City at various times. The duck-hunting is excellent—the winter climate incomparable. One involuntarily remembers the spot in terms of resort

prospectuses. But Ocean City, despite its advantage of location and propinquity to the chief cities on the continent, could not provide an automobile on a certain day in 1913, when a telegram reached me there, demanding my immediate return to New York.

By happy chance, the lone 'phone of the village was in condition—a ponderous old wall machine installed by a cooperative and long-since-bankrupt company whose receiver could not find funds to retain a lineman. If the wind tangled the wires, there was no recourse except another to blow them clear.

There was a car, however, at Berlin. My friend Ned Scott, the station-agent, knew the owner and had him send his boy over with the machine (there is but one daily train that makes northern connections in winter, and this would not leave until the following morning).

So, at three o'clock, we left for Salisbury, through which the Norfolk express passes at midnight.

The region ahead of us was as flat as a pancake. It has been occupied for some three hundred years, and yet the highways were so execrable that the ride consumed four hours. Roads meandered like seismographic records; they twisted and turned through swamps and woods. Mud-holes, sand drifts, and ruts stalled, bogged, and shook the car. Nobody seemed to know the direction. They weren't accustomed to long trips; transportation facilities were too discouraging.

Here was a piece of America as eager and fecund as any reach on the continent—on the door-step of the biggest markets—flanked respectively by bay and ocean, laced by streams, never a drought in its history, lavishly producing wheat, corn, fruit, berries, teeming with game, oysters, and fish, filled with gum, pine, oak, cedar, a railroad threading its very heart, but so backward and lacking in the facilities of intercourse that one could readily imagine the time turned back fifty years.

Last September, "Cap" met the one-fifteen at Salisbury, threw my bags in his automobile, and drove me to Ocean City in forty-one minutes.

"Ain't it so?" he said, answering my unspoken astonishment at the beautiful concrete road over which we raced. "The best that money could buy. We made the legislature give it to us—goes right on to Ocean City, thirty miles, without a curve or a hill. They're all over the state now. Frank, he drove to the Frederick fair last week without touching dirt. Who'd ever believe it? Don't mind if I hurry a bit, do you? Got a hauling job up to Bishopville this afternoon, and Joe won't be back in time with the other car. We own three.

"Funny—ain't it?—how things happen! The spring you went, a fellow I know met me one day in Salisbury and gave me a ride. Never was in one of the blamed things before, but it went so nice that I asked him to let me try, and it wasn't no

time before I could run it right—bein', of course, sort of born to it on account of runnin' a launch.

"Well, sir, I bought it off him. Gave my note for four hundred dollars and took it along home. Frank, he'd been talkin' of going up to Wilmington and workin' for the powder factory. They pay right smart wages. But when he found this was our'n, he changed his mind right off. 'I'm goin' to stay home and have some fun,' he said.

"No; I'm not perchin' any more. I don't find it pays. Once in a while we lay nets when there's a run in the bay, but there ain't no real money in it as a regular business. I do considerable towing for the company that's bought the Isle of Wight. Making a great place down there.

"They are putting telephones in every room of the Atlantic. The Pocomoke people sold out to the Bell, and you won't have no trouble now reachin' your friends. Lynch has moved his store across the street. He's handlin' dry-goods and hardware, too. Real cement construction.

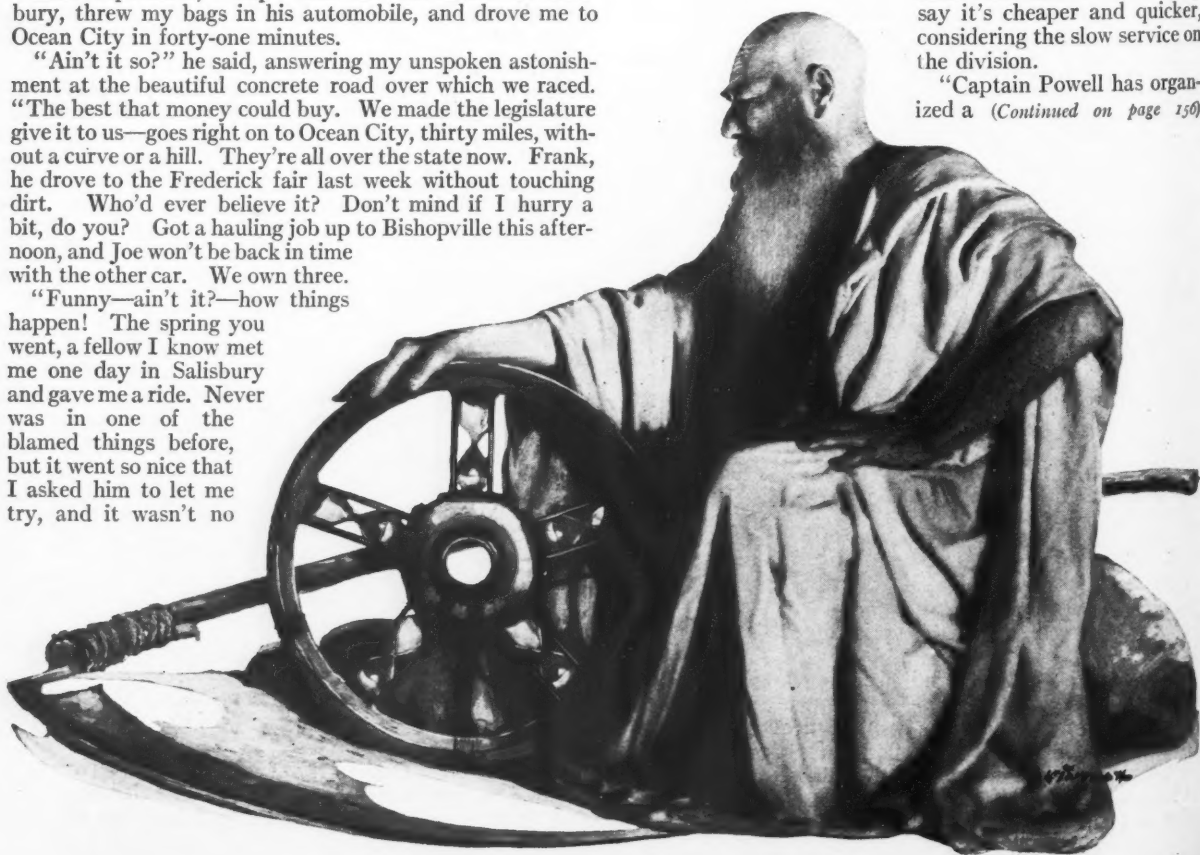
"Young Dennis has come back home from college and is principal of the school. That one—the one you used to know—is torn down. We put twenty thousand dollars in the other. I'm one of the commissioners.

"No, sir; you wouldn't know Ocean City. Pavements all along Baltimore Avenue. Next fall, we plan to have a sewage-disposal plant. Harrison is fightin' up in the legislature for a separate bridge from the railroad's. The draw and tracks hold up the automobiles as it is. Summer days there's a string of 'em packed like sardines clear to Berlin.

"I'll have to turn to one side now—the motor-'bus is comin' along. Dollar a round trip to Salisbury. You don't have to wait all day now for the train. The railroad can't do what it pleases any more.

"Know anything about trucks? I've sent for some catalogues. What's your opinion—oughtn't there to be a right smart chance to cut in on hauling freight and truck? A good many of the farmers have started to carry their stuff into town. They say it's cheaper and quicker, considering the slow service on the division.

"Captain Powell has organized a (Continued on page 156)



The Vital Principle

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Love-Meter" and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

There are certain substances in food which are necessary to sustain life and which scientists now call vitamins. Through Craig Kennedy's knowledge of them, he is able to find the right clue to a most extraordinary plot.

"THAT'S the handwriting of a woman—a jealous woman," remarked Kennedy, handing me a dainty note on plain paper which had come in the morning mail.

I did not stop to study the writing, for the contents of the letter were more fascinating than even Kennedy's new science of graphology.

You don't know me, but I know of your work of scientific investigation.

Let me inform you of something that ought to interest you.

In the Forum Apartments, you will find that there is some strange disease affecting the Wardlaw family. It is a queer disease of the nerves. One is dead. Others are dying.

Look into it.

A FRIEND.

As I read it, I asked myself vainly what it could mean. There was no direct accusation against anyone, yet the implication was plain. A woman had been moved by one of the primal passions to betray—some one.

I looked up from the note on the table at Craig. He was still studying the handwriting.

"It's that peculiar, vertical, angular hand affected by many women," he commented, half to himself. "Even at a glance, you can see that it's written hastily, as if under the stress of excitement and sudden resolution. You'll notice how those capitals—"

The laboratory door opened, interrupting him.

"Hello, Kennedy!" greeted our friend Doctor Leslie, the coroner's physician, who had recently been appointed health commissioner of the city.

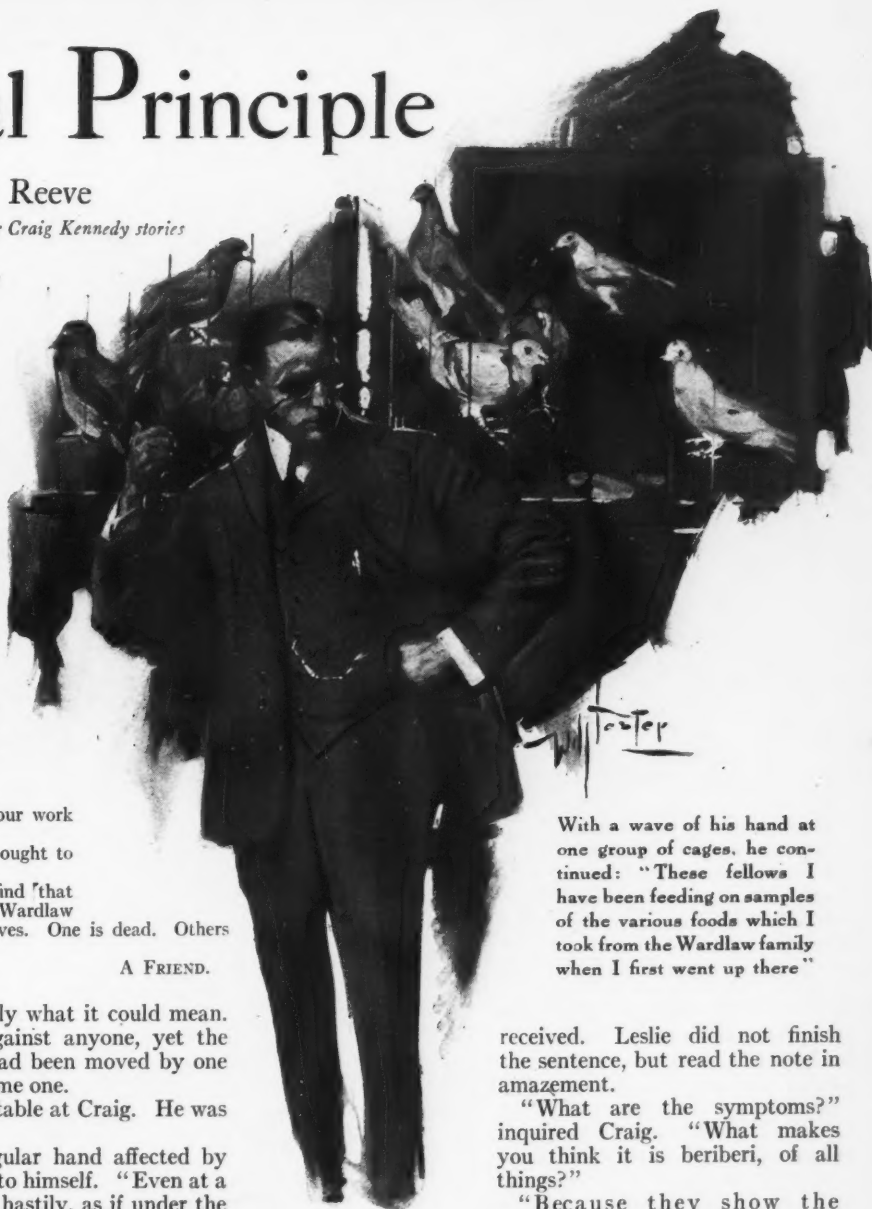
It was the first time we had seen him since the appointment, and we hastened to congratulate him. He thanked us absently, and it was evident that there was something on his mind—some problem which, in his new office, he felt that he must solve if for no other purpose than to justify his reputation. Craig said nothing, preferring to let the commissioner come to the point in his own way.

"Do you know, Kennedy," he said, at length, turning in his chair and facing us, "I believe we have found one of the strangest cases in the history of the department." The commissioner paused, then went on quickly. "It looks as if it were nothing less than an epidemic of beriberi—not on a ship coming into port, as so often happens, but actually in the heart of the city."

"Beriberi—in New York?" queried Craig incredulously.

"It looks like it," reiterated Leslie, "in the family of a Doctor Wardlaw, up-town here, in the Forum—"

Kennedy had already shoved over the letter he had just



With a wave of his hand at one group of cages, he continued: "These fellows I have been feeding on samples of the various foods which I took from the Wardlaw family when I first went up there"

received. Leslie did not finish the sentence, but read the note in amazement.

"What are the symptoms?" inquired Craig. "What makes you think it is beriberi, of all things?"

"Because they show the symptoms of beriberi," persisted

Leslie doggedly. "You know what they are like. If you care to go into the matter, I think I can convince you."

The commissioner was still holding the letter and gazing, puzzled, from it to us. It seemed as if he regarded it merely as confirming his own suspicions that something was wrong, even though it shed no real light on the matter.

"How did you first hear of it?" prompted Kennedy.

Leslie answered frankly:

"It came to the attention of the department as the result of a reform I have inaugurated. When I went into office, I found that many of the death-certificates were faulty, and, in the course of our investigations, we ran across one that seemed to be most vaguely worded. I don't know yet whether it was ignorance—or something worse. But it started an inquiry. I can't say that I'm thoroughly satisfied with the amended certificate of the physician who attended Mrs. Marbury, the mother of Doctor Wardlaw's wife, who died about a week ago—Doctor Aitken."

"Then Wardlaw didn't attend her himself?" asked Kennedy.

"Oh, no. He couldn't under the circumstances, as I'll show you presently, aside from the medical ethics of the case. Aitken was the family physician of the Marburys."

Kennedy glanced at the note.

"One is dead. Others are dying," he read. "Who are the others? Who else is stricken?"

"Why," continued Leslie, eager to unburden his story, "Wardlaw himself has the marks of a nervous affection as plainly as the eye can see it. You know how it is in this disease—as though the nerves were wasting away. But he doesn't seem half so badly affected as his wife. They tell me Maude Marbury was quite a beauty once, and photographs I have seen prove it. She's a wreck now. And, of course, the old lady must have been the most seriously affected of them all."

"Who else is there in the household?" inquired Kennedy, growing more and more interested.

"Well," answered Leslie slowly, "they've had a nurse for some time—Natalie Langdale. Apparently she has escaped."

"Any servants?"

"Some by the day; only one regularly—a Japanese, Kato. He goes home at night, too. There's no evidence of the disease having affected him."

I caught Leslie's eye as he gave the last information. Though I did not know much about beriberi, I had read of it, and knew that it was especially prevalent in the Orient. I did not know what importance to attach to Kato and his going-home at night.

"Have you done any investigating yourself?" asked Kennedy.

Leslie hesitated a moment, as though deprecating his own efforts in that line, though, when he spoke, I could see no reason why he should, except that it had so often happened that Kennedy had seen the obvious which was hidden from most of those who consulted him.

"Yes," he replied; "I thought perhaps there might be some motive back of it all which I might discover. Possibly it was old Mrs. Marbury's fortune—not a large one, but substantial. So it occurred to me that the will might show it. I have been to the surrogate."

"And?" prompted Kennedy approvingly.

"Mrs. Marbury's will has already been offered for probate. It directs, among other things, that twenty-five thousand dollars be given by her daughter, to whom she leaves the bulk of her fortune, to Doctor Aitken, who had been Mr. Marbury's physician and her own."

Leslie looked at us significantly, but Kennedy made no comment.

"Would you like to go up there and see them?" urged the commissioner, anxious to get Craig's final word on whether he would cooperate in the affair.

"I certainly should," returned Kennedy heartily, folding up the letter which had attracted his interest. "It looks as if there were more to this thing than a mere disease, however unusual."

Doctor Leslie could not conceal his satisfaction, and,



As Mrs. Wardlaw's hand rested on the arm of the chair, which reminded me of the so-called

without delaying a moment more than was necessary, hurried us out into one of the department cars, which he had left waiting outside, and directed the driver to take us to the Forum Apartments, one of the newest and most fashionable on Riverside Drive.

Miss Langdale met us at the door and admitted us into the apartment. She was a striking type of trained nurse, one of those who seem bubbling over with health and vivacity. She seemed solicitous of her patients and reluctant to have them disturbed, yet apparently not daring to refuse to admit Doctor Leslie. There was nothing in her solicitude, however, to which one could take exception.

Miss Langdale conducted us softly down a hallway



I saw that there was a peculiar flexion of her wrist
"wrist-drop," of which I had heard

through the middle of the apartment, and I noted quickly how it was laid out. On one side, we passed a handsomely furnished parlor and dining-room, opposite which were the kitchen and butler's pantry, and, farther along, a bedroom and the bath. Down the hall, on the right, was Doctor Wardlaw's study, or rather den, for it was more of a library than an office.

The nurse led the way, and we entered. Through the windows one caught a beautiful vista of the Drive, the river, and the Jersey shore. I gazed about curiously. Around the room there were bookcases and cabinets, a desk, some easy chairs, and, in the corner, a table on which was some of Wardlaw's paraphernalia, for, although he was not a

practising physician, he still specialized in his favorite branches of eye and ear surgery.

Miss Langdale left us a moment, with a hasty excuse that she must prepare Mrs. Wardlaw for the unexpected visit. The preparation, however, did not take long, for a moment later Maude Wardlaw entered, supported by her nurse.

Her lips moved mechanically as she saw us, but we could not hear what she said. As she walked, I could see that she had a peculiar gait, as though she were always lifting her feet over small obstacles. Her eyes, too, as she looked at us, had a strange squint and, now and then, the muscles of her face twitched. She glanced from Leslie to Kennedy inquiringly as Leslie introduced us, implying that we were from his office, then dropped into the easy chair. Her breathing seemed to be labored and her heart-action feeble as the nurse propped her up comfortably.

As Mrs. Wardlaw's hand rested on the arm of the chair, I saw that there was a peculiar flexion of her wrist which reminded me of the so-called "wrist-drop," of which I had heard. It was almost as if the muscles of her hands and arms, feet and legs were weak and wasting. Once she had been beautiful, and, even now, although she seemed to be a wreck of her former self, she had a sort of ethereal beauty that was very touching.

"Doctor is out—just now—" she said, in a tone that hinted at the loss of her voice. She turned appealingly to Miss Langdale. "Oh," she murmured, "I feel so badly this morning—as if pins and needles were sticking in me—vague pains in all my limbs."

Her voice sank to a whisper, and only her lips moved feebly. One had only to see her to feel sympathy. It seemed almost cruel to intrude under the circumstances, yet it was absolutely necessary if Craig were to accomplish anything. Maude Wardlaw, however, did not seem to

comprehend the significance of our presence, and I wondered how Kennedy would proceed.

"I should like to see your Japanese servant, Kato," he began directly, somewhat to my surprise, addressing himself rather to Miss Langdale than to Mrs. Wardlaw.

The nurse nodded and left the room without a word, as though appreciating the anomalous position in which she was placed as temporary mistress of the household.

A few moments later, Kato entered. He was a typical specimen of the suave Oriental, and I eyed him keenly, for, to me, East was East and West was West, and I was frankly suspicious, especially as, from Craig's manner, I saw no reason to be otherwise. I waited eagerly to see what he would do.

"Sit here," directed Kennedy, indicating a straight-backed chair on which the Japanese obediently sat. "Now cross your knees."

As Kato complied, Kennedy quickly brought his hand, held flat and palm upward, sharply against the Jap's knee just below the knee-cap.

There was a quick reflex jerk of the leg below the knee in response.

"Quite natural," Kennedy whispered, turning to Leslie, who nodded.

He dismissed Kato without further questioning, having had an opportunity to observe whether he showed any of the symptoms that had appeared in the rest of the family. Craig and the health commissioner exchanged a few words under their breath; then Craig crossed the room to Mrs. Wardlaw. The entrance of Kato had roused her momentarily, and she had been watching what was going on.

"It is a simple test," explained Kennedy, indicating to Miss Langdale that he wished to repeat it on her patient.

Mrs. Wardlaw's knee showed no reflex.

As he turned to us, we could see that Kennedy's face was lined deeply with thought, and he paced up and down the room once or twice, considering what he had observed.

I could see that even this simple interview had greatly fatigued Mrs. Wardlaw. Miss Langdale said nothing, but

it was plainly evident that she objected strongly to the strain upon her patient's strength.

"That will be sufficient,"

nodded Craig, noticing the nurse. "Thank you very much. I think you had better let Mrs. Wardlaw rest in her own room."

On the nurse's arm, Mrs. Wardlaw withdrew, and I looked inquiringly from Kennedy to Doctor Leslie. What was it that had made this beautiful woman such a wreck? It seemed almost as though the hand of fate had stretched out against one who had all to make her happy—wealth, youth, a beautiful home—for the sullen purpose of taking away what had been bestowed so bounteously.

"It is polyneuritis, all right, Leslie," Craig agreed, the moment we were alone.

"I think so," coincided Leslie, with a nod. "It's the cause I can't get at. Is it the polyneuritis of beriberi—or something else?"

Kennedy did not reply immediately.

"Then there are other causes?" I inquired of Leslie.

"Alcohol," he returned briefly. "I don't think that figures in this instance. At least, I've seen no evidence."

"Perhaps some drug?" I hazarded, at a venture.

Leslie shrugged.

"How about the food?" inquired Craig. "Have you made any attempt to examine it?"

"I have," replied the commissioner. "When I came up here first, I thought of that. I took samples of all the food that I could find in the ice-box, the kitchen, and the butler's

pantry. I have the whole thing labeled, and I have already started to test them out. I'll show you what I have done when we go down to the department laboratory."

Kennedy had been examining the books in the bookcase, and now pulled out a medical dictionary. It opened readily to the heading: "Polyneuritis—Multiple neuritis."

I bent over and read with him. In the disease, it seems, the nerve-fibers themselves in the small nerves break down, and the affection is motor, sensory, vasomotor, or endemic. All the symptoms described seemed to fit what I had observed in Mrs. Wardlaw. The article went on:

Invariably it is the result of some toxic substance circulating in the blood. There is a polyneuritis psychosis, known as Korsakoff's syndrome, characterized by disturbances of the memory of recent events and false reminiscences, the patient being restless and disoriented.

I ran my finger down the page until I came to the causes. There were alcohol,



A suppressed exclamation from him directed my attention to something that he had discovered

lead, arsenic, bisulphide of carbon, diseases such as diabetes, diphtheria, typhoid, and finally, much to my excitement, was enumerated beriberi, with the added information, "or, as the Japanese call it, *kakke*."

I placed my finger on the passage and was about to say something about my suspicions of Kato when we heard the sound of footsteps in the hall, and Craig snapped the book shut, returning it hastily to the bookcase. It was Miss Langdale, who had made her patient comfortable in bed and now returned to us.

"Who is this Kato?" inquired Craig, voicing what was in my own mind. "What do you know about him?"

"Just a young Japanese from the mission down-town," replied the nurse directly. "I don't suppose you know, but Mrs. Wardlaw used to be greatly interested in religious and social work among the Japanese and Chinese, would be yet, but," she added significantly, "she is not strong enough. They employed him before I came here—about a year ago, I think."

Kennedy nodded, and was about to ask another question when there was a slight noise out in the hall. Thinking it might be Kato himself, I sprang to the door.

Instead, I encountered a middle-aged man, who drew back in surprise at seeing me, a stranger.

"Oh, good-morning, Doctor Aitken," greeted Miss Langdale, in quite the casual manner of a nurse accustomed to the daily visit at about this hour.

As for Doctor Aitken, he glanced from Leslie, whom he knew, to Kennedy, whom he did not know, with a very surprised look upon his face. In fact, I got the impression that, after he had been admitted, he had paused a moment in the hall to listen to the strange voices in the Wardlaw study. Leslie nodded to him and introduced us, without quite knowing what to say or do.

"A most incomprehensible case," ventured Aitken to us. "I can't, for the life of me, make it out."

The doctor showed his perplexity plainly, whether it was feigned or not.

"I'm afraid she's not quite so well as usual," put in Miss Langdale, speaking to him, but in a manner which indicated that, first of all, she wished any blame for her patient's condition to attach to us and not to herself.

Doctor Aitken pursed his lips, bowed excusingly to us, and turned down the hall, followed by the nurse. As they passed on to Mrs. Wardlaw's room, I am sure they whispered about us. I was puzzled by Doctor Aitken. He seemed to be sincere, yet, under the circumstances, I felt that I must be suspicious of everybody and everything.

Alone again for a moment, Kennedy turned his attention to the furniture of the room, and finally paused before a writing-desk in the corner. He tried it. It was not locked, and he opened it. Quickly he ran through a pile of papers carefully laid under a paper-weight at the back.

A suppressed exclamation from him called my attention to something that he had discovered. There lay two documents, evidently recently drawn up. As we looked over the first, we saw that it was Doctor Wardlaw's will, in which he had left everything to his wife. The other was the will of Mrs. Wardlaw.

We devoured it hastily. In substance, it was identical with the first, except that, at the end, she had added two clauses. In the first, she had done just as her mother had



Almost before I knew it, she had entered the English-basement entrance of Doctor Aitken's house

directed. Twenty-five thousand dollars had been left to Doctor Aitken. I glanced at Kennedy, but he was reading on, taking in the second clause. I read also. Fifty thousand dollars was given to endow the New York Japanese Mission.

Immediately, the thought of Kato and what Miss Langdale had just told us flashed through my mind.

A second time we heard the nurse's footsteps on the hard-wood floor of the hall. Craig closed the desk softly.

"Doctor Aitken is ready to go," she announced. "Is there anything more you wish to ask?"

Kennedy spoke a moment with the doctor as he passed out, but, aside from the information that Mrs. Wardlaw was, in his opinion, growing worse, the conversation added nothing to our meager store of information.

"I suppose you attended Mrs. (Continued on page 113)

Scene from "Secret Service," produced by Frohman in London, in 1897



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Charles Frohman, on a voyage to England

Brilliant Productions in London

GREAT as were Charles Frohman's achievements in America, they were more than matched in many respects by his activities in England. He was the one American manager who made an impress on the British drama; he led the so-called "American invasion." As a matter of fact, he *was* the whole invasion. No phase of his fascinatingly crowded and adventurous career reflects so much of the genius of the man or reveals so many of his finer qualities as his costly attempt to corner the British stage. Here, as in no other work, he showed himself in really Napoleonic proportions.

Behind Charles Frohman's tremendous operations in England were three definite reasons. First of all, he really loved England. He felt that the theater there had a dignity and a distinction far removed from theatrical production in America. There was no sneer of "commercialism" about it. To be identified with it in England was something to be proud of. He often said that he would rather make fifteen pounds in England than fifteen thousand in America. This summed up his whole attitude toward the theater in Great Britain. In the second place, he knew that a strong footing in England was absolutely necessary to a mastery of the situation in America. And, third, just as important as either of the other reasons, was his conviction that to produce the best English-spoken plays in the United States he must know British playwrights and British authors on their own ground, and to present, if possible, their own works on their home stages.

This conviction led him to the long and brilliant series of productions that he made in London, and which amounted to what later became an almost complete monopoly of British dramatic output for the United States.

The net result was that he became a sort of colossus of the English-speaking theater. Figuratively, he stood



The Life of CHARLES FROHMAN

by Daniel Frohman
and Isaac F. Marcossion

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this chapter of his life, we find the great manager displaying such will and energy as mark a man for a conqueror. He had made himself emperor of the American theater; now other worlds must be his, for an empire must ever be sustained by foreign tribute. Consequently, he began a campaign to acquire control of the best acting and playwriting talent in Europe, at the same time introducing American plays into England as a first step toward reaching a greater degree of conformity in the ideals and methods of the English-spoken drama.

astride the mighty sea in which he was to meet his death, with one foot planted securely in England and the other in America.

Charles Frohman's first visits to England were made in the most unostentatious way, largely to look over the ground and see what he could pick up for America. His first offices, in Henrietta Street, London, were very modest rooms. Unpretentious as they were, they represented a somewhat historic step, because Frohman was absolutely the first American manager to set up a business in England. Augustin Daly had taken over a company, but he allied himself in no general way with the British theatrical interests.

When he first engaged William Lestocq as his English manager, as has already been recorded in this narrative, he made a significant remark, for he said:

"You know I am coming into London to produce plays. But I am coming in by the back door. I shall get to the front door, however, and you shall come with me."

No sooner had he set foot in London than his productive activities were turned loose. With A. and S. Gatti he put on one of his New York successes, "The Lost Paradise," at the Adelphi Theatre. In this instance, he merely furnished the play, which was a failure. Far from discouraging Frohman, this failure only filled him with a desire to do something big.

The production of "The Lost Paradise" marked the beginning of one of his greatest English connections. The Gattis were prominent figures in the British theater. They were Italian-Swiss who had begun life in England as waiters, had established a small eating-house, and had become the most important *restaurateurs* of the British

William Gillette
as Lewis Dumont,
in "Secret Service"



Frohman's first American woman star to be presented in England—Annie Russell, in "Sue"



Scene from "The First Born," the presentation of which by Charles Frohman in London established his reputation as an artistic producer



The late George Edwardes, managing director of the famous musical-comedy playhouse, the Gaiety Theatre, London

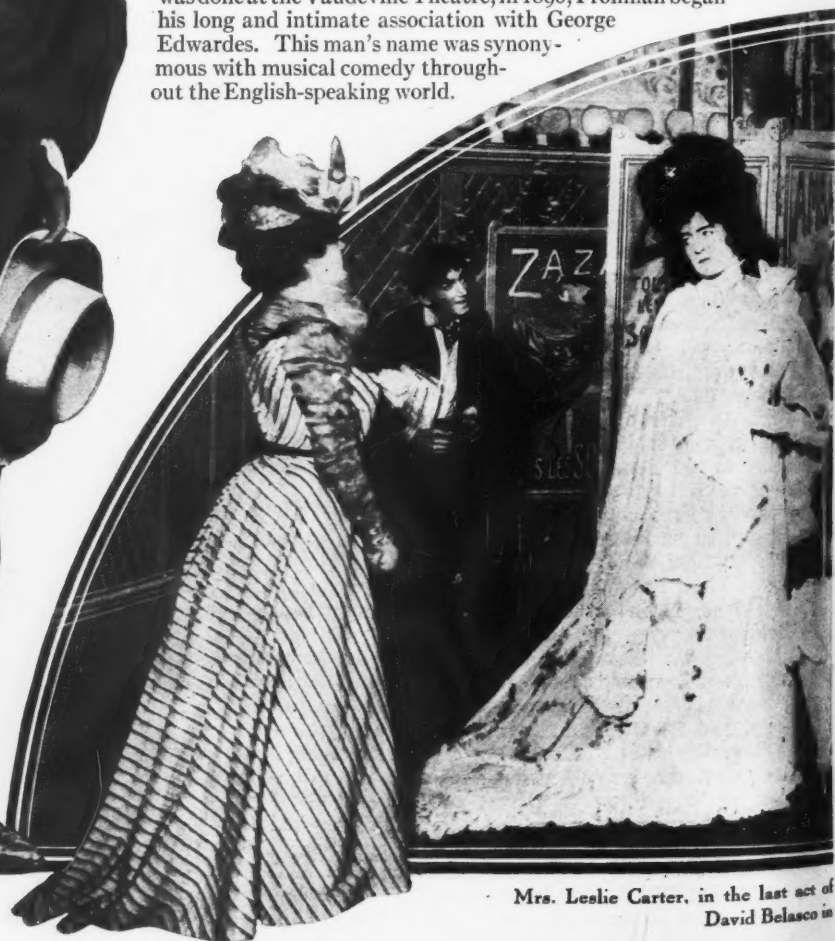
capital. They became large realty owners, spread out to the theater, and acquired the Adelphi and the Vaudeville.

Charles Frohman's arrangement with them was typical of all his business transactions. Some years afterward, a well-known English playwright asked Stephen Gatti,

"What is your contract with Frohman?"

"We have none. When we want an agreement from Charles Frohman about a business transaction it is time to stop," was his reply.

With the production of a French farce called "A Night Out," which was done at the Vaudeville Theatre, in 1896, Frohman began his long and intimate association with George Edwardes. This man's name was synonymous with musical comedy throughout the English-speaking world.



Mrs. Leslie Carter, in the last act of David Belasco in

As managing director of the Gaiety Theatre, London, the most famous musical-comedy playhouse anywhere, Edwardes occupied a unique position. Charles Frohman was the principal American importer of the Gaiety shows, and through this and various other connections, he had much to do with Edwardes.

Frohman and Edwardes were the joint producers of "A Night Out," and with it Charles Frohman had his first taste of London success. This was the only play in London in which he ever sold his interest. Out of this sale grew a curious example of Frohman's disregard of money. For his share he received a check of four figures. He carried it around in his pocket for weeks. After it had become all crumpled up and quite dirty, Lestocq persuaded him to deposit it in the bank. It was only when the check was almost reduced to shreds that he consented to open an account with it.

It remained for an American play, presenting an American star, to give Charles Frohman his first real triumph in London. With the production of "Secret Service," in 1897, at the Adelphi Theatre, he became the envoy from the New World of plays to the Old. It was an envoyship that gave him an infinite pride, for it brought fame and fortune to the American playwright and to the American actor abroad. Frohman's mission was as advantageous to England as it was to the United States, because he was the instrument through which the best of the modern British plays and the most brilliant of the modern British actors found their hearing on this side of the water.

Frohman was immensely interested in the English production of "Secret Service." Gillette himself headed the company. Both he and Froh-

Irene Vanbrugh
(Mrs. Dion
Boucicault)



Dion
Boucicault



"Zaza," presented by Charles Frohman and
New York and London

man were in a great state of expectancy. The play hung fire until the third act. When the big scene came, British reserve melted, and there was a great ovation. It was an immediate success and had a long run.

One feature of the play that amused the critics and theatergoers generally in London was the fact that the spy in "Secret Service," who was supposed to be the bad man of the play, got all the sympathy and the applause, while the hero was arrested and always got the worst of it, even when he was denouncing the spy. Gillette's quiet but forceful methods were a revelation to the Londoners.

Concerning the first night of "Secret Service" is another one of the many Frohman stories. When a London newspaper man asked the American manager about the magnificent celebration which he was sure had been

(Continued on page 146)



The Woman

By Owen

Illustrated by Howard

THE domestic happiness of Daniel Garford, a talented painter, has been wrecked, and he has drifted into dissipation through the discovery of his wife's infidelity. Under the name of Dangerfield, he leases a studio in Teagan's Arcade, situated in Lincoln Square, New York city, cutting himself off from all his friends and associations. Here there comes into his life Inga Sanderson, a dweller in the Arcade who makes posters, magazine covers, and decorative sketches. The girl sets herself the task of reclaiming the unhappy painter. She is a complete mystery to all who come in contact with her. No one knows anything of her past, and up to the time of Dangerfield's arrival, she had made no friends in the building except Champeno, a young sculptor, who, getting into financial difficulties, has been forced to leave.

The other dwellers in the Arcade include St. George Kidder (known as "Tootles") a struggling painter, his roommate, Flick Wilder, an eccentric character who makes a living as a press-agent and literary hack; King O'Leary, a man of roving disposition whose wife has deserted him; Myrtle Popper, a manicure girl, who falls in love with O'Leary, but marries an aged wealthy moving-picture manager, and in a few months is a rich widow; Mr. Cornelius (who is really the Comte de Retz) an elderly Frenchman, nicknamed "the baron," whose gambling habits have brought him to a more or less precarious existence in the Arcade; Millie Brewster, with ambitions to be a singer; Pansy Hartmann and Belle Shaler, artist's models, and Drinkwater, a lawyer, who is looked upon with considerable suspicion. He has induced Pansy to marry him, and the Arcade is sure that he has had some motive other than love for the girl in so doing.

Dangerfield gives his wife a divorce but insists that she marry her lover. After this, he begins slowly to recover his hold on life, thanks to Inga's disinterested devotion and help. He asks her to marry him. She refuses at first but consents when he promises her freedom whenever she asks for it. The honeymoon is spent in New Hampshire and on the Maine coast. It is late in the autumn when they return to the Arcade. To Dangerfield, his wife is as much of a mystery as ever. But her work is completed. Dangerfield has regained his grip on life and on his work. Inga seems to dread the return to town, where she knows her husband will eventually go back to his old associations. For some months he does not do this, but one night they meet a friend of his, De Gollyer, a critic, in a restaurant. Dangerfield invites him to the studio to see his recent work. This is as a shock to Inga. "It had to come," she says.

DANGERFIELD and Inga had taken rendezvous with De Gollyer for noon the next day. By eleven, Inga had the studio in order, arranging it with solicitous eye, hastening out to add the pleasant touch of a few clusters of gold-and-red poppies with the instinct of the woman who felt that she, too, and her work were on trial. When she returned, she found Dangerfield in a fever of restlessness, tramping the room. For the moment, he was the Dangerfield of the first days, creature of strong temperament and undisciplined impulses. The meeting with De Gollyer had been like a cry in the wilderness. The old life, the old traditions, the old habits, deep as the deepest

"I wish I'd never met him; I wish I'd never told him to come!" he blurted out. Inga, watching him, understood him better. "You have nothing to fear," she said gently



Gives A Story of Regeneration

Johnson

Chandler Christy

instincts, came thronging back to him, reclaiming him in this dark continent of the sixth-floor back of Teagan's Arcade. Passions little and great pass away, but the comradeship of man to man abides through failure and disaster. One word from De Gollyer had loosened a thousand voices calling him back. And beyond all this social atavism was the approaching test which he had been postponing from month to month. De Gollyer was not simply a facile-lipped critic but one who knew. A profound discouragement seized him, a weakening sense of despair. He turned suddenly, and his hand trembled a little.

"I wish I'd never met him; I wish I'd never told him to come!" he blurted out.

Inga, watching him, understood him better.

"You have nothing to fear," she said gently.

Dangerfield whipped about the room a score of times, then stopped suddenly.

"Inga," he said nervously, "what would you show him? Just the things I did lately—that bit of Grand Street and the Italian wedding? They're the best, I think; or would you show the sketches at the seashore, also? Or what would you do?"

Womanlike, she resented this sudden timidity before the judgment of another, resenting that the masculine authority which she had herself built up should yield, if only momentarily, before the personality of another man.

"Begin with the beginning and show him all just as you did it. It's that that's wonderful, to feel each step, to know how you have grown to what you are doing now."

"You think so?" he said doubtfully.

"Why do you care so much what one man thinks?" she said, with a flash of anger. "It's you who have done the big thing. I am not afraid."

"It's not entirely what he will say," he answered slowly.

"It's the criticism I shall pass on myself when I look at them through his eyes. So you would begin with the beginning. Yes; I think you're right."

He gave a sigh of relief, as though this were a difficult point settled, and began to rummage among the records of the year, sorting the canvases as he wished to have them presented.

De Gollyer arrived even before the hour set, an eagerness in his eyes which showed in rapid, prying glances, which seemed instantly to scour the studio, to delve into the darkest corner, and to divine what lay behind each con-



cealing screen. He was surprised—plainly surprised—at the harmony and the exquisiteness of the studio.

"My dear Mrs. Dangerfield," he said, going to her instantly, "I congratulate the wife. Everything is perfect, absolutely just so, even to that little touch of red poppies

against the carved wood—beautiful, beautiful! Dan, if you've painted anything half as good as this room, I shall be satisfied."

Despite herself, Inga began to laugh. There was something about the little man which could not be resisted.

"I'm so glad you have come to see what he has done," she said shyly. She looked covertly at her husband and added, with a glance of subtle warning, almost imploring. "You're the first he has shown anything to. I know your opinion will mean everything to him."

De Gollyer gave her a reassuring nod, and this moment of friendly treachery seemed to bring them into an intimate alliance.

"I am going to show you what I have been doing from month to month," said Dangerfield nervously. "I think it will interest you. At any rate, that is Inga's advice, and I am going to follow it."

De Gollyer immediately bowed to Inga and said, in a sharp staccato which marked the passage of the man of the world and the arrival of the critic:

"Quite so, quite so; and now, my boy, let's go to it. I want to see everything, good, bad, and indifferent. We'll go through everything once—without any phrases. The eagle's point of view first—*le coup d'œil*!"

"That suits me," said Dangerfield, by the easel. "Well, here are some of the first things—a few sketches I made last spring, when this young lady was getting hold of me."

He brought out a half-dozen of the rapid, powerful, incisive sketches which had marked the complete and unpremeditated revolution in his art.

"Eh, what?" said De Gollyer, with an exclamation of astonishment. "One moment—one moment!" He took a few quick steps forward, pursed his lips, drew his eyebrows together, and stared at the canvases. Then he looked up suddenly at Dangerfield. "Um-um, well, well, indeed! Suppose we go a little slow. Last spring, eh? You did that last spring? My boy, my boy, you should have warned me!"

A sudden excitement seemed to take possession of him on that instant. He became transformed into a veritable dynamo of human curiosity, excited as a connoisseur who, in a casual rummaging, suddenly stumbles upon a treasure of the past. In his excitement, he seemed to forget their presence, or, rather, to have suddenly assumed command of the situation by right of a superior authority, giving his orders in quick, nervous staccato, insisting on recalling canvases which had pleased him, discarding a few with peremptory directness.

"Not bad, not bad for last year—but no place here, my boy! You've gone beyond that. Burn them up or, better still, send them to that ass, Moreno; that's just what he would understand. He could sell a dozen of those to his

moving-picture aristocracy. Put it aside, Dan; it doesn't belong. No American sentimentalism, no Hudson River school—we've gone beyond Queen Victoria."

The rejections which the little czar of criticism ordered into the scrap-heap with intolerant finger were few and, to tell the truth, quite merited. Dangerfield himself recognized the distinction each time with a curt nod of his



When De Gollyer reached the point which Dangerfield knew had been the crisis of his

head, and the canvas went shying across the floor like a discarded rag.

They came to the first impressionistic water-colors of the summer. De Gollyer was plainly puzzled.

"It's the same and yet not the same," he said, staring at them. "It's more personal, beautiful, brilliant—you wasted nothing; right to the mark. You're after the essential thing, and you've got it; but it's personal. It's your mood. Mind you, I don't say they're not astonishing; they are. We must exhibit them altogether—a riot of sensations.

By Jove, yes, sensations; that's just the word! But we're looking for bigger things, Dan—*le coup d'œil*, the big vision. Um-um, very fine, very fine, bewildering, but sensations. My boy, they're your moods. If I must pass a criticism, pass a very captious criticism, you were too much in love—that's it, too much in love. Mrs. Dangerfield, as a man of the world, I am altogether charming; as a

stantly the subtlety of his friend's criticism, hastened across the studio to return with a new batch, the record of their sojourn along the broken coasts of the sea. Then he stepped back.

When De Gollyer reached the point which Dangerfield knew had been the crisis of his internal conflict, the little man sprang forward eagerly, as a falcon sighting its prey.

"At last! I knew it, my boy, I knew it!" he cried, in a fever of excitement. "I've hunches—prophetic hunches, and I knew this was coming. My boy, this is it! By Jove, this is fine! You've gone far—you've gone beyond yourself! By Jove, this is a smasher!" He turned and held out his hand, aglow with enthusiasm. "Dan, your hand! Criticism ends here; you amaze me! I didn't think you could do it—by Jove, no, I didn't!"

Inga forgot all her alarmed resentment at one sight of Dangerfield's face.

"It is good," said Dangerfield, reverently staring beyond the canvas.

"Let's go on; let's go on," said De Gollyer.

As canvas succeeded canvas, his amazement and delight increased. When they came to the record of the winter, to those clear, powerful revelations of the hidden treasures of the great metropolis which, later, furnished New York with the artistic sensation of years, De Gollyer suddenly sat down, as though weakened under the powerful stress of discovery, absorbed in a mood of complete silence which might have deceived anyone but the friend who knew the value of this rare tribute of profound amazement. At the end, instead of a new outburst of enthusiasm which Inga had expected, he got up, walked over to the table, picked up a cigarette absently, and went to the window, looking out, without bothering himself to phrase a compliment. Inga felt a sudden sinking of the heart, a brief transitory emotion which took flight on the instant that Dangerfield turned toward her with a glow in his eyes such as she had never seen. She went to him, raised his hand to her lips, turned aside to hide a sudden rush of tears to her eyes, and, feeling the need of the two friends to be alone in their emotion, nodded, and went out.

When De Gollyer turned at last and came back into the room, Dangerfield, catching his eye, said quietly,

"Yes; I know what I've done, but I wondered if others would see it."

"My boy, it will be a riot!" said De Gollyer solemnly. How did it happen?"

Dangerfield silently extended his hand toward the door through which Inga had passed.

"It was sink or swim. Kismet—that's the answer."

"We gave you six months down at the club," said



internal conflict, the little man sprang forward eagerly, as a falcon sighting its prey

critic, I am merciless. Dan was too much in love with you when he did these."

De Gollyer's remarks spread a certain embarrassment which he was too keen not to notice and too clever to seem to observe. Inga sat down, clasping her hands over her knee, staring at the speaker with a sudden alarmed perception that, beneath the apparent lightness of his phrases, here was a man who saw with a terrifying clarity which left her with a sudden sense of impending danger. Dangerfield, to cover his confusion, for he himself recognized in-

De Gollyer. "Do you remember the last night you were there?"

"I remember."

"We expected anything then—any moment."

"And you were right."

"We lost track of you. We heard you'd dropped out. How in thunder did she ever do it?"

"There are some women, very few, in this world," said Dangerfield slowly, "who are put here to do just such things, who are only happy when they are giving everything, pulling some poor devil out of the gutter and putting him on his feet again—some one, of course, worth the saving."

"My boy," said De Gollyer, "I know you'll understand my curiosity. You and I have gone shoulder and shoulder through too many things to beat about the bush. Tell me about your wife."

Dangerfield was silent a moment; then he installed himself in the chair opposite his friend, drew out his pipe, and began to smoke.

Between the two had been one of those rare intimacies only privileged to men of the world who have early reached that stage in their intellectual development when they have rejected shams and take a mutual delight in the recognition of life as it is—in its profound varieties and inexplicable turns of fate. When they spoke to each other, it was always in absolute confidence.

"Bob," said Dangerfield, "I will be quite frank with you. My wife is as great a mystery to me to-day as the first time she came into my life. I know nothing of her past or what she may do in the future. And I don't want to know. She came into my life by chance, if you wish to call it so. She saw me as you saw me. That was enough for her. She had to attach herself to me, to cling to me, to fight for the spark that was still left flickering. She is of a different race, of different instincts than we are. There is something of the strange, forbidding reticence of the northern countries about her. I tried, in the moments when I loved her most, to force myself beyond this barrier. I have never succeeded. Now I don't want to. Sometimes I try to understand her, and I think, in a way, that, in the moments when I was wildest, the most abject, that I brought her the keenest happiness. It's a curious thing to think, to say, and you are perhaps the only man who will understand it, but sometimes I think she misses that. And now that the battle has been won, you may not believe it but I think the rest will count for very little—the success and the public and all that. When that comes, she will be very lonely, poor child!"

He drew a long puff, gazed dreamily into the recesses of the studio, and then said suddenly,

"Did you ever, when you were a boy, catch a bird, imprison it in a cage, feed it, and make a friend of it till it would sing whenever you came near, and then feel an irresistible impulse to throw open the bars and give it liberty?" He stopped, looked down at the floor, and added, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, by Jove; I do understand!" said De Gollyer. "The Slav women are like that. I've seen them. There is something imprisoned about her, something unfinished. I think that is what struck me, what puzzled me. Dan, she won't like what's ahead, the going-back, the following you into your world, for, of course, you will go back now. You can't help it."

"I am very proud of her," said Dangerfield slowly. "Will I go back? I don't know. It depends on many things—on her happiness principally. I have loved her so that I suffered as I never thought I could suffer out of blind jealousy—the very thought that any other man could have meant anything to her in her past. I suffered, and that is perhaps what I needed the most."

De Gollyer smiled, and, with a quick movement of his hand, indicated the canvases arranged against the wall.

"I saw all that; I saw what you had been through. I shouldn't have said what I did about your being too much in love, my boy, but I didn't say what I saw afterward."

"Understand me," said Dangerfield loyally; "I love her."

"I understand the distinction."

"What I mean is that the great madness has passed. If it had not, I should have been consumed by it. The feeling that has succeeded, the feeling that has given me the power to look out of myself—the thing you feel there in my work—is the feeling of absolute tranquillity with all the world. I have made the harbor."

As for Inga, she has a right to everything in my life; nothing could ever make me give her up. I am bound to her by gratitude which nothing can ever shake, and, at the bottom, Bob, I know that the best thing for me



She sat just behind him so as to command both the model and the canvas, her body thrown backward in the depths of an armchair, her glance set in reverie before her



He stopped, hesitated, and said, with enforced restraint: "I don't want to interrupt you. When you are through, come in—there's something I want to see you about"

would be to live her life, to stay out of all the old life, keep out of the society rigamarole and the parade."

"My boy, you are quite right," said De Gollyer, with a smile. "But will you do it? You've been a man of the world, and when you once get that point of view, it's in the blood. It calls you, whether you're in Timbuktu or buried in a shanty in Harlem. Things like that are in the blood, Dan, and then it's something to come back, to feel the joy of the fight, and it's your right to feel that."

The door opened and Inga came in, hesitating a moment on the threshold with an inquiring glance at the two men, who were relaxed in their moment of intimacy.

"We've been talking over plans for the exhibition," said De Gollyer glibly. "It must be a smasher—the biggest thing of the season. I'm going to bring up a couple of men to-morrow, Mrs. Dangerfield. We are going to make Dan the sensation of the town."

"I am very glad," she said, with a nod of her head. She looked at them a moment, and then took a seat quietly. She knew that they had not been discussing what he said.

XLV

DE GOLLYER'S coming changed everything. Each day, other men returned out of the past, fragments of the life which had gone before—brother artists arriving, prepared to praise, and staying to contemplate in amazement the rise of a master talent. Under De Gollyer's expert guidance, other types arrived, dealers with keen business instincts, vying for the honor of the first exhibition; others, men about town, celebrities of the hour, of that lighter complex cosmopolitan world of amusement which New York recruits from the four quarters of the globe, dropped in on curiosity bent, fulsome in their eulogies, watching Inga with undisguised curiosity, with that look which she understood so well—the calculating glance which De Gollyer had

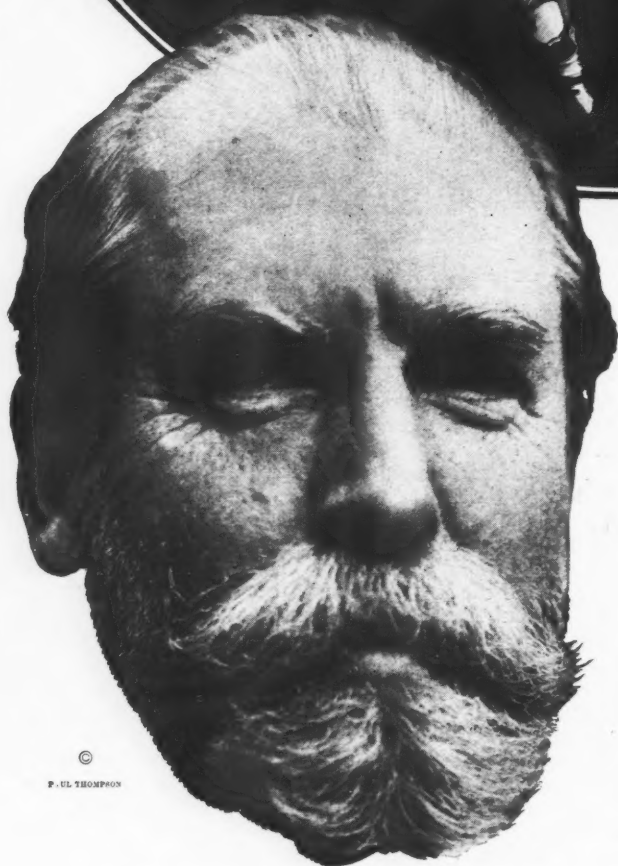
sent her on the night of their first encounter, the look of trying to appraise her, to decide just what the situation called for.

Day and night were crowded with the business of art. Rarely now were they able to get away for a quiet meal by themselves. The door was always open to the arrival of some new enthusiast, and until midnight and after, the studio would be filled with eager, voluble groups rallying around the restored leader. In this new pervading excitement of the return, there was no time for work. Occasionally Dangerfield made an attempt to paint, but the mood was not on him. Something else obsessed his imagination, the exhilaration that came to him in this flocking-back of brilliant acquaintances, in this eager preparation for the exhibition which would bring him the one great moment apart from all other hours of triumph, which would remain supreme in the memory of the artist. This exhibition, carefully prepared for by a brilliant article of De Gollyer's, caught the fancy of the New York public with the shock of a dramatic surprise in which the personal history of Dangerfield himself, his strange ups and downs, counted for much. The newspapers, delighted to find this final surprising climax in the drama of a life which they had so faithfully recorded, devoted columns to the purely personal side of this astonishing renaissance, retelling old anecdotes and detailing intimacies of his stormy and picturesque career. Fortunately, the danger of a too theatric success was averted by an immediate conflict among the super-critics. Dangerfield had the inestimable fortune of being viciously and scathingly attacked by the entrenched conservatives and as violently defended by the young and the radicals. Overnight, he found himself at the head of a party, claimed as a pioneer who had revealed the significance and vitality of the neglected fields of American art.

He exhibited in the spring exhibitions, and everywhere was honored with gold medals and (Continued on page 176)



Charles E. Hughes
and his family, at
Bridgehampton, New York



©
P. UL THOMPSON

"Know him, and you know a royal good fellow,"
is the insistent statement of his adherents

The Human Side of Hughes

By John Temple Graves

"It is because Hughes is whiskered, intellectual, and religious that he is misinterpreted to be austere. Know him, and you know a royal good fellow," is the insistent statement of his adherents.

It is known that the Republican candidate, even more than the Democratic President, is personally desirous of being known as human, heartful, and sympathetic. It cuts him to the quick to be counted a human icicle, a thinking machine, an austere intellect. And his friends in this campaign are devoting extraordinary energy to dissipating this delusion.

"The net impression," declares his former private secretary, "which remains with me after four years of intimate association with Hughes at Albany is that of the most straightforward, intellectually honest, transparently sincere person I have ever known, and, at the same time, one of the most companionable, most human men it has been my fortune to be thrown with."

One night, goes the story, Hughes came down to Buffalo from some strenuous campaign work in western New York. Through some failure of arrangements, no reservation had been made for an east-bound sleeper. There were three men present—Hughes, Colonel Treadwell, his military secretary, and John P. Gavill. No argument could induce the governor to take the one berth left in the car. Yes; he was the governor; his rest was of public

"IF Hughes is nominated at Chicago and Wilson at St. Louis, then, for the next four years," said the Cynic of the Conventions, "the *Edelweiss* should be the national flower."

"And why the *Edelweiss*?"

"Because it flourishes only in frigid altitudes!"

Each of the great Possibilities, personally and through his friends, keenly resents the imputation.

"It is because Wilson is a smooth-shaven Presbyterian and a scholar that men forejudge him cold. But he is a man of sentiment and emotion," declare his friends.

importance, and all that he knew; but it made no difference. He was traveling with his crowd and would share the inconveniences. So they rode all night in the smoking-car, together with the laborers and the smokers, the governor's silk hat looking more and more like a fur muff as the night went on; but his fund of good stories and good-fellowship was apparently inexhaustible, and his laugh rang out hearty and clear to the end of the journey.

On another day, the governor, with the inseparable silk hat, was walking with his glittering staff through the exhibits of the Syracuse fair. It was a dignified, serious occasion. As the stately procession passed the poultry-show, a big buff cochon rooster suddenly flapped his wings, raised his head, and let out a mighty crow. None of the escort dared to smile. But the governor doffed his tile, made an elaborate bow to the rooster, and said,

"I can't pass by without acknowledging such a salute as that."

The incident made the whole day easier for the party.

Most men are "human" — even in high station — and it may as well be conceded that the two central figures of American politics are no exception to the general rule. As a matter of fact, it is only in cities that the people will really care whether a man is cold or not. In the great realm of country, a man may be as serious and austere as he pleases and never lose a vote.

Charles Evans Hughes, fifty-five years old, New York state born, son of a Welsh Baptist preacher, an infant prodigy, a precocious child, a remarkable student, Colgate- and Brown-educated, self-supporting from the day of graduation, a successful teacher, a Sunday-school teacher who laid the foundation for John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s class, New York, a lawyer winning swift and substantial recognition at the bar as counsel, prosecutor, and reformer, a politician never defeated, a governor of marked independence and individuality — even if fallible and sometimes mistaken — a campaigner possessing a gift greater than oratory, and the rare capacity to create the impression of absolute sincerity upon his hearers, and with a record of public and private honesty unsmirched in

twelve years of publicity — Charles Evans Hughes fronts the climax of his life and touches the zenith of his opportunities with a remarkable equipment, partly inherited and largely achieved, which inspires his party with hope and himself with resolute confidence.

The greatest antagonist Mr. Hughes ever met in his public life was in his campaign for governor of New York, in 1906. William Randolph Hearst, the Democratic candidate against him, polled the largest Democratic vote ever cast in the state. But, in spite of that, the defection of McCarren in Brooklyn and of Murphy and

Tammany Hall in New York turned the scale in favor of the Republican candidate and Hughes was elected.

To the prosecution of the campaign, Mr. Hughes will bring the same extraordinary energy, industry, and devotion which have characterized his whole public career. Mr. Hughes is a great campaigner, but he is well aware that President Wilson is also a great campaigner. In simplicity and earnestness of speech the two men are rather evenly matched. They are both scholars and thinkers and men of dignity.



Mr. Hughes, at Yale Commencement, 1915, when he received the degree of Doctor of Laws



Mrs. Charles E. Hughes



The Residence District looked ever so flossy after Mr. Foster got through with it, but those who had to unbelt for the Special Assessments left a Trail of Blood out of the Treasurer's Office

New Fables in Slang

By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

The Fable of the Civic Improver and the Customary Reward

MR. FOSTER plugged for the Common Weal. He was strong for that Brotherhood of Man Stuff.

He was Considerable Uplifter.

The Day was counted lost whose low-descending Sun saw nothing put over for the Betterment of the Race.

Inasmuch as Mr. Foster lived in a mildewed Settlement that needed a good many Things, including some first-class Funerals, his Assignment was no Farina.

For every Pansy in this Conservative Town there were 14 Rutabagas.

You know—the Cracker and Milk Buddies who shave their own Necks.

Good Moral Men who needed the Vacuum Cleaner.

Mr. Foster's Ambition was to shoot a little Tabasco into all the Amoses and Ezras and get them to do something for their Home Town.

He had a gaudy Chance.

When a Piece of Money ran up against one of these Wads, it said Good-by to the Vain World for quite a Spell.

Each local Gaspard kept his Reserve Cachéd in an old Stocking back of a loose Brick in the Fire-place.

Any time he had to go to the Base of Supplies and tap the Principal, it was just like removing the Spleen with a pair of Ice-Tongs.

Mr. Foster was always on his Toes, shouting, "Come on, Fellows!"

But the Slackers and Drifters and Side-Steppers, and those who were Lame above

the Neck-Band, and the dark-minded Doubters, and the Swabs who were willing to let Well Enough Alone did not rally to the Call with any degree of Ginger.

They had to be Pushed.

Mr. Foster ever and anon brought out a new assortment of Propaganda and started some kind of a Campaign.

One of the best Stunts he supervised was for the Manicuring and Talcum Powdering of the Town.

He kept at the City Fathers until they gave him an Ordinance requiring every Householder to tidy up the Alley and chop down the Weeds and plant Forget-Me-Nots around the Garbage Can.

In a short time, some of the leading Political Economists and Believers in Infant Damnation were being chivied by the Police.

Probably 70 per cent. of the Population thought that Clean-Up Week was a Grand Idea, but the other 30 put the Boob's Curse on the Instigator and bawled him out as a Blamed Nuisance.

It was the same when he began to Vox Populi the Newspapers and demand a new Palais de Justice.

Long, mournful Howls began to float in from the Rural Districts when the Bond Issue was proposed.

It required years of Nagging, but now the County has an imposing Edifice of Stone with a Precinct Captain looking out of every Window.

The Building is surmounted by a gilded Weather Vane and a Debt about the size of the Belgian Indemnity.

It was a proud day



It was a proud day for Mr. Foster and all of the Paupers when the Corner-Stone was laid

for Mr. Foster and all of the Paupers when the Corner-Stone was laid.

Everyone seemed to be elated except the Taxpayers.

You should have seen the Streets of Nubbinville before Mr. Foster circulated his Petitions.

Most of the Citizens driving Delivery Wagons or working at the Planing Mill seemed to favor Brick Pavements and neat Curbs and Boulevard Lamps overhead.

The Residence District looked ever so flossy after Mr. Foster got through with it, but those who had to unbelt for the Special Assessments left a trail of Blood out of the Treasurer's Office.

Mr. Foster was one of those nervous Fuss-Budgets.

He seemed to think he was wasting Time unless he could throw a Spasm.

For him, Life was just one Quiver after another.

He would stand at the Corner of 4th and Main, day after day, with his Hands on his Hips, and look in four directions and try to think of some new way of jacking up old Sleepy Hollow.

It was Our Hero who delivered the grand Coup de Swat to the Gin Palaces.

He put the Town so Dry that even a Stranger had some trouble in finding a Cold One lying on a Piece of Ice.

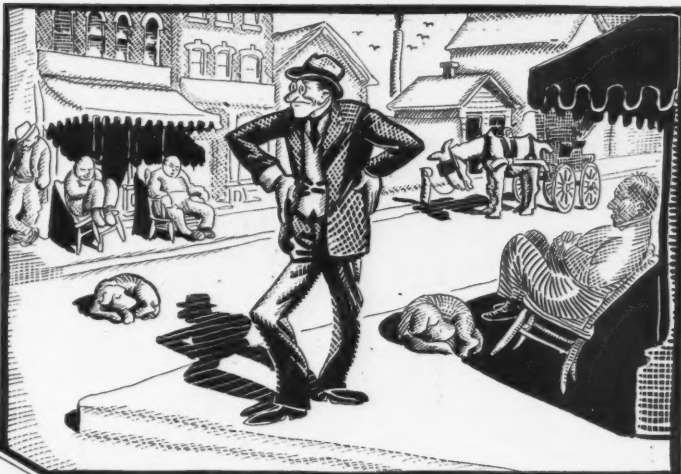
Mr. Foster was no Bigot. He could do a little mopping-up on the quiet, but he considered the Saloon an Evil Influence for everyone except Himself.

The Local Option Hurrah no sooner got under way than Brother Foster was right at the Head of the Push, chewing a Clove and beating a Drum.

Where once the Beer Garden smiled, the Aerodome gave 90 minutes of Movie Mush for the small sum of 10 cents.

Traveling Men hated to Sunday in the Town, and the Working Classes were very Sober and Unhappy.

When the buzzing Benefactor flopped Demon Rum to the sward, with both Shoulders down, and then sat on him, Sister Crusinberry and Sister Hackleforth and Sister Frothingham all gave him the Chau-



He would look in four directions and try to think of some new way of jacking up old Sleepy Hollow



When the buzzing Benefactor flopped Demon Rum to the Sward, with both Shoulders down, and then sat on him, Sister Crusinberry and Sister Hackleforth and Sister Frothingham all gave him the Chautauqua Salute and said that wasn't he a Nice Man



Mr. Foster carried an Approving Conscience, but he certainly crabbbed his Rating with Sister Crusinberry and Sister Hackleforth and Sister Frothingham

tauqua Salute and said that wasn't he a Nice Man.

He was Aces and Eights with the female Vigilantes until he braved Public Opinion and gave a Position in his Office to a comely Grass Widow whose Goings-On had caused more or less Whispering through the Megaphone.

Mr. Foster took the Advanced Stand that a Single Married Woman had to keep on paying her Board even if she had played Tag with one or two of the minor Commandments.

But the leafy Avenues of Nubbinville sheltered many Ladies who never had Sinned or been Urged.

Their idea of keeping the Town free from Scandal was to condemn all Joy-Riders to Boiling Oil.

An Actor getting \$150 a Week and made up around the Eyes can help an Unfortunate who has stubbed her Toe and get away with it.

But a good many things that look Reasonable on the Stage cannot be put across in a Real Estate Office.

Mr. Foster was Humane, and hated to see a Blonde starve to Death.

She was more of a Blonde than a Typist, but she would spell a Word right every once in a While, and she was Grateful.

Mr. Foster carried an Approving Conscience, but he certainly crabbed his Rating with Sister Crusinberry and Sister Hackleforth and Sister Frothingham.

They had nothing on him; but in any Town where the Volunteer Detectives are well organized, a lack of Evidence never yet headed off Free Discussion.

They could not get his Number, so instead of giving him a Clean Bill, they decided that he was a Fox.

Just while all the pious Maudes and Myrtles were taking a Hack at him, he broke out in a new place and got on the trail of the Gamblers.

Up certain dim stairways were so-called Clubs.

Each of these Social Organizations consisted principally of an Ice-Box and a Kitty.

Many Citizens who had been entirely surrounded by purifying influences for Years seemed to prefer these Joins to Prayer Meetings and Lectures.

They sat in several Nights a week.

The Marks were all trying to catch Even, and the Sharks were all trying to get More.

Mr. Foster learned that several of his Neighbors, who played Hope against Experience, were feeding in the Coin that their poor Wives needed for High Shoes and Mesh Bags.

Once more he took down the Big Stick and went after Satan.

Some of our Fellow Beings who have really useful Moments and many Attributes to differentiate them from the Brute Creation still have the Idea firmly set in their Cokes that running a Whizzer or whooping before the Draw is legitimate Pastime and Nobody's Business, except the Ike that gets hooked.

When Mr. Foster ordered them to close up their little Side Rooms and take down the Curtains and spend their Evenings with the Children, they told him to loosen his Throat Latch and go and take a long, breezy Gallop for himself.

Never yet had Saint George lain down to a Dragon.

The fact that Prominent Merchants were playing them close every Night, with most of their Clothes off and their Galluses down, did not flutter the scales of Justice or cut any Lemons with Mr. Foster.

When a real Progressive gets into a delirium of Housecleaning, he would send his own Brother-in-Law to the Electric Chair.

The Nonpareil Pleasure Club, where the Deuces run wild and the extra Joker helps to complicate Guess Work, was right in the Shank of a delightful Evening when the Big Bomb fell in the Trench.

The District Manager of a Life Insurance Company was about to tilt Mr. Purvis, the Hardware Man (the one who organized the Boy Scouts), when in stepped the professional Nemesis and a regiment of Cops.

The Members were fussed beyond Expression.

A good many of them seemed to think that if you own Stock in a National Bank you can't be Pinched.

When you take a Man of Family who has Credit at all the Shops and some Drag in Society and give him a Step-Along into the Blue Wagon, you are simply advertising for Trouble.



The District Manager of a Life Insurance Company was about to tilt Mr. Purvis, the Hardware Man (the one who organized the Boy Scouts), when in stepped the professional Nemesis and a Regiment of Cops

What cared Fearless Foster?

Every time he heard the Bugle sound and saw a dangerous Task ahead, he began to heave under the Vest and his Temperature went to 100.

Little Knots of Men stood about and discussed the Outrage.

If a Trusty Leader had offered himself, it would have been a Case of Away to the Blasted Oak and a limp Form dangling in the Moonlight.

The Moral Element stood by the Busy little Reformer, except those whose Relatives were pulled.

If you will visit the nifty burg of Nubbinville, you will find the Y. M. C. A. established in a sumptuous Home and a modern Hospital in one of the quiet Suburbs.

Mr. Foster always maintained that a Resident should not be compelled to go away from home to get Salvation or have his Appendix removed, so he maced the Misers and made them Dig.

Did the Promoter enhance his personal Popularity by shaking down the Skin-flints?

Oh, possibly not.

When he started up Street with a Subscription Blank, he was just as popular as Spinal Meningitis.

It seems inevitable that a spotless Benefactor starting out to dis-infect the Universe must butt into Politics sooner or later.

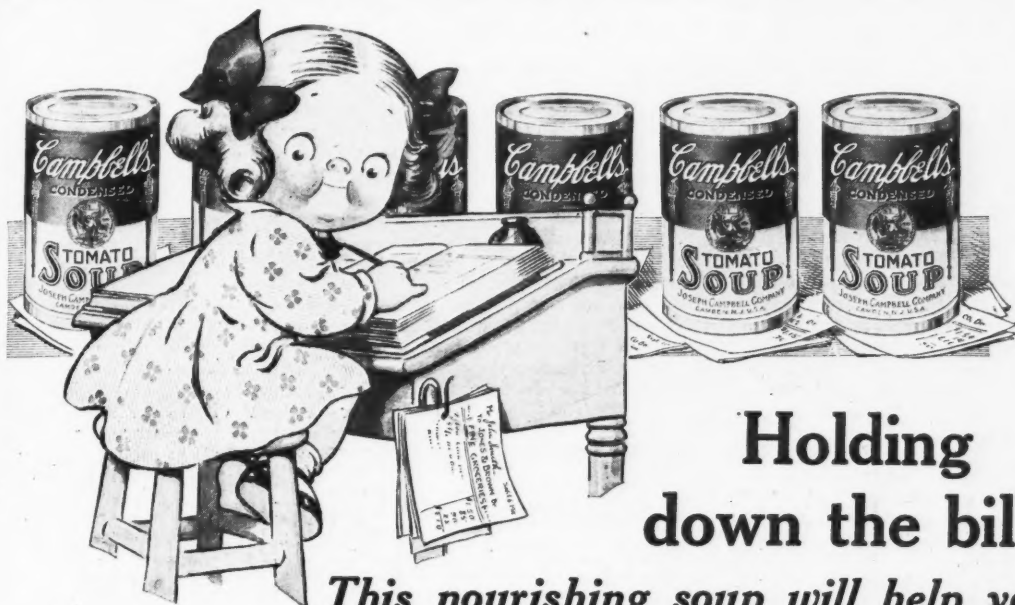
Mr. Foster was given to panting deeply because the Plain People were being thimble-rigged and hornswag-gled and short-changed by the beetle-browed Bosses and their hungry Hirelings.

If Mr. Foster had

(Continued on page 124)



When the Returns were all in, the man who had converted Nubbinville from a Mud Puddle to a Beauty Spot looked at the Figures and decided that he had been running on the Prohibition Ticket



Holding down the bills

This nourishing soup will help you

Economy is a different thing from cheapness. Anybody can buy cheap things. Or any one can buy expensive things if he pays the price. But getting high value at a low price, using the best where it *pays* best, keeping the standard of living up while you keep the cost down—that is *real* economy.

That is the practical economy you find in using

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is high food-value. The contents of every can give you twice the volume of rich wholesome soup. This is pure nourishment. No waste material. Nothing lost nor thrown away.

The *quality* of ingredients is choice. Here is where quality is economy. The soup is easily digested, completely assimilated. The system gets the benefit of every spoonful you eat.

You save the time and energy consumed in marketing, in preparing and cooking materials, and in needless dish-washing afterward.

You save fuel. The soup comes to you already cooked. Three minutes' fire makes it ready to serve.

Did you ever figure how much of your cooking-cost goes into your fuel bill?

By using this delightfully flavored soup as a sauce you often save some perfectly good "left-over" and transform it into an inviting and satisfying dish. An economy well worth counting.

A good soup eaten every day, as the very latest word of science declares, is almost indispensable to the best physical condition.

The regular use of this high-grade Campbell's Soup has a direct influence on health and consequently on doctors bills, working capacity, and *earning power*—the most important consideration of all.

Isn't it wise economy to keep a supply on hand?

21 kinds

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

His Unconquerable Soul

(Continued from page 57)

Neuermann ordered the house-lights down again and the footlights up.

"Here, Grace," he said, to Miss Derring, who stood, in the shirt-waist and short skirt of the part, looking very girlish and utterly dazed, "you take the author's call."

She shook her head.

"You take it," she replied. "I couldn't say a word—not if it was for my life!"

"Me take it?" He was mimicking her from sheer nervousness. "Me take it? In these clothes?"

She laughed a little at this, absently. Flowers had come to her—great heaps of them. She snatched up an armful of long-stemmed roses, buried her face in them.

Neuermann waved the curtain up again, took her arm, made her go on. She bowed again, out there, hugging her roses, and once more backed off.

"You say something!" cried the manager.

She ignored this, bent over and looked through the heaps of flowers for a certain card. It was not there. She pouted—not like her rather experienced self but like the girl she was playing—and hugged the roses again. For the twelfth time, the curtain rose. Again she could only bow. Neuermann mopped his forehead, then wrung out his handkerchief.

"Somebody say something!" he cried. "Ardrey could do it!" (Ardrey was the leading man.) "Where's Ardrey?"

"I'll take the call," said a quiet voice at his elbow.

Neuermann gave the newcomer a look of intense relief. Miss Derring caught her breath, reached for a scene-support to steady herself, murmured.

"Why, Peter!"

The curtain slid swiftly up. And Peter Ericson Mann, looking really distinguished in his evening clothes, faced the footlights and the indistinct

sea of faces, and, unsmiling, waited for the uproar that greeted him to die down. He waited—it was almost painful—until the house was still.

Up in the gallery, Sue Wilde, leaning forward, her chin propped on her two small fists, said,

"That beats anything I ever—" She ended with a slow smile.

The Worm was studying the erect, dignified figure down there on the stage.

"You've got to hand it to Pete," said he. "He saw it was going to be a knock-out."

"And," said Sue, "he decided, after all, that it was his play. Henry, I'm not sure

that he isn't the most irritating man on earth."

"He's that, all right, Sue child; but I'm not sure that he isn't a genius."

"I suppose they are like that," said Sue, thoughtful.

Peter began speaking. His voice was well placed. You could hear every syllable. And he looked straight up at Sue. She noted this.

"This is an unfashionable play" (thus Peter). "If you like it, I am, of course, deeply pleased. I did not write it to please you. It is a preachment. For some years I have quietly observed the modern young woman, the more or less self-supporting bachelor girl, the girl who places her

basheff. She asserts her right, as she says, to give love, not to sell it in what she terms the 'property-marriage.' She speaks casually of 'the free relation' in love. She will not use the phrase, 'free love,' but that, of course, is what she means.

"No nation can become better than the quality of its womanhood, of its motherhood. No nation without an ideal, a standard of nobility, can endure. We have come upon the days, these devastating days of war, when each nation is put to the test. Each nation must now exhibit its quality or die. This quality, in the last analysis, is capacity for sacrifice. It is endurance and self-abnegation in the interest of all. It is surrender—the

surrender to principle, order, duty, without which there can be no victory. The woman, like the man, who will not live for her country may yet be forced to die for her country.

"The educated young woman of to-day, the bachelor girl, the 'modern' girl, will speak loudly of her right to vote, her right to express herself—that is her great phrase, 'self expression'—her intellectual superiority to marriage and motherhood. She will insist on what she calls freedom. For that, she will even become militant. These phrases, and the not very pleasant life they cover, mean sterility; they mean anarchism; they mean disorganization, and perhaps death. They are the doctrine of the truffer, the woman who turns from duty to a passionate pursuit of enjoyment. They are eating, those phrases, like foul bacteria, at the once sound heart of our national life.

"So you see, in presenting this little picture of a girl who thought freedom—for herself—was everything, and of the havoc she wrought in one perhaps representative home, I have not been trying to enter-

tain you. I have been preaching at you. If, inadvertently, I have entertained you as well, so much the better. For then my little sermon will have a wider audience."

And deliberately he walked off stage. On the stairs, moving slowly down from the gallery, Sue and the Worm looked at each other.

"I'm rather bewildered," said she.

"Yes; nobody knew the play was about all that. But they believe him. Hear them yelling in there. He has put it over. Pete is a serious artist now. He admits it."

"There was rather a personal animus in the speech—didn't you think so?"

A Tremendous New Novel By John Galsworthy

"Beyond"

will begin in November Cosmopolitan.

John Galsworthy wrote "Justice," the dramatic sensation of New York's winter dramatic season.

John Galsworthy wrote "The Dark Flower," the novel that, in style, imagery, and power, amazed two continents.

If the word were not so cheapened by unworthy use that its employment would demean a supreme art, one would call Galsworthy the most powerful "realist."

In this novel, he sees life—veritably. Men and women move on to definite and logical ends. They pay Destiny to the last usurious pence.

Galsworthy is Greek. In his philosophy there is no escaping the consequences any more than there can be a repeal of the circles which widen away from a stone thrown into water.

But there is logic, too, in the bright things of life, and **Beyond** is deliciously rifted with humor.

It is filled with charming delineations, portrayed with miniature artistry.

One encounters episodes in the story which make the reader feel that he is before a magnificent composition into which a master composer has thrown all the resources of his genius—one situation literally crashes with all the chords of passion; another is a lilt of gossamer melody.

Begin reading it in November Cosmopolitan

independence, her capricious freedom, her 'rights' above all those functions and duties to others on which Woman's traditional quality, her finest quality, must rest. She is not interested in marriage, this bachelor girl, because she will surrender no item in her program of self-indulgence. She is not interested in motherhood, because that implies self-abnegation. She talks economic independence while profiting by her sex-attraction. She uses men by disturbing them, confusing them, and thus shrewdly makes her own way. She plays with life, producing nothing. She builds no home; she rears no young. She talks glibly the selfish philosophy of Nietzsche, of Artzi-

The Student-Age

Calls for fitness of body and brain to absorb knowledge as the ground work of a successful career—

And later, an abundance of vibrating health-energy is needed all along through life.

A most important fundamental is proper food.

Many years ago an expert produced a food of delightful flavor and great energizing value, but requiring a minimum of digestive effort.



That Food is

Grape=Nuts

Made from choice whole wheat and malted barley, this famous food retains the vital mineral elements of the grain, so essential for balanced nourishment, but lacking in many cereal foods.

From every standpoint—good flavor, rich nourishment, easy digestion, convenience, economy—health from childhood to old age—

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—at Grocers everywhere



How They Love on the Mexican Border

Sweetly she smiled into the eyes of both, kisses she took from both—the ruddy American and the dark-skinned Mexican. And in the strong arms of the man from the North, was it any wonder that for the moment she forgot that Pedro would soon be there? Her punishment? Men of the North laugh coldly and pass on, but the Southern brother below the Rio Grande loves, as he hates, with a singleness that knows no mercy. On this erring woman, going so gayly to her fate, O. Henry could look with excuse and pity, as he did on the weaknesses of women always, everywhere, for he knew their small shoulders bear burdens that would break the backs of men.

O. HENRY 12 Volumes—274 Stories

It is work like this that has caused the world to place O. Henry first in American letters—a classic already—peer of Dickens and Balzac, Hugo and Maupassant, Kipling and Thackeray. It is work like this that made the first 1000 pay \$125 for O. Henry's works that you get here for one-eighth that price. It is work like this that made 120,000 people send this coupon. It is work like this that makes our colleges study him, our people build him monuments, our theatres vie for the right to play his stories on the stage. It is work like this that should make you cut this coupon right out, today, and send it before the offer closes.

Kipling FREE 6 Volumes—179 Stories

Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get the O. Henry—the 12 volumes—274 stories—for less than the original buyers paid for one volume, but you get six volumes of Kipling—the best he ever wrote—absolutely free. Even if you have some of Kipling, you need these, because these are the ones that placed Kipling high beyond the reach of any writer living to-day. These are the stories and poems that looked into the heart of the English people and turned them bare for the world to see. Send the coupon for all these free.

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of Reviews
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Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6-volume set of Kipling, bound in cloth. If I keep the books I will remit \$1 per month for 15 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Don't Send Any Money

The coupon brings the 12 volumes of O. Henry and the 6 volumes of Kipling FREE. If both are not better than anything we can say of them, send them back at our expense. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them.

Send the Coupon Today

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REVIEWS CO.,

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New York

The beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding, charge payments to \$1.50 a month for 15 months.

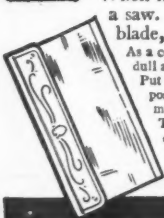
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When magnified, the cutting edge of a razor blade looks like a saw. After shaving, no matter how well you wipe the blade, moisture still clings between the microscopic teeth. As a consequence, very tiny particles of rust form and the blade becomes dull and "pulls".

Put 3-in-One on your blade before and after shaving. Then rust can't possibly form. A little 3-in-One on your strap keeps it soft and makes the razor "cling" when stropping.

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"Oh, yes. He was talking straight at you. Back last spring, I gathered that he was writing the play at you—his original version of it."

From one landing to another, Sue was silent. Then she said:

"I never knew such a contradictory man. Why, he wrote the 'Nature' film! And that is all for freedom."

The Worm smiled.

"Pete never had an idea in his life. He soaks up atmospheres and then, because he is a playwright and a good one, he turns them into plays. He sees nothing but effects. Pete can't think! And then, of course, he sees the main chance. He never misses that. Why, that speech was pure genius! Gives 'em a chance to believe that the stuff they love, because it's amusing and makes 'em blubber, is really serious and important. Once you can make 'em believe that, you're made."

"But, Henry, they'll see through him."

"Not for a minute!"

"But—but"—she was laughing a little—"it's outrageous. Here are two successes—right here on Broadway—both by Peter—each a preachment, and each flatly contradicting the other. Do you mean to say that somebody won't point it out?"

"What if somebody does? Who'd care? The public can't think, either, you see. They're like Pete—all they can see is effects and, of course, the main chance."

They wandered into the crowded lobby. Friends were there from Greenwich Village. There was a high buzz of excitement.

Peter himself appeared, wearing his high hat, flushed, his eyes blazing but unsmiling. He held a folded envelop against his shirt-front.

Acquaintances caught at him as he passed. One critic publicly congratulated him. It was an ovation; or it would have been had he responded. But he saw, out near the entrance, through the crowd, the face of Sue Wilde. He pressed through to her side.

"Sue," he murmured, in her ear, "I want to see you? How about to-morrow? Lunch with me perhaps? I've written something—" His excited eyes wandered down to the paper in his hand.

Sue, smiling a little, suddenly rather excited herself, pulled at the Worm's elbow. That young man turned.

"It seems to be across, Pete," he said casually.

Peter glared at him. But the words he might have uttered, by way of putting this too casual old friend in his place remained unsaid. For Sue, demure of everything excepting eyes, remarked:

"My husband, Peter. We were married to-day."

The playwright dropped, in one instant, from the pinnacle of fame, money, power, on which, for nearly two hours, he had been exultingly poised.

"Married—to-day!" He repeated the words in a flat voice.

She nodded.

"You must congratulate us, Peter. We're dreadfully happy."

Peter seemed unable, however, to say anything more. He continued to stare. The beginnings of a low laugh of sheer delight bubbled upward within Sue's radiant being. Peter heard it, or felt it. Suddenly he bolted—out through the crowd to the sidewalk. He brushed aside

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A Fascinating New Wonder of Music

ERNEST SCHELLING *the concert pianist in an interview expresses his high appreciation of*

THE DUO-ART PIANOLA



▽ ▽ ▽ ▽

ERNEST SCHELLING is a pianist of great talent and distinction — a composer of high attainments. He was the pupil of Paderewski, and is one of the closest friends of the great virtuoso.

When, because of illness, Mr. Paderewski was unable to play at the National Polish Centennial Celebration of the birth of Chopin at Lemberg, he sent Schelling in his stead. Perhaps nothing could indicate more graphically than this incident the truly commanding artistic stature of this eminent American pianist.



WHEN I first played in public I was but a little more than four years old. The affair was sort of 'Tableau Vivant' at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. I was the

little Mozart. The Master of Ceremonies, a huge man, wore a long tailed coat with a big pocket in it. When my turn came to play he stowed me in that pocket, strode out upon the stage and taking me from my snug place of concealment put me down at the piano. The audience was immensely tickled and gave me an enthusiastic welcome."

Mr. Schelling smiled reminiscently. I smiled also. When Mr. Schelling rises from his chair, one's first estimate of his height is six feet six; certain it is that since his debut from a coat pocket he has grown to a commanding position in the world.

* * *

"Beginning with that early appearance, my life has been an almost unbroken round of concert tours, with the exception of the years I devoted to composition. But hardly anything in my entire musical experience has held me with a keener interest than my present work in playing for Duo-Art Records. It is fascinating and stimulating to develop an interpretation, realizing the while that it is to be perpetuated—that it is directed not merely to the present generation, but to posterity. One realizes that at last really great pianistic art, the art which rises to the heights, may achieve immor-

tality—a thing impossible before the advent of the highly perfected reproducing piano.

"And how immensely the field of the pianist's influence has been extended! Through the Duo-Art Pianola, the pianist may reach the civilized world—may literally play to everyone, instead of the few thousands or tens of thousands whom he meets within his audiences of the concert halls. A Shakleton or a Peary may still find himself in touch with the pianistic world of the metropolis. It is remarkable and wonderful, isn't it?"

"Just what do you mean, Mr. Schelling, by reaching people through the Duo-Art? Do you feel that you are actually *playing* to them?"

He was silent a moment. "Sincerely," he answered. "I think the Duo-Art reproduction of an artist's carefully prepared record will present that artist at his best. For example, I consider that my interpretation of the 10th Rhapsodie which we heard a few minutes ago upon the Duo-Art was played as well as I would play it in one of my best moods. That makes my position clear, doesn't it?"

"You believe then," I queried, "that the Duo-Art reproductions retain the artist's personality?"

"Oh yes indeed. Particularly in rhythmical peculiarities, in tempi and in individuality of phrasing, the reproduction is startlingly perfect."

"As you listen to one of your own reproduced interpretations, Mr. Schelling, do you have a feeling of satisfaction? As this note and that is struck, as a run is taken or a crescendo built up, do

you feel a desire to go to the piano and emphasize this note, pedal that run differently, throw more force into the crescendo?—or do these details as they unfold, win your nods of approval?"

"My nods of approval, yes. Of course, no artist ever feels entire satisfaction with regard to his own work, whether original or reproduced; if he does, it is time for him to step aside. I endeavor to remove all minor dissatisfactions during the process of editing. When I am working over my records I actually go to the piano and change emphasis of passages, pedaling and so forth. I am really very happy over these finished Duo-Art reproductions.

"Take my records of the Liszt Sonata—a composition which makes the utmost demands upon interpretative art, which calls forth the last resources of expression. Yet in developing my interpretation of this work of such trying proportions the Duo-Art did not fail me. It gave in generous measure. And its reproduction of the work is practically as personal an interpretation as if I myself were at the piano.

"I am highly enthusiastic about the Duo-Art Pianola. I feel that as soon as the public knows the instrument as we pianists know it, the art of the piano will be made universally available, it will become of interest to the entire public, not merely to a restricted class as now.

"The Duo-Art is a fine piano, a player-piano of extraordinary artistic worth, a wonderful reproducing piano—a composite instrument in fact which provides in the home every phase of pianism."

Having read this interview in print, I find it a correct report of my statements.

Max Schelling



Mr. Schelling takes great interest and pleasure in the Duo-Art reproductions.

THE DUO-ART PIANOLA

TO hear in one's own home the music of the pianoforte, played by the greatest pianists of the day, is a privilege that few have ever enjoyed. But this wonderful privilege may now be yours—through The Duo-Art Pianola. This remarkable new instrument, actuated by the Duo-Art music rolls, which are accurate records of the great artists' playing, reproduces the interpretations by these famous musicians so perfectly

that it is like hearing them play in person.

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the enthusiastic hands that would detain him. He disappeared.

Outside there, the traffic was heavy. Street-cars and motors filled the street from curb to curb. Women and their escorts were passing out of and into the famous restaurant that is next door but one to the Astoria. The sidewalk was crowded as always in the theater-district on a fine September evening.

MacMerry, dramatic critic of the *Standard*, had stepped outside to smoke his cigarette, found himself at the playwright's elbow, and spoke pleasantly to him of the play. He noted at the time, as he explained later at his club, that Mann appeared oblivious. He was very pale, stared straight ahead, and appeared to be drifting with the crowd.

The stage-entrance to the Astoria is not around the corner but is a narrow passage leading back from the street on the farther side of the restaurant. It was at this point, said MacMerry, that Mann came to a stop. He seemed dazed—which was not unnatural, considering the occasion.

As he stood there, a young woman rushed forward. She was of an Italian cast of countenance, not bad-looking, but evidently in a state of extreme excitement. Apparently she had been standing close to the building, watching the crowd. She had a knife in her hand.

This knife, she wielded on the playwright. Three or four separate times she stabbed at his chest, evidently striking for the heart. Trying to seize her hand, Mann received a slight cut on the fingers. MacMerry himself finally caught her forearm, threw her back against the building, and took the knife away from her. By this time, of course, a dense crowd had pressed about them. And Mann, without a word, had slipped into the passage leading to the stage. Certainly, when the policeman got through to the critic's side, Mann was not there.

They talked it over in the lobby. There the Worm, catching an inkling of the catastrophe, took a hand. Learning from MacMerry that the girl was evidently an Italian, he put forth the theory that she had probably mistaken Pete for a man of her own blood. Peter was dark of hair and skin. Considering this, MacMerry recalled that Peter had given no sign of knowing the woman. And he could not recall that she had spoken his name. He and the Worm then talked this over with the newspaper men who came rushing to the scene. The theory found its acceptors. The Worm pointed out that Peter was a man of quiet manners and of considerable dignity. He was never a roisterer. His ideas were serious. It was not likely that the woman had any claim upon him.

Perhaps the strongest influence working in Peter's interest was the fact that he was actually, at the moment, bursting into a big success. Everyone, newspaper workers among the others, was glad to help him along. It was the thing to do. So, by midnight, all had agreed that it was a case of mistaken identity. Peter's luck held.

Meantime, a little drama more real than any Peter had yet been credited with writing was taking place behind the scenes.

Act four was short, and, from curtain to curtain, Miss Derring held the stage. Therefore, she had no knowledge of what was taking place in her dressing-room.



BLIND MILTON DICTATING TO HIS DAUGHTER
From the original by Munkacsy, in New York Public Library



The Vision of the Blind

*"Thousands at his bidding
speed,
And post o'er land and ocean
without rest;
They also serve who only stand
and wait."*

Was the spirit of prophecy upon John Milton when, more than two hundred and fifty years ago, he dictated those words to his daughter?

Did the "blind poet" have a vision of the millions of telephone messages speeding instantly over hundreds and thousands of miles of wire spanning the continent?

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Whether Peter came back with any coherent intention of finding Grace, I cannot say. It is not likely. The most intensely exciting evening of his life had reached its climax in a short scene in which a young woman had stabbed him. Immediately preceding this event, he had encountered the astounding fact that the girl it seemed to him he had always loved more than anyone else in the world was married—married to his old chum!

As he ran through the dark passage from the street to the stage-door, his hand still clutched the paper on which he had written the sonnet that was to touch her heart. You are to remember that this bit of verse had considerable emotional quality and

more than a touch of grace. He had written it on an old envelop, seated in a crowded theater; but, then, Schubert wrote wonderful songs on restaurant menus. It is so that things are done in the world of temperament. I don't believe he knew what he was doing then or later, perhaps until the next morning—if Peter ever knew what he was doing.

The curtain was already up when he slipped sidewise past the door-man, through the vestibule, on to the stage. It was dim and still there. Far away, beyond the great shadowy cluster of canvas-and-wood structures that made up the fourth-act set, he could hear Grace's voice.



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CLARENCE E. HEAD (Master of Shirtcraft), 110 State Street, Rahway, N. J.

Scenes, six-deep, were propped against the wall. Peter had to pick his way between piled-up properties and furniture. Two stage-hands moved aside and let him by. He was conscious of feeling rather weak. His head was a maelstrom of whirling emotions. He was frightened. He couldn't get his breath. It wouldn't do to stay around here—perhaps make a scene and spoil his own play. He had no means of knowing for certain that Maria had not escaped MacMerry and pursued him up the passage. What if she should overpower the door-man—a superannuated actor—and get at him again? Even if she shouldn't, he might faint, or die. It was curiously hard to breathe.

He felt his way past more scenery, more properties. There was a door in the concrete stage wall, leading to dressing-rooms on a corridor, and more dressing-rooms up a twisting iron stairway.

Grace would have the star's room, of course. She wasn't a star yet, but Neuer-mann was featuring her name in all the advertising. That would, naturally, entitle her to the star's room. That would be the end room with the outside light. The door was ajar. It was a large room. Yes; he could see her first-act frock over a chair. And Minna, the maid, who had been with her when—when he and she had been on rather good terms, very good terms—was sitting quietly by the dresser, sewing. Minna was a discreet little person. She had carried notes and things. Still, it was awkward. He would prefer not having Minna see him just now. He was weak. He found it necessary to catch at the iron stair-rail and steady himself. Grace, you had to admit, was a good deal of a girl. It was rather remarkable, considering her hard life, the work, the travel, the—well, the one or two experiences, how fresh she looked, how young, how full of magnetic charm. Why, Grace was twenty-eight if she was a day! But she was putting the play over in great style.

He plunged into the dressing-room.

The maid, Minna, sprang up, dropping her sewing and giving a queer, throaty little shriek. Peter, steadying himself with an effort, softly closed the door, leaned back against it, and frowned.

"Don't scream like that," he said. "They'll hear you clear to Fiftieth Street." The girl had staggered back against the wall.

"Mr. Mann—you frightened me! And—and—"

Her eyes wandered from his white face to his shirt-front. That had been white. It was now spotted red with blood.

"Please, Mr. Mann, will you lie down?"

She hurried to clear a heap of garments off the sofa; then she took his arm and steadied him as he walked across the room.

"You won't let me call a doctor, Mr. Mann?"

"Oh, no! Don't call anybody!"

"But—but—"

"Here, help me with these studs."

"You'd better take your coat off first, sir."

She helped him get it off, unbuttoned his waistcoat, untied his white bow. He had to unbutton the collar himself, holding, all the while, to his folded envelop.

"It's astonishing how weak I am."

"Oh, Mr. Mann, you're bleeding to death!" The girl began weeping.

"I'm not bleeding to death. That's

nonsense! Don't you talk like that to me—keep your head shut! It's nothing at all. I'll be all right. Just a few minutes."

She got the studs out of his shirt, and opened it. Beneath, his singlet was dripping red. She drew in a spasmodic long breath, with a whistling sound.

"Now, don't you go and faint," said he. "I tell you it's nothing—nothing at all." She was crying now. "Quit your blubbering! Quit it! Here"—he reached painfully into his pocket, produced a bank-note—"run over to the drug store—there's one just across, on the corner—and get some things—bandages, cotton, something to wash it off with. And hurry! I've got to be out of here in ten minutes."

"You won't let me call a doctor, Mr. Mann?"

"Call nothing! You do as I tell you."

She took the money and slipped out, carefully closing the door after her.

Peter, flat on the sofa, peered about him. He wished the room were less brightly lighted. And it was disagreeably full of flowers. The air was heavy with the scent of them—like a funeral. Doubtless it would have been the decent thing for him to have sent Grace a few roses—if only for old-times' sake. The window-shade was swaying in the soft September breeze. What if Maria should be out there, peeping in? The sweat burst out on his forehead. Had they held her?

His gaze drooped to the painful spectacle of his own person. He was a sight. There was blood all over his hands now, and on his clothes. The paper he gripped was stained with it. It had got on the sofa. It was on the floor.

What if Grace should come in? What could he say? Could he say anything? His mind darted about this way and that, like a rat in a trap. This was awful! Where was that girl? Why, in heaven's name, didn't she come back? It seemed to him that hours were passing. He observed that the blood came faster when he moved, and he lay very still—hours—hours—hours. There were sounds outside. Some one ran up the iron stairs. Then some one else. People were speaking. The act—the play—was over.

He raised himself on his elbow. There was another step in the corridor, a step he knew. He let himself slowly down.

The door swung open. Grace, tired, with a far-away look in her eyes, was coming slowly in. Then she fairly sprang in and closed the door sharply. She was across the room before he could collect his thoughts, and on her knees, her arms about him.

"Peter!"

"Look out, Grace! You'll get all covered with this stuff."

Her eyes, wide, horror-struck, were fastened on his.

"Peter—how awful! What is it?"

Her solicitude was unexpectedly soothing. He even smiled faintly.

"I don't know, Grace dear. Something happened—out in the street. A fight, I think. I was walking by. Then I was stabbed."

"Oh—oh!" she moaned.

"Isn't it silly?"

"I'll have Neuer-mann get Doctor Brimmer."

"No—please—"

But she rushed out. In a moment she was back, with an armful of parcels.



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scratched
yet!"*

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"Poor Minna!"

"I sent her to the drug store."

"Yes; she fainted. She was bringing these things. They've carried her into Miss Dunson's room." She opened the parcels.

He watched her. He had forgotten that she was so pretty, that she had so much personality. The turbulence in his heart seemed all at once to be dying down. A little glow was setting up there now. The little glow was growing. There was, after all, a great deal between him and Grace. He had treated her shabbily, of course. He hadn't known how to avoid that. She was a dear to be so sweet about it—a fine girl, Grace!

She came to him again, opened his singlet, and examined the wounds.

"I don't think they're very deep," said she. "What a strange experience!"

"They're nothing," said he.

"Perhaps I'd better not do anything until the doctor comes."

"Of course not," said he.

She was bending close over him. A loose strand of her fine hair brushed his cheek. A new fever was at work within him. He kissed her hair. She heard the sound, but said nothing; she was washing away the blood with the antiseptic solution Minna had got. He caught one glimpse of her eyes; they were wet with tears. Suddenly he knew that the sonnet on the envelope was burning in his hand. He raised it.

"Careful, dear!" she murmured.

"Don't move."

"We've quarreled, Grace—"

"Yes, I know."

"I haven't been—decent, even—"

She was silent.

"But when I saw you to-night"—he unfolded the envelop—"I wrote this to-night, up in the gallery—"

Slowly, in a low voice that trembled with passion, he read it to her. And he saw the tears crowd out and slowly fall. He had his effect.

"Grace dear—"

"Yes, Peter."

"I'm tired of being alone—tired."

"I know."

"Why shouldn't we try the real thing—go all the way—"

"You mean—marriage, Peter?"

"I mean marriage, Grace."

Kneeling there beside him, she considered this. Finally she lifted her eyes to his. "I'm willing, Peter," she said. "It is what I have wanted."

The doctor came then, bandaged him, and advised quiet for a few days, preferably in a hospital. When he had gone, she cried, with a half-smile.

"You're not going to his old hospital, Peter! You're coming home with me."

He lay there in a beatific dream, while she changed to her street clothes.

They were ready to go. She had ordered an ambulance, and they were waiting. There was a knock.

"Come in," she called.

The door opened. First to appear was a breezy young man who could not possibly have been other than a press-agent—a very happy press-agent. Next following was a policeman. Following were half a dozen newspaper men.

"Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Mann," said the press-agent, "but they're holding the woman, and the officer wants to know if you're going to prefer charges."

"I'm not going to prefer charges against anybody," said Peter, with quiet dignity. And then added, "What woman?"

The policeman looked straight at him.

"The young woman that stabbed you," he said. Peter made a weak gesture. His dignity was impenetrable.

"I really don't know yet what it was," he said. "It happened so quickly."

The press-agent gave the officer a tri-

Sue and her new husband rode down to Washington Square on the 'bus, and wandered over into Greenwich Village. It was midnight. There were few signs of life along the twisted streets and about the little triangular parks. But Jim's was open. Jim's was a basement oyster-and-chop emporium of ancient fame.

They had Welsh rabbits and coffee. The Worm lighted his caked old brier pipe.

"Been thinking over Pete's speech, Susan," said he.

"Of course. So have I."

"As I recall it, the gist of it—Pete uses the word 'truffer' to mean a young woman who turns from duty to the pursuit of enjoyment. Those were pretty nearly his words, weren't they?"

"Almost exactly."

"The truffer, according to Pete, builds no home, rears no young, produces nothing. She goes in for self-expression instead of self-abnegation. She is out for herself, hunting the truffles, the delicate bits, play-

ing with love and with life. That's about it?"

"Just about, Henry."

"Well, in applying it only to women, Pete was arbitrary. For he was not defining a feminine quality—he was defining a human quality, surely more commonly found among members of his own sex. No, no; Pete has done a funny thing, a very funny thing. The exasperating part of it is that he will never know. Do you get me?"

"Not exactly."

"Why—Pete's the original George W. Dogberry. He has described himself. That little analysis is a picture of his own life these past years. Could anything illustrate it more perfectly than the way he stole that play to-night? Self-interest? Self-expression? That's Pete. Hunting the delicate bits." He checked

himself; he had not told Sue about Maria Tonifetti. He didn't suppose to tell her. "When has he built a home? When has he reared any young? When has he failed to assert his Nietzschean ego? When has he failed to yield to the Freudian wish? Who, I wonder, has free-loved more widely. Why, not Hy Lowe himself. And poor Hy is a chastened soul now. No; you are not the truffer—not you! No; the truffer is Peter Ericson Mann!"

They wandered home at one o'clock—home to the dingy little apartment on Tenth Street that had been her rooms and, later, his rooms. It was their rooms now. And the old quarters were not dingy or bare or wanting in outlook, to the two young persons who let themselves in and stood silently, breathlessly there, she pressing close to his side; they were a golden palace, brushed by wings of light.

"Henry," she whispered, "Henry, I want us to build a home, to—produce—"

With awe and a prayer in his heart, he kissed her.

A New Series of Short Stories

By Samuel Merwin

The Love-Affairs of Henry the Ninth,

Each story chronicling an Episode of
the Romances of a Very Young Man,

will begin in November Cosmopolitan.

Mr. Merwin charmed readers of Cosmopolitan with the adventures of the Trufflers, and the humor and zest of the new stories will gain for him an added place in their affections.

Each Story Complete

The first one will be titled

Call It a Day.

In November Cosmopolitan

umphant look, as if to say, "There, you see!"

"Do you think you could identify her?" This from the officer.

"No," said Peter; "I'm afraid I couldn't."

They went away then. The reporters hung eagerly on the sill, but the press-agent hustled them out. Grace, subdued, thinking hard, took her hat from the wall rack. A woman had stabbed him. Grace knew, none better, that her Peter was an extremely subtle and plausible young man.

But she had wanted him. She had got him. And she let it go at that. In the ambulance, all the way to her rooms, her arm was under his head, her smile was instant when his roving gaze sought her face. It seemed to her that he was grateful, that he wanted her there. This was something. And the poor boy was suffering!

Once he spoke. He was very weak. She had to bend close to hear him.

"What is it, dear?"

"That press-agent—I should have talked with him—something very important."

THE MAN WHO SUCCEEDED WHERE HERBERT SPENCER FAILED

SEVENTY-THREE years ago, in Derby, England, lived a young man who had a new ideal in watch-making. Day after day he sat bended over his work table, deep in study, with innumerable sketches before him, seeking to make his dream come true.

He was Herbert Spencer, then an inventor, later one of the world's greatest utilitarian philosophers. His idea, to quote from his autobiography, was "a re-arrangement of the works with a view to greater flatness."

Although his principle—that a practical thin watch could be accomplished only through a re-arrangement of the works—was correct, Herbert Spencer failed. "My model," he writes, "proved to have no superiority; indeed it was a bad one."

Another Man's Ideal

In Cincinnati, Ohio, thirty-three years later, another man conceived the same idea. Like Spencer, he saw that *all* watches were not only too large, but too *thick*.

This man was Dietrich Gruen, a Swiss, a young watch manufacturer who had learned his trade under one Martens of Freiburg, Germany, among the most renowned horologists of his time.

He had founded his business in America with the ideal of producing a watch of exceptional merit. For its production his thoughts turned naturally to Switzerland, where from time out of mind the finest watches have been produced. He knew that for accuracy and other attributes of a satisfactory watch, there was no equal to the careful hand-finishing of the skilled Swiss craftsman, with his generations of inherited cunning.

So it was to Switzerland that Dietrich Gruen turned for workmen who could produce a watch of superior value. There he gathered together a group of the finest craftsmen and established his first factory for producing watch movements, importing these and fitting them to their cases in America.

The smallest watch made was what is known as the "18" size. But Dietrich Gruen planned and experimented until he produced the watch known as the "16" size—for many years the popular size watch and the size made today by all manufacturers for railroad use. But even this did not satisfy the ideals of Dietrich Gruen. He saw that the American public wanted a timepiece still smaller and thinner. So he began a series of experiments toward that end—experiments which were to be crowned with success only after a long term of years. He saw immediately that no cutting down of existing movements would do, but that a radical change would be necessary to produce the watch of which he dreamed. He started then from the bottom, striving to find

a new arrangement of movement parts, which, without weakening any individual wheel or pinion, would *build up* a watch of exceeding thinness.

Then Came Success!

In 1892 his son Fred, who had been studying horology both in America and Switzerland, was pronounced a finished watch-maker by his masters, and he now took up the problem in collaboration with his father.

In 1896 they succeeded partially, but it was not until 1902 (while Herbert Spencer still lived, it is gratifying to state) that Dietrich Gruen's thin model was brought to the high standard of accuracy and durability which the name Gruen Verithin stands for.

It was an invention of Fred, who today personally

supervises the manufacture of Gruen Watches, that made complete success possible. What this invention is, and what it does, is shown by the wheel train illustration below. In the old way the wheels were one above the other, like steps. In *his* way he took the smallest wheel and reversed it, placing this small wheel on a line with the larger wheel, as shown.

This enabled him to make the Gruen Verithin only *half as thick* as the ordinary watch, without reducing the strength of parts, and thus retaining the highest accuracy and durability.

The most beautiful watch in America

The Gruen Verithin has been called "The Most Beautiful Watch in America."

To appreciate the exquisite charm of the Gruen Verithin, one must see it. Those who should like to do so will find among the best jewelers in every locality one or two who are proud to endorse Dietrich Gruen's masterpiece.

Gruen Verithin Adjusted Models, which are guaranteed to come within railroad time requirements, are priced at \$25 to \$60.

Gruen Verithin Precision Models, which are guaranteed to come within observatory time requirements, recognized by authorities to be the highest time-keeping perfection obtainable, are priced at \$50 to \$250. The Dietrich Gruen, the world's finest pocket timepiece, \$265 to \$650.

Write for

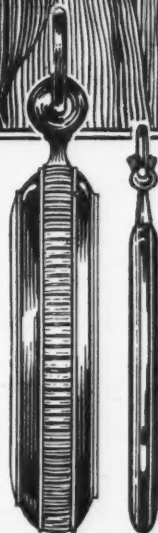
"One Word from a Woman's Lips"

—a booklet on watches and watch-making everyone should read before buying a timepiece. Address, The Gruen Watch Manufacturing Co., 33 Gov Sq., Cincinnati, O. Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Factories: Cincinnati, O., and Madre-Biel, Switzerland. Canadian Branch: Toronto.

Herbert Spencer, Philosopher



DIETRICH GRUEN HOROLOGIST

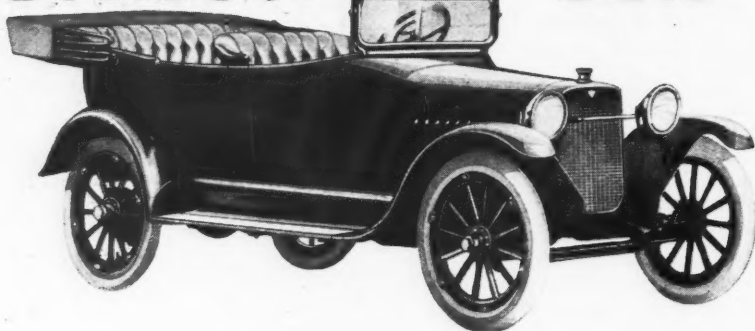


The Watch of Herbert Spencer's time.

The Gruen Verithin



SAXON "SIX"



—at less than \$1000 where is
the car comparable to Saxon "Six"?

Answer that question for yourself.

Note the various cars that sell for a price near that of Saxon "Six."

Recall that but a brief twelve months past all these cars claimed equality with Saxon "Six."

Recall how divided was the public mind as to their relative merit.

And see how changed the situation is today. Now that facts have cleared the air of phrases.

See how settled the public mind is upon the superiority of one car.

And that car is Saxon "Six."

SAXON STRENGTH, SAXON ECONOMY, SAXON SERVICE. These have been impressed indelibly upon the minds of motor car buyers. Not by adjectives. But by actions. By incomparable performance.

Only recently 206 Saxon "Sixes" traveled 61,800 miles without stopping. Each car covered 300 miles. Their drivers were not trained pilots but Saxon dealers.

The winner averaged 34½ miles per gallon of gasoline. The grand

average for the 206 Saxon "Sixes" was 23.5 miles per gallon.

This result is remarkable in itself. But it becomes even more noteworthy when you consider that these were not cars "tuned to the minute" for a gasoline test on a measured gallon of gas.

They were standard Saxon "Sixes." Just such cars as you see on the street daily.

Nor was the test conducted over a specially selected piece of roadway, all conditions ideal.

Only one-quarter of the total mileage was over city streets. The remainder—46,350 miles—led through mud and deep sand, through rocky canyons, over hills and mountains and average country roads.

However, this average of 23.5 miles per gallon of gasoline is not the only significant fact established by this 61,800 mile run.

For there is the fact that not a single one of these 206 motors stopped running once.

There is the fact that no mechanical trouble occurred.

There is the fact of the extraordinary stability and strength of Saxon "Six" that this run establishes.

A few weeks ago 38 Saxon "Sixes" raced in relays from New York to 'Frisco in 6 days, 18 hours and 10 minutes.

This sets a record in automobile time for a coast to coast dash.

In this case, as in the other, the cars were standard stock model Saxon "Sixes." And they had—*not professionals*—but Saxon dealers at their wheels.

It is enlightening to note that not a single mechanical fault developed to delay the progress of this thrilling trans-continental trip.

Yet, after all, the real lesson to be drawn from this does not concern itself with the time, nor with the speed, nor with the length of the trip, but with the fact that these Saxon "Sixes" *did no more* than *your* Saxon "Six" can do.

In the salesrooms of over 2,000 Saxon dealers throughout the country you will find Saxon "Sixes" identical in every detail with these cars that averaged 23.5 miles per gallon of gasoline during 300 miles of non-stop running—that sped from New York to 'Frisco in 6 days, 18 hours and 10 minutes. We urge you to see them at once.

Note these Saxon features:—light weight, high-speed, six-cylinder motor of Saxon design manufactured to Saxon specifications by the Continental Motor Company; Timken axles; Timken bearings throughout chassis; Rayfield carburetor; two unit starting and lighting system by Wagner; all vanadium springs, Saxon cantilever type; dry plate clutch; silent helical bevel drive gear; roomy body handsomely finished; demountable rims, one-man top, quick acting curtains, and every other detail making for complete equipment.

Saxon "Six" is \$815 f. o. b. Detroit

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT



Examine your skin closely tonight!

Whatever is keeping you from having the charm of "a skin you love to touch"—it can be changed.

TOO often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases, and—congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

If we never came under any closer inspection than we do in our own mirrors, this method would be well and good.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. Really study it! Find out just the condition it is in.

Whatever the trouble is, you can make your skin what you would love to have it. Like the rest of your body, your skin is continually and rapidly changing. As old skin dies, new forms. This is your opportunity.

Make a daily habit of the Woodbury treatment given here. It will free your skin every day of the tiny old dead particles and keep the new skin so active that it gradually takes on the clearness, freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Use this treatment once a day

—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then—finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

You will feel the difference the first time you use this treatment. Use it persistently and in ten days or two weeks your skin should

show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and slip it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake today.

Write today for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, large enough for a week of this treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 531 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 531 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter.





As they are—and might have been —had not Pebecco saved their teeth

Here is a warning to little girls and big—to wives and mothers all. This warning is for *you* and your family.

— THE WARNING —

"Acid-Mouth" is the one worst enemy of good teeth. And Pebecco is the dentifrice whose mission is to fight off "Acid-Mouth."

Knowing These Facts, It Seems Folly Not to Have Good Teeth



NO YOUNG GIRL can afford to neglect her teeth. Nor can older girls. None can afford to let "Acid-Mouth" gain headway.

Good teeth are first aids to charm. But teeth that are not sound detract greatly from personal appearance. So do teeth that are less than white.

Wives and mothers owe it to their families to see that all within their household guard properly against tooth-decay—against "Acid-Mouth," its greatest cause. It is more than a mere matter of good looks. It is a question of health.

When teeth are not sound, germs of many kinds can find and lurk within the cavities, and from them multiply all through the system. For instance—"cold" and "grippe" germs—and worse.

To ward off "Acid-Mouth," to prevent tooth-decay, to keep your teeth sound and

white and gleaming, use Pebecco twice daily and visit your dentist twice yearly. That is the sure way.

Then your visits to the dentist can be pleasant. You need not fear his chair. That is something no dentist wishes.

But every dentist does want you to take care of your teeth.

Your good dentist looks on "Acid-Mouth" as a constant menace—a foe to fight all the time—every day. He knows how "Acid-Mouth" works its destructive way *in secret*. How often it is undiscovered until after the damage.

Your dentist knows how surely "Acid-Mouth" can eat into the enamel of your teeth. How certainly the destruction of their soft interior follows. He understands the aches, miseries that ensue.

"Acid-Mouth" is the estimated cause of 95% of all tooth decay. It is thought that nine out of every ten persons have

"Acid-Mouth" before they begin to use Pebecco.

Make your household test for "Acid-Mouth" now—in time. We'll send you the test papers without charge. After that, the goodness of your teeth is in your hands.

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

Test papers enough for a family test to show how many have "Acid-Mouth" and how Pebecco counteracts it. The free sample of Pebecco will show you how a real dentifrice tastes and acts.

Pebecco leaves a fresh, keen refreshing taste. Children and grown-ups soon learn to like it immensely. Its business is to polish your teeth beautifully—to remove unpleasant odor—and to help you keep your own teeth for life.

Pebecco is sold everywhere in *extra-large* size tubes. Write for Free Sample to day. Address: *John & Fink, 112 William St., New York.*

Pebecco is
made by

112 William Street, New York



Manufacturing
Chemists

Canadian Office: Unity Bldg., Montreal

MODERN SKILL *and* ANCIENT WISDOM



ALEXANDER, it was, who sighing for other worlds to conquer, succumbed to the charms of a woman—Roxana, while the Bulbuls sobbed their plaintive notes 'neath the star dust of a blue-black Persian night.

With Tartar Musk, civet, sandal, Ambergris, jasmin and rose, Roxana emphasized her personality. How much simpler her task would have been had she the opportunity to use

Rigaud's Mary Garden Perfume

Rigaud has simplified the task for the woman of today in presenting

Mary Garden Perfume, Toilet Water, Sachet, Talcum and Face Powders, Rouge (Vanity Case), Lip Stick, Massage, Cold and Greaseless Creams, Soap, Breath Tablets and Hair Lotion.



Lilas & Rigaud —the only odor
true to the fresh lilac flower.

RIGAUD
Paris—New York

CHANDLER SIX

Chandler Leads in Service, Style and Price

NEVER before has Chandler leadership been so obvious to so many people as it is now.

At a time when so many cars are "marked up" a hundred dollars or more, the Chandler leads with the same low price established eighteen months ago.

In the midst of a horde of new types and styles of engines, "The Marvelous Motor" leads in certainty of service.

And Chandler leads quite as clearly in beauty of body design, refinement of finish in every detail, and luxury of upholstery.

\$1295 f. o. b. Cleveland still buys the greatest of all medium priced cars, in seven-passenger touring or four-passenger roadster models. Seven-passenger Springfield Convertible Sedan \$1895; four-passenger Convertible Coupe \$1895; Limousine \$2595.

If you do not know your Chandler Dealer, write for Catalog today.

Chandler Motor Car Company, 1810-1840 E. 131st Street, Cleveland, Ohio
New York address, 1884 Broadway Cable address, "Chanmotor"

\$1295



Is Your Car Top Heavy?

Why buy a light weight car burdened with a heavy top?

A low weight center means safer, easier riding. Unnecessary top weight means waste—increased vibration and side sway.

You pay for every additional pound with gasoline, oil, tires and general wear.

At the best the most efficient top material can only be a waterproof layer supported by cloth—the lighter, the better—but strong enough to stand the strain when up, and flexible enough to fold without cracking.

Extra layers of cloth and combiners only add weight, diminish flexibility and increase the possibilities of cracking in folding. Mohair tops absorb pounds of water during a storm and accumulate dust when dry.



SINGLE TEXTURE TOP MATERIAL

is ideal for the modern one-man top. It is made of a single thickness of light, strong cloth coated with a flexible, waterproof compound that sheds water like a duck's back. It can be easily washed, always looks well and because it is chemically inert, will not oxidize nor disintegrate. *Guaranteed one year* against leaking but built to last the life of your car. Any top maker can replace your old dusty or leaky top with Rayntite.



Du Pont Fabrikoid Rayntite will duplicate the remarkable success of Du Pont Fabrikoid Motor Quality—The Standardized Automobile Upholstery—used on 60% of 1916's entire output.

Write for samples and booklets and latest list of cars equipped with this modern top material.

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Works at Newburgh, N. Y.
Canadian Office and Factory, Toronto

The Horn of Fame

(Continued from page 48)

and three or four pianos and a couple o' harps and——"

"Does he keep a music store?"

"No. These harps and pianos and all such are old ones—awful old."

"Oh," said Sam, "he runs a second-hand store!"

"He does not!" Master Bitts returned angrily. "He doesn't do anything. He's just got 'em. He's got forty-one guitars!"

"Yay!" Sam whooped, and jumped up and down. "Listen to Roddy Bitts makin' up lies!"

"You look out, Sam Williams!" said Roddy threateningly. "You look out how you call me names!"

"What name'd I call you?"

"You just the same as said I told lies. That's just as good as callin' me a liar, isn't it?"

"No," said Sam; "but I got a right to, if I want to. Haven't I, Penrod?"

"How?" Roddy demanded hotly. "How you got a right to?"

"Because you can't prove what you said."

"Well," said Roddy, "you'd be just as much of one if you can't prove what I said wasn't true."

"No, sir! You either got to prove it or be a liar. Isn't that so, Penrod?"

"Yes, sir," Penrod ruled; "that's the way it is, Roddy."

"Well, then," said Roddy, "come on over to my uncle Ethelbert's and I'll show you."

"No," said Sam; "I wouldn't walk over there just to find out sumpting I already know isn't so. Outside of a music store, there isn't anybody in the world got forty-one guitars. I've heard lots o' people talk, but I never heard such a big lie!"

"You shut up!" shouted Roddy. "You ole—" Penrod interposed.

"Why'n't you show us the horn, Roddy?" he asked. "You said you could get it. You show us the horn and we'll believe you. If you show us the horn, Sam'll haf to take it back—won't you, Sam?"

"Yes," said Sam, and added: "He hasn't got any. He went and told a——"

Roddy's eyes were bright with rage.

"I haven't!" he cried. "You just wait here, and I'll show you!" And he ran furiously from the stable.

"Bet he won't come back," said Sam.

"Well, he might," Penrod said more hopefully.

"Well, if he does and he hasn't got any horn, I got a right to call him anything I want to, and he's got to stand it. And if he doesn't come back, then I got a right to call him whatever I like next time I ketch him out."

"I expect he'll have some kind of ole horn, maybe," said Penrod.

"No," the skeptical Sam insisted, "he won't."

But Roddy did. Twenty minutes elapsed, and both the waiting boys had decided that they were legally entitled to call him whatever they thought fitting, when he burst in, puffing; and in his hands he bore a horn. It was a "real" one, and of a kind that neither Penrod nor Sam had ever seen before, though they failed to realize this, because its shape was instantly

familiar to them. No horn could have been simpler. It consisted merely of one circular coil of brass with a mouthpiece at one end for the musician, and a wide-flaring mouth of its own, for the noise, at the other. But it was obviously a second-hand horn; dents slightly marred it here and there, and its surface was dull, rather greenish. There were no keys, and a badly faded green cord and tassel hung from the coil. Even so shabby a horn as this electrified Penrod. It was not a stupendous horn, but it was a horn; and when a boy has been sighing for the moon, a piece of green cheese will satisfy him, for he can play that it is the moon.

"Gimme that horn!" Penrod shouted, as he dashed for it.

"Yay!" Sam cried, and sought to wrest it from him. Roddy joined in the scuffle, trying to retain the horn, but Penrod managed to secure it. With one free hand he fended the others off while he blew into the mouthpiece.

"Let me have it!" Sam urged. "You can't do anything with it. Lemme take it, Penrod!"

"No!" said Roddy. "Let me! My goodness! Ain't I got any right to blow my own horn?"

They pressed upon Penrod, who frantically fended and frantically blew. At last he remembered to compress his lips and force the air through the compression.

A magnificent snort from the proper end of the horn was his reward. He removed his lips from the mouthpiece and capered in pride.

"Hah!" he cried. "Hear that? I guess I can't play this good ole horn! Oh, no!"

During his capers, Sam captured the horn. But Sam had not made the best of his opportunities as an observer of hands. He thrust the mouthpiece deep into his mouth, and blew until his expression became one of agony.

"No, no!" Penrod exclaimed. "You haven't got the secret of blowin' a horn, Sam. It ain't makin' a sound. You lemme have that good ole horn back, Sam. Haven't you got sense enough to see I know how to play?"

Laying hands upon it, he jerked it away from Sam, who was a little piqued over the failure of his own efforts, especially as Penrod now produced a sonorous blat—quite a long one. Sam became cross.

"My goodness," Roddy Bitts said peevishly, "ain't I ever goin' to get a turn at my own horn? You've had two turns, Penrod, and even Sam——"

Sam's petulance at once directed itself toward Roddy, partly because of the latter's tactless use of the word "even," and the two engaged in controversy, while Penrod was left free to continue the experiments which so enraptured him.

"Your own horn!" Sam sneered. "I bet it isn't yours! Anyway, you can't prove it's yours, and that gives me a right to call you any——"

"You better not! It is, too, mine! It's just the same as mine!"

"No, sir," said Sam; "I bet you got to take it back where you got it, and that's not anything like the same as yours; so I got a perfect right to call you what-ev——"

"I do not haf to take it back where I got it, either!" Roddy cried.

"I bet they told you to bring it back," said Sam tauntingly.

"They didn't, either! There wasn't anybody there."

"Yay! Then you got to get it back before they know it's gone."

"I don't either any such thing! I heard my uncle Ethelbert say Sunday he didn't want it. He said he wished somebody'd take that horn off his hands so's he could buy sumpting else. That's just exactly what he said. I heard him tell my mother. Well, when my own uncle says he wants to give a horn away, and he wishes he could get rid of it, I guess it's just the same as mine, soon as I go and take it, isn't it?"

Sam was shaken, but he had set out to demonstrate those rights of his and did not mean to yield them.

"Yes; you'll have a nice time," he said, "next time your uncle goes to play on that horn and can't find it. No, sir; I got a perfect ri——"

"My uncle don't play on it!" Roddy shrieked. "It's an ole wore-out horn nobody wants, and it's mine, I tell you! I can blow on it, or bust it, or kick it out in the alley and leave it there, if I want to!"

"No, you can't!"

Roddy stamped his foot.

"I can, too!" he shrieked. "You ole durn jackass, I can, too! I can, can, can, can——"

Penrod suddenly stopped his intermittent production of blats, and interposed.

"I know how you can prove it, Roddy," he said, briskly. "There's one way anybody can always prove sumpting belongs to them, so that nobody'd have a right to call them what they wanted to. You can prove it's yours easy!"

"How?"

"Well," said Penrod, "if you give it away."

"What you mean?"

"Well, look here," Penrod began brightly: "You can't give anything away, that doesn't belong to you, can you?"

"No."

"So then," the resourceful boy continued, "f'r instance, if you give this ole horn to me, that'd prove it was yours, and Sam'd haf to say it was, and he wouldn't have any right to——"

"I won't do it," said Roddy sourly. "I don't want to give you that horn. What I want to give you anything at all for?"

Penrod sighed, as if the task of reaching Roddy's mind with reason were too heavy for him.

"Well, if you don't want to prove it, and rather let us have the right to call you anything we want to—well, all right, then," he said.

"You look out what you call me!" Roddy cried, only the more incensed, in spite of the pains Penrod was taking with him. "I don't haf to prove it. It's mine!"

"What kind o' proof is that?" Sam Williams demanded severely. "You got to prove it, and you can't do it!"

Roddy began a reply, but his agitation was so great that what he said had not attained coherency when Penrod again intervened. He had just remembered something important.

SONGS THAT GRIP THE HEART

"You Can't go Wrong with any Feist Song"

"Ireland Must Be Heaven For My Mother Came From There"

IRELAND, so famed in song and story, has a new crown for her brow. "Ireland must be Heaven for My Mother Came From There" is the new and wonderful song—the hit of years—which all lovers of heart-songs must sing. It's a song of three wonderful themes: Angel, Mother and Ireland. It's a ballad with a melody so captivating and lovely you can't let it alone. The whole country is singing "Ireland Must Be Heaven."

"The Sweetest Melody of All"

Want a song that gets to your heart strings and stays there? THIS is that song. What is "the sweetest melody of all"? Rather than "opera grand or big brass band," isn't it the girlish chatter or boyish babble of little darling lisping "Mama" or "Papa"? Right? Then you will love this song. It's easy to sing. Sing it once and you will want to sing it a thousand times. It's a favorite with Emma Carus and other foot-light stars. Get your copy today.

By McCarthy, Johnson and Fischer

REFRAIN

Ireland must be Heaven, for an angel came from there, I never knew a living soul one half as sweet or fair, For her eyes are like the star-light, and the white clouds match her hair, Sure, Ireland must be Heaven, for my mother came from there.

By Clarke and Menace

CHORUS

I love to hear the bugle call, For any tune I'm bound to fall, But to hear a lit-tle ba-by call-ing you pa-pa, That's the sweet-est mel-o-dy of all.

ON SALE TODAY

at all Music and Department Stores, or at any Woolworth, Kresge or McCrory Store.

Other Popular "FEIST" Songs:

"You're A Dangerous Girl"
 "Honolulu Blues"
 "Moonshine Sally"
 "My Old Rose" "Siam"
 "Wake Up, America"
 "M-O-T-H-E-R"
 "I'm Saving Up the Means to Get to New Orleans"
 "Some Girls Do and Some Girls Don't"
 "There's a Garden In Old Italy"

"Not so very far from Zanzibar"
 "Sweet Cider Time When You Were Mine"
 "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You"
 "Michael, On His Motor Cycle"
 "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl"
 "Way Out Yonder in the Golden West"
 "I Know I Got More Than My Share"
 "Civilization" Peace song
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"Oh, I know, Roddy!" he exclaimed. "If you sell it, that'd prove it was yours almost as good as givin' it away. What'll you take for it?"

"I don't want to sell it," said Roddy sulkily.

"Yay! Yay! YAY!" shouted the taunting Sam Williams, whose every word and sound had now become almost unbearable to Master Bitts. Sam was usually so good-natured that the only explanation of his conduct must lie in the fact that Roddy constitutionally got on his nerves. "He knows he can't prove it! He's a goner, and now we can begin callin' him anything we can think of! I choose to call him one first, Penrod. Roddy, you're a——"

"Wait!" shouted Penrod, for he really believed Roddy's claims to be both moral and legal. When an uncle who does not even play upon an old second-hand horn wishes to get rid of that horn, and even complains of having it on his hands, it seems reasonable to consider that the horn becomes the property of a nephew who has gone to the trouble of carrying the undesired thing out of the house.

Penrod determined to deal fairly. The difference between this horn and the one in the music-store window seemed to him just about the difference between two and eighty-five. He drew forth the green bill from his pocket.

"Roddy," he said, "I'll give you two dollars for that horn."

Sam Williams' mouth fell open; he was silenced indeed—but for a moment. The confused and badgered Roddy was incredulous; he had not dreamed that Penrod possessed such a sum.

"Lemme take a look at that money," he said.

If at first there had been in Roddy's mind a little doubt about his present rights of ownership, he had talked himself out of it. Also, his financial supplies for the month were cut off on account of the careless dog. Finally, he thought that the horn was worth about fifty cents.

"I'll do it, Penrod!" he said, with decision. Thereupon Penrod shouted aloud, prancing up and down the carriage-house with the horn. Roddy was happy, too, and mingled his voice with Penrod's.

"Hi! hi! hi!" shouted Roddy Bitts. "I'm goin' to buy me an air-gun down at Fox's hardware store!"

And he departed, galloping.

He returned the following afternoon. School was over, and Penrod and Sam were again in the stable. Penrod was "practicing" upon the horn, with Sam for an unenthusiastic spectator and auditor. Master Bitts' brow was heavy; he looked uneasy.

"Penrod," he began, "I got to——"

Penrod removed the horn briefly from his lips.

"Don't come bangin' around here and interrupt me all the time," he said severely. "I got to practise." And he again pressed the mouthpiece to his lips.

"Look here, Penrod," said Roddy: "I got to have that horn back."

Penrod lowered the horn quickly enough.

"What you talkin' about?" he demanded. "What you want to come bangin' around here for and——"

"I came around here for that horn," Master Bitts returned, and his manner was both dogged and apprehensive, the apprehension being more prevalent when he looked at Sam. "I got to have that horn."

Cosmopolitan for October, 1916

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Sam, who had been sitting in the wheelbarrow, jumped up and began to dance triumphantly.

"Yay! It wasn't his, after all! Roddy Bitts told a big lie!"

"I never, either!" Roddy almost wailed.

"Well, what you want the horn back for?" the terrible Sam demanded.

"Well, 'cause I want it. I got a right to want it if I want to, haven't I?"

Penrod's face had flushed with indignation.

"You look here, Sam," he began hotly: "Didn't you hear Roddy say this was his horn?"

"He said it," Sam declared. "He said it a million times."

"Well, and didn't he sell this horn to me?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Didn't I pay him money for it?"

"Two dollars."

"Well, and ain't it my horn now?"

"I bet you!"

"Yes, sir!" Penrod went on with vigor.

"It's my horn now, whether it belonged to you or not, Roddy, because you sold it to me and I paid my good ole money for it. I guess a thing belongs to the person that paid their own money for it, doesn't it? I don't haf to give up my own propaty, even if you did come on over here and told a us big lie!"

"I never!" shouted Roddy. "It was my horn, too, and I didn't tell any such a thing!" He paused, then, reverting to his former manner, said stubbornly: "I got to have that horn back. I got to!"

"Why'n't you tell us what for, then?" Sam insisted. Roddy's glance at this persecutor was one of anguish.

"I know my own biz'nuss," he muttered.

And, while Sam jeered, Roddy turned to Penrod desperately.

"You gimme that horn back! I got to have it!"

But Penrod followed Sam's lead.

"Well, why can't you tell us what for?" he asked.

Perhaps if Sam had not been there, Roddy could have unbosomed himself. He had no doubt of his own virtue in this affair, and he was conscious that he had acted in good faith throughout—though, perhaps, a little impulsively. But he was in a predicament, and he knew that, if he became more explicit, Sam could establish with undeniable logic those rights about which he had been so odious the day before. Such triumph for Sam was not within Roddy's power to contemplate; he felt that he would rather die, or sumpting. "I got to have that horn!" he reiterated.

Penrod had no intention to humor this preposterous boy, and it was only out of curiosity that he asked,

"Well, if you want the horn back, where's the two dollars?"

"I spent it. I bought an air-gun for a dollar and sixty-five cents, and three sodies and some candy with the rest. I'll owe you the two dollars, Penrod. I'm willing to do that much."

"Well, why don't you give him the air-gun," asked the satirical Sam, "and owe him the rest?"

"I can't. Papa took the air-gun away from me because he didn't like sumpting I did with it. I got to owe you the whole two dollars, Penrod."



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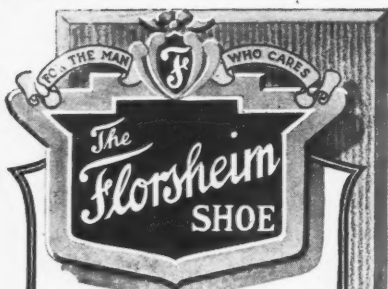
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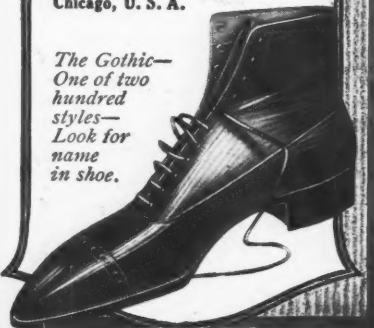


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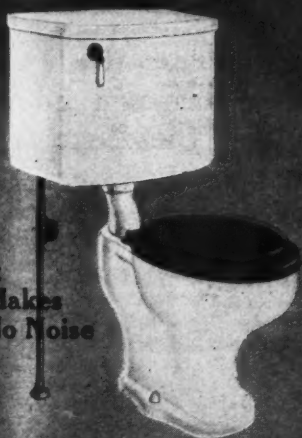
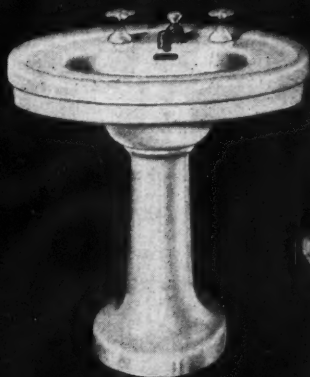
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The next **Penrod** story will be **Walter-John**.



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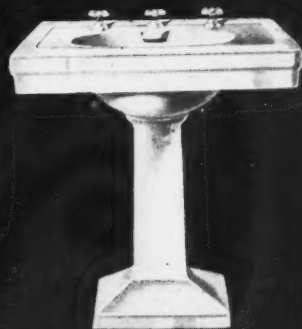
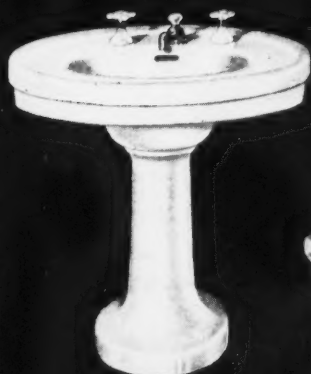
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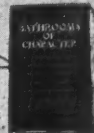
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The Vital Principle

(Continued from page 71)

Marbury?" ventured Kennedy of Miss Langdale, after the doctor had gone.

"Not all the time," she admitted. "Before I came, there was another nurse, a Miss Hackstaff."

"What was the matter? Wasn't she competent?"

Miss Langdale avoided the question, as though it were a breach of professional etiquette to cast reflections on another nurse. Craig seemed to make a mental note of the fact.

"Have you seen anything—er—suspicious about this Kato?" put in Leslie, while Kennedy frowned at the interruption.

Miss Langdale answered quickly,

"Nothing."

"Doctor Aitken has never expressed any suspicion?" pursued Leslie.

"Oh, no," she returned; "I think I would have known it if he had any. No; I've never heard him even hint at anything." It was evident that she wished us to know that she was in the confidence of the doctor.

"I think we'd better be going," interrupted Kennedy hastily, not apparently pleased to have Leslie break in upon the investigation just at present.

Miss Langdale accompanied us to the door, but before we reached it, it was opened from the outside by a man who had once been and was yet handsome, although one could see that he had a certain appearance of having neglected himself.

Leslie nodded and introduced us. It was Doctor Wardlaw.

"Has Doctor Aitken been here?" he inquired quickly of the nurse. Then, scarcely waiting for her even to nod, he added: "What did he say? Is Mrs. Wardlaw any better?"

Miss Langdale seemed to be endeavoring to make as optimistic a report as the truth permitted, but I fancied Wardlaw read between the lines. As they talked, it was evident that there was a sort of restraint between them. I wondered whether Wardlaw might not have some lurking suspicion against Aitken or some one else. If he had, even in his nervousness he did not betray it.

"I can't tell you how worried I am," he murmured, almost to himself. "What can this thing be?" He turned to us, and, although he had just been introduced, I am sure that our presence seemed to surprise him, for he went on talking to himself, "Oh, yes—let me see—oh, yes; friends of Doctor—er—Leslie."

I had been studying him and trying to recall what I had just read of beriberi and polyneuritis. There flashed over my mind the recollection of what had been called "Korsakoff's syndrome," in which one of the mental disturbances was the memory of recent events. Did not this, I asked myself, indicate plainly enough that Leslie might be right in his suspicions of beriberi? It was all the more apparent, a moment later, when, turning to Miss Langdale, Wardlaw seemed almost instantly to forget our presence again. At any rate, his anxiety was easy to see.

After a few minutes' chat, during which



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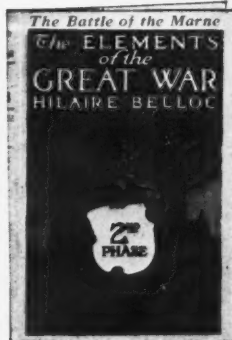
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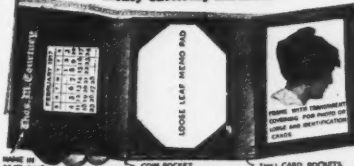
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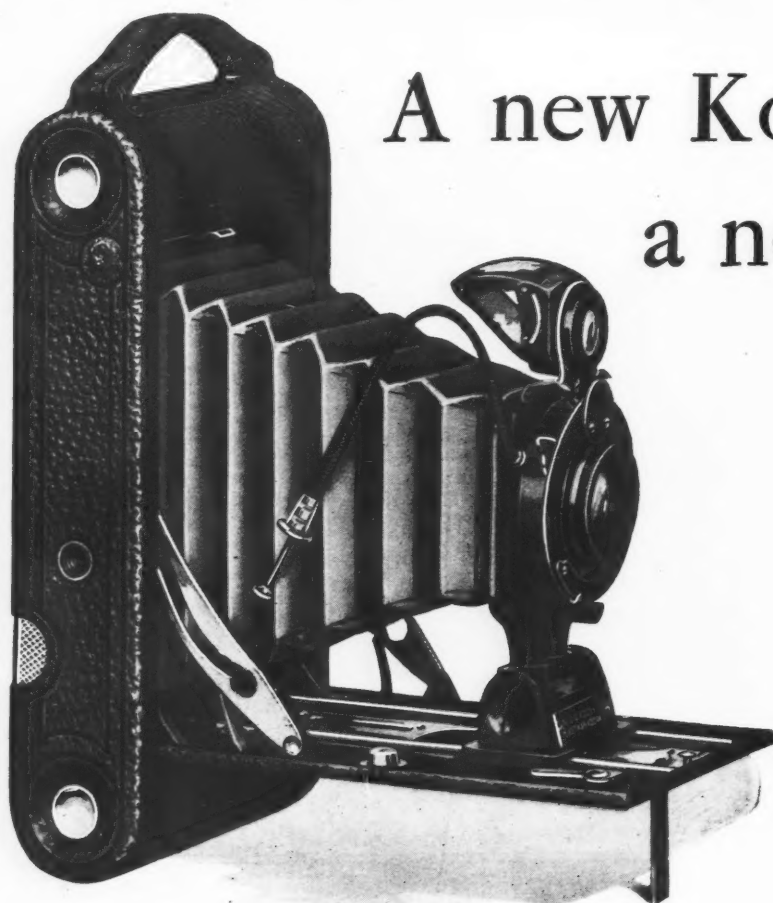
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Craig observed Wardlaw's symptoms, too, we excused ourselves, and the health commissioner undertook to conduct us to his office to show us what he had done so far.

As for me, I could not get Miss Langdale out of my mind, and especially the mysterious letter to Kennedy.

None of us said much until, half an hour later, in the department laboratory, Leslie began to recapitulate what he had already done in the case.

"You asked whether I had examined the food," he remarked, pausing in a corner before several cages in which were a number of pigeons, separated and carefully tagged. With a wave of his hand at one group of cages, he continued: "These fellows I have been feeding exclusively on samples of the various foods which I took from the Wardlaw family when I first went up there. Here, too, are charts showing what I have observed up to date. Over there are the controls—pigeons from the same group which have been fed regularly on the usual diet, so that I can check my tests."

Kennedy fell to examining the pigeons carefully, as well as the charts and records of feeding and results. None of the birds fed on what had been taken from the apartment looked well, though some were worse than others.

"I want you to observe this fellow," pointed out Leslie, at last, singling out one cage.

The pigeon in it was a pathetic figure. His eyes seemed dull and glazed. He paid little or no attention to us; even his food and water did not seem to interest him. Instead of strutting about, he seemed to be positively wabby on his feet. Kennedy examined this one longer and more carefully than any of the rest.

"There are certainly all the symptoms of beriberi or, rather, polyneuritis in pigeons with that bird," admitted Craig finally, looking up at Leslie.

The commissioner seemed to be gratified. "You know," he remarked, "beriberi itself is a common disease in the Orient. There has been a good deal of study of it, and the cause is now known to be lack of something in the food, which, in the Orient, is mostly rice. Polishing the rice, which removes part of the outer coat, also takes away something that is necessary for life, which scientists now call vitamins."

"I may take some of these samples to study myself?" interrupted Kennedy, as though the story of vitamins was an old one to him.

"By all means," agreed Leslie.

Craig selected what he wanted, keeping each separate and marked, and excused himself, saying that he had some investigations of his own that he wished to make and would let Leslie know the result as soon as he discovered anything.

Kennedy did not go back directly to the laboratory, however. Instead, he went up-town and, to my surprise, stopped at one of the large breweries. What it was that he was after, I could not imagine, but, after a conference with the manager, he obtained several quarts of brewer's yeast, which he had sent directly down to the laboratory.

Impatient though I was at this seeming neglect of the principal figures in the case, I knew, nevertheless, that Kennedy had

already schemed out his campaign and that whatever it was he had in mind was of first importance.

Back at last in his own laboratory, Craig set to work on the brewer's yeast, deriving something from it by the plentiful use of a liquid labeled "Lloyd's Reagent," a solution of hydrous aluminum silicate. After working for some time, I saw that he had obtained a solid, which he pressed into the form of little whitish tablets. He had by no means finished, but, noticing my impatience, he placed the three or four tablets in a little box and handed them to me.

"You might take these over to Leslie in the department laboratory, Walter," he directed. "Tell him to feed them to that wabby-looking pigeon over there—and let me know the moment he observes any effect."

Glad of the chance to occupy myself, I hastened on the errand, and even presided over the first feeding of the bird.

When I returned, I found that Kennedy had finished his work with the brewer's yeast, and was now devoting himself to the study of the various samples of food which he had obtained from Leslie. He was just finishing a test of the baking-powder when I entered, and his face showed plainly that he was puzzled by something that he had discovered.

"What is it?" I asked.

"This seems to be almost plain sodium carbonate," he replied mechanically.

"And that indicates?" I prompted.

"Perhaps nothing in itself," he went on, less abstractedly. "But the use of sodium carbonate and other things which I have discovered in other samples disengages carbon dioxide at the temperature of baking and cooking. If you'll look in that public-health report on my desk, you'll see how the latest investigations have shown that bicarbonate of soda and a whole list of other things which liberate carbon dioxide destroy the vitamins Leslie was talking about. In other words, taken altogether, I should almost say there was evidence that a concerted effort was being made to affect the food—a result analogous to that of using polished rice as a staple diet—and producing beriberi or, perhaps more accurately, polyneuritis. I can be sure of nothing yet, but it's worth following up."

"Then you think Kato—"

"Not too fast," cautioned Craig. "Remember, others had access to the kitchen, too."

In spite of his hesitancy, I could think only of the two paragraphs we had read in Mrs. Wardlaw's will, and especially of the last. Might not Kato have been forced or enticed into a scheme that promised a safe return and practically no chance of discovery? What gruesome mystery had been unveiled by the anonymous letter which had first excited our curiosity?

It was late in the afternoon when Commissioner Leslie called us up, much excited, to inform us that the drooping pigeon was already pecking at food and beginning to show some interest in life. Kennedy seemed greatly gratified as he hung up the receiver.

"Almost dinner-time," he commented, with a glance at his watch. "I think we'll make another hurried visit to the Wardlaw apartment."

We had no trouble getting in, although,

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as outsiders, we were more tolerated than welcome. Our excuse was that Kennedy had some more questions which he wished to ask Miss Langdale.

While we waited for her, we sat not in the study but in the parlor. The folding doors into the dining-room were closed, but across the hall we could tell by the sound when Kato was in the kitchen and when he crossed the hall.

Once I heard him in the dining-room. Before I knew it, Kennedy had hastily tiptoed across the hall and into the kitchen. He was gone only a couple of minutes, but it was long enough to place in the food that was being prepared, and in some unprepared, either the tablets he had made or a powder he had derived from them crushed up. When he returned, I saw from his manner that the real purpose of the visit had been accomplished, although, when Miss Langdale appeared, he went through the form of questioning her, mostly on Mrs. Marbury's sickness and death. He did not learn anything that appeared to be important, but, at least, he covered up the reason for his visit.

Outside the apartment, Kennedy paused a moment.

"There's nothing to do now but await developments," he meditated. "Meanwhile, there is no use for us to double our time together. I have decided to watch Kato to-night. Suppose you shadow Doctor Aitken."

The plan seemed admirable to me. In fact, I had been longing for some action of the sort all the afternoon, while Kennedy had been engaged in the studies which he evidently deemed more important.

Accordingly, after dinner, we separated, Kennedy going back to the Forum Apartments, to wait until Kato left for the night, while I walked farther up the Drive to the address given in the directory as that of Doctor Aitken.

It happened to be the time when the doctor had his office-hours for patients—so that I was sure that he was at home—when I took my station just down the street, carefully scrutinizing everyone who entered and left his house.

Nothing happened, however, until toward the end of the hour during which he received office-calls. As I glanced down the street, I was glad that I had taken an inconspicuous post, for I could see Miss Langdale approaching. She was not in her nurse's uniform, but seemed to be off duty for an hour or two, and I must confess she was a striking figure even in that neighborhood, which was noted for its pretty and daintily gowned girls. Almost before I knew it, she had entered the English-basement entrance of Doctor Aitken's house.

I thought rapidly. What could be the purpose of her visit? Above all, how was I, on the outside, to find out? I walked down past the house. But that did no good. In a quandary, I stopped. Hesitation would get me nothing. Suddenly, an idea flashed through my mind. I turned in and rang the bell.

"It's past the doctor's office-hours," informed a servant who opened the door. "He sees no one after hours."

"But," I lied, "I have an appointment. Don't disturb him. I can wait."

The waiting-room was empty, I had seen, and I was determined to get in at any cost. Reluctantly the servant admitted me.

For several moments I sat quietly alone, fearful that the doctor might open the double doors of his office and discover me. But nothing happened, and I grew bolder. Carefully I tiptoed to the door. It was of solid oak and practically impervious to sound. The doors fitted closely, too. Still, by applying my ear, I could make out the sound of voices on the other side. I strained my ears both to catch a word now and then and to be sure that I might hear the approach of anybody outside.

Was Aitken suspiciously interested in the pretty nurse—or was she suspiciously interested in him?

Suddenly their voices became a trifle more distinct.

"Then you think Doctor Wardlaw has it, too?" I heard her ask.

I did not catch the exact reply, but it was in the affirmative.

They were approaching the door. In a moment it would be opened. I waited to hear no more, but seized my hat and dashed for the entrance, just in time to escape observation. Miss Langdale came out shortly, the doctor accompanying her to the door, and I followed her back to the Forum.

What I had heard only added to the puzzle. Why her anxiety to know whether Wardlaw himself was affected? Why Aitken's solicitude in asserting that he was? Were they working together? Or were they really opposed? Which might be using the other?

My queries still unanswered, I returned to Aitken's and waited about some time, but nothing happened, and, finally, I went on to our apartment.

It was very late when Craig came in, but I was still awake and waiting for him. Before I could ask him a question, he was drawing from me what I had observed, listening attentively. Evidently he considered it of great importance, though no remark of his betrayed what interpretation he put on the episode.

"Have you found anything?" I managed to ask finally.

"Yes, indeed," he nodded thoughtfully; "I shadowed Kato from the Forum. It must have been before Miss Langdale came out that he left. He lives down-town in a tenement-house. There's something queer about that Jap."

"I think there is," I agreed. "I don't like his looks."

"But it wasn't he who interested me so much to-night," Craig went on, ignoring my remark, "as a woman."

"A woman?" I queried in surprise.

"A Jap?"

"No; a white woman—rather good-looking, too, with dark hair and eyes. She seemed to be waiting for him. Afterward, I made inquiries. She has been seen about there before."

"Who was she?" I asked, fancying that Miss Langdale had perhaps made another visit while she was out, although it did not seem possible.

"I followed her to her house. Her name is Hackstaff."

"The first trained nurse!" I exclaimed.

"Miss Hackstaff is an enigma," confessed Kennedy. "At first, I thought that perhaps she might be one of those women whom the Oriental type fascinated, that she and Kato might be plotting. Then I have considered that perhaps her visits to Kato may be merely to get information,

that she may have an ax to grind. Both Kato and she will bear watching, and I have made arrangements to have it done. I've called on that young detective, Chase, whom I've often used for the routine work of shadowing. There's nothing more that we can do now until to-morrow, so we might as well turn in."

Early the next day, Kennedy was again at work, both in his own laboratory and in that of the Health Department, making further studies of the food and the effect it had on the pigeons, as well as observing what changes were produced by the white tablets he had extracted from the yeast.

It was early in the forenoon when the buzzer on the laboratory door sounded, and I opened the door to admit Chase in a high state of excitement.

"What has happened?" asked Craig eagerly.

"Many things," reported the young detective breathlessly. "To begin with, I followed Miss Hackstaff from her apartment this morning. She seemed to be worked up over something—perhaps had had a sleepless night. As nearly as I could make out, she was going about aimlessly. Finally, however, I found that she was getting into the neighborhood of Doctor Aitken's and of the Forum. Well, when we got to the Forum, she stopped and waited in front of it—oh, I should say almost half an hour. I couldn't make out what it was she wanted, but at last I found out." He paused a moment, then raced on without urging. "Miss Langdale came out—and you should have seen the Hackstaff woman go for her!" He drew in his breath sharply at the reminiscence. "I thought there was going to be a murder done—on Riverside Drive! Miss Langdale screamed and ran back into the apartment. There was a good deal of confusion. The hall-boys came to the rescue. In the excitement, I managed to slip into the elevator with her. No one seemed to think it strange then that an outsider should be interested. I went up with her—saw Wardlaw as she poured out the story. He's a queer one. Is he *right*?"

"Why?" asked Craig indulgently.

"He seems so nervous; things upset him so easily. Yet, after we had taken care of Miss Langdale and matters had quieted down, I thought I might get some idea of the cause of the fracas and asked him if he knew of any reason. Why, he looked at me kind of blankly, and I swear he acted as though he had almost forgotten it already. I tell you, he's not *right*."

Remembering our own experience, I glanced significantly at Craig.

"Korsakoff's syndrome?" I queried laconically. "Another example of a mind confused even on recent events?"

Kennedy, however, was more interested in Chase.

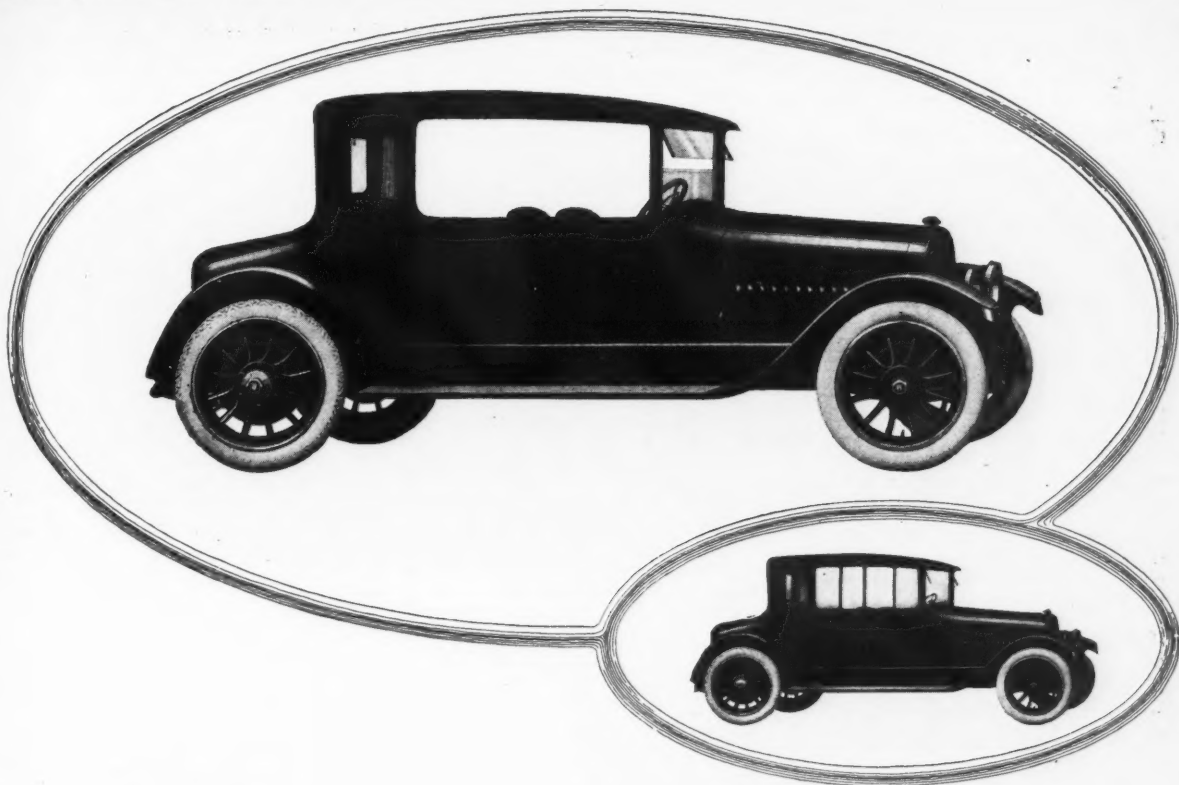
"What did Miss Hackstaff do?" he asked.

"I don't know; I missed her. When I got out, she was gone."

"Pick her up again," directed Craig. "Perhaps you'll get her at her place. And see, this time, if you can get what I asked you."

"I'll try," returned Chase, much pleased at the words of commendation which Craig added as he left us again.

It was early in the afternoon that the telephone-bell rang and I answered it. It was Chase calling Kennedy. I heard



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only half the conversation and there was not much of that, but I knew that something was about to happen. Craig hastily summoned a cab, then, in rapid succession, called up Doctor Aitken and Leslie, for whom we stopped, as our driver shot us over to the Forum Apartments.

There was no ceremony or unnecessary explanation about our presence as Kennedy entered and directed Miss Langdale to bring her patients into the little office-study of Doctor Wardlaw.

Miss Langdale obeyed reluctantly. When she returned, I felt that it was appreciable that a change had taken place. Mrs. Wardlaw, at least, was improved. She was still ill, but she seemed to take a more lively interest in what was going on about her. As for Doctor Wardlaw, I could not see that there had been any improvement in him. His nervousness had not abated. Kato, whom Kennedy summoned at the same time, preserved his usual imperturbable exterior. Miss Langdale, in spite of the incident of the morning, was quite as solicitous as ever of her charges.

We had not long to wait for Doctor Aitken. He arrived, inquiring anxiously what had happened, although Kennedy gave none of us any satisfaction immediately as to the cause of his quick action. Aitken fidgeted uneasily, glancing from Kennedy to Leslie, then to Miss Langdale and back at Kennedy, without reading any explanation in their faces. I knew that Craig was secretly taking his time, both for its effect on those present and to give Chase a chance.

"Our poisons and our drugs," he began, in a leisurely manner, at length, "are in many instances the close relatives of harmless compounds that represent the intermediate steps in the daily process of metabolism. There is much that I might say about protein poisons. However, that is not exactly what I want to talk about—at least, at first."

He stopped to make sure that he had the attention of us all. As a matter of fact, his manner was such that he attracted even the vagrant interest of the Wardlaws.

"I do not know how much of his suspicions Commissioner Leslie has communicated to you," he resumed; "but I believe that you have all heard of the disease beriberi, so common in the Far East and known to the Japanese as *kakké*. It is a form of polyneuritis and, as you doubtless know, is now known to be caused, at least in the Orient, by the removal of the pericarp in the polishing of rice. Our milling of flour is, in a minor degree, analogous. To be brief, the disease arises from the lack in diet of certain substances or bodies which modern scientists call vitamins. Small quantities of these vital principles are absolutely essential to normal growth and health, and even to life itself. They are nitrogenous compounds, and their absence gives rise to a class of serious disorders in which, at first, the muscles surrender their store of nitrogen. The nerves seem to be the preferred creditors, so to speak. They are affected only after muscles begin to waste. It is an abstruse subject, and it is not necessary for me to go deeper into it, now."

"In my studies of the diet of this household," continued Kennedy, "I have

found that substances have been used in preparing food which kill vitamins. In short, the food has been denatured. Valuable elements, necessary elements, have been taken away—"

"I, sir, not always in kitchen, sir," interrupted Kato, still deferential. "I not always know—"

With a peremptory wave of his hand, Kennedy silenced the Jap.

"It has long been a question," he hurried on, "whether these vitamins are tangible bodies or just special arrangements of molecules. Recently, government investigators have discovered that they are bodies that can be isolated by a special process from the filtrate of brewer's yeast by Lloyd's reagent. Five grams of this"—he held up some of the tablets he had made—"for a sixty-kilogram person each day are sufficient. Unknown to you, I have introduced some of this substance into the food already deficient in vitamins. I fancy that even now I can detect a change."

He nodded toward Mrs. Wardlaw. There was a murmur of surprise in the room, but, before Craig could continue, the door opened and Mrs. Wardlaw uttered a nervous exclamation. There stood Chase with a woman. I recognized her immediately from Kennedy's description as Miss Hackstaff.

Chase walked deliberately over to Kennedy and handed him something, while the nurse glanced calmly, almost with pity, at Mrs. Wardlaw, ignoring Wardlaw, then fixing her gaze venomously on Miss Langdale. Recalling the incident of the morning, I was ready to prevent, if necessary, a repetition now. Neither moved; but it was a thrilling, if silent, drama as the two women glared at each other.

Kennedy was hastily comparing the anonymous note he had received with something Chase had brought.

"Some one," he shot out suddenly, looking up and facing us, "has, as I have intimated, been removing or destroying the vital principle in the food—these vitamins. Clearly the purpose was to make this case look like an epidemic of beriberi—polyneuritis. That part has been clear to me from the first. It has been the source of this devilish plot which has been obscure—Just a moment, Kato—I will do the talking. My detective, Chase, has been doing some shadowing for me, as well as some turning-over of past history. He has found a woman, a nurse—more than a nurse, a secret lover—cast off in favor of another. Miss Hackstaff—you wrote that letter—it is your hand—for revenge—on Miss Langdale and—"

"You shan't have him!" almost hissed Helen Hackstaff. "If I cannot, no one shall!"

Natalie Langdale faced her, defiant.

"You are a jealous, suspicious person," she cried. "Doctor Aitken knows—"

"One moment," interrupted Craig; "Mrs. Marbury is gone. Mrs. Wardlaw is weakened. Yet all who are affected with nerve-troubles are not necessarily suffering from polyneuritis. Some one here has been diletanting with death. It is of no use," he thundered, turning suddenly on a cowering figure; "you stood to win most, with the money and your unholy love. But Miss Hackstaff, cast off, has proved your nemesis. Your nervousness is the nervousness not of polyneuritis but of guilt, Doctor Wardlaw!"

The next *Craig Kennedy* story, *The Submarine Mine*, will appear in the November issue.



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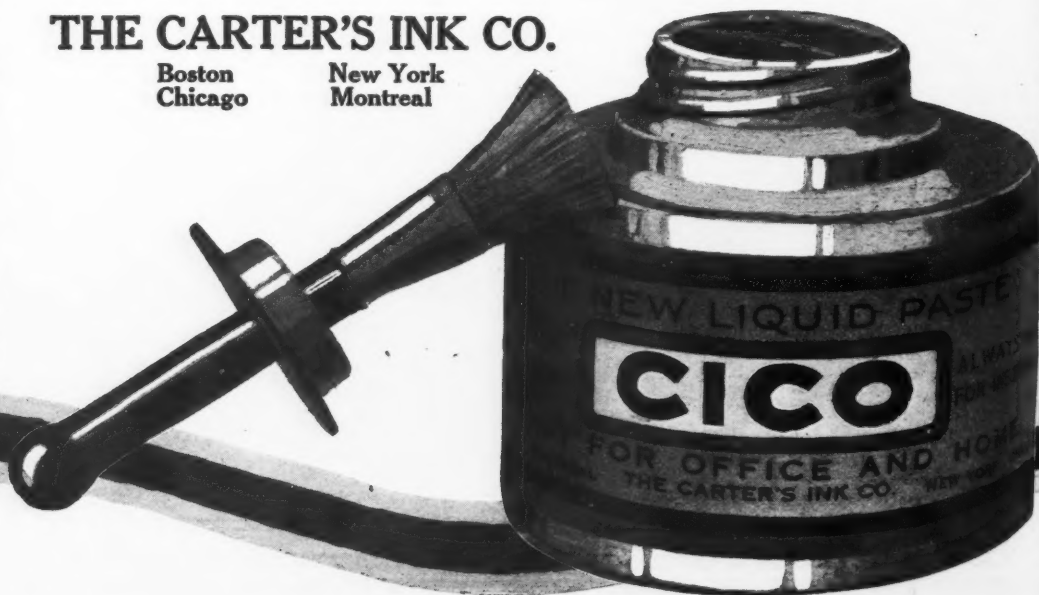
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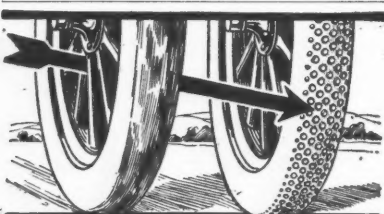
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New Fables in Slang

(Continued from page 86)

stood on any Public Thoroughfare and checked off the Plain People as they moped by, he would have noted that they were not very deep behind the Ears or gleamy in the Eyes.

The Plain People are worth dying for until you bunch them and give them the cold Once-Over, and then they impress the impartial Observer as being slightly Bovine, with a large Percentage of Vegetable Tissue.

The Cleanser and Sterilizer did not need the Salary and he was all booked up with his own Plans, but when he put his Ear to the Ground and heard the imaginary Cry for Help from thousands of lowly Plebes who were getting the short end of every Divvy, he said it was a time for Sacrificial Devotion; so he came out as a Candidate for the Legislature.

His Card appeared in the Evening Paper, and early next Morning earnest Men might have been seen bending over Grindstones and sharpening up their Snickersnees.

Mr. Foster thought he was Popular because he had been Militant, Constructive, and Altruistic.

The poor Simp had not made a Close Study of the Average Citizen who wears a 6½ Hat and likes to Whittle, or he would have known that the popular Johnny is one who never stirs up the Animals.

Among the Managers of the Party Machine were many Ex-Barkeeps, former Poker Players, perjuring Tax Dodgers, and amateur High Binders who had been waiting for years to take a Punch at the lily-white Samaritan.

They passed the word out to the Rough Necks and when the Convention Assembled, it promptly nominated for the Legislature a two-fisted Hick who raised Bull Dogs for a Living.

Mr. Foster saw that the Will of the People had been thwarted by secret Maneuvers of the corrupt Leaders.

He decided it was about time for some one to put a Crimp in the professional Yeggmen, so he came out, as bold as you please, and announced himself as an Independent Candidate.

His Dope was that the Sovereign Voters would scan his Record and find that he had been in the forefront of every Movement for the Common Good and then rush to his support *En Masse*.

It is quite true that the Citizens got a line on his Past Performances, and this is what the Investigation netted him:

Sixty per cent. of the Residents remembered with gratitude his efforts to clean up the overgrown Village. The other forty still nursed a Grudge.

Perhaps thirty per cent. of the Male Population continued to dream of the Happy Days—Right Foot on the Rail, Cheese Sandwich in left Mitt, a Scuttle in the Right.

At last they were to have a chance to throw the Boots into the Gink who had driven them out into the Desert to die of Thirst.

Did the Poker Players and their Friends

circulate quietly and do any Rapping? Possibly they influenced only about 10 per cent. of the Electors, but they certainly lined up the Sporting Element.

The Lady Pinkertons had not forgotten about the Hussy who worked in the Office.

A good many of them told their Husbands not to shame the Sons and Daughters by voting for a Satyr.

Inasmuch as these same Husbands were already sore at Mr. Foster on three or four outside Counts, and a little Jealous on account of the Blonde, the Women had no trouble in organizing about 15 per cent. of the Registered Voters on the Moral Issue alone.

Estimating that Mr. Foster had offended 30 per cent. of the Citizens by his demand for Street Improvements, 60 per cent. by his Agitation for a new Court House, 15 or 20 per cent. by his Sandbagging for the Y. M. C. A. and Hospital, and possibly 25 per cent. more by various Activities scattered over a period of Years, one has only to step to the Adding Machine and do a little Finger Work to discover that Mr. Foster's name was Dennis X. Mud with about 240 per cent. of the high-minded Peers to whom he had entrusted his Cause.

When the Returns were all in, the man who had converted Nubbinville from a Mud Puddle to a Beauty Spot looked at the Figures and decided that he had been running on the Prohibition Ticket.

Did he become embittered and rave about being Knifed by those whom he had pulled out of the Ditch.

Not-a-tall.

He simply said, "Oh, Scissors!" and took a Vacation.

Turning the Business over to a pet Nephew, he moved out to a Bungalow near the Country Club which he had forced on the reluctant Community.

After saving Humanity for Years, he took off his Soldier Clothes and enlisted for a never-ending Battle with Colonel Bogy.

Once in a while the Town needs some one to grab hold and organize Public Sentiment and get Results.

The Committee which has been named for that Purpose gets together.

The Members sit around a Table and look at each other, benumbed and helpless-like, just as sprightly as a Congress of Jelly Fish.

They know that they need a Pace-Maker with Pep and Ideas, and they long for the friendly Aid of good old Foster, the Guy that they Harpooned in 18 different Places.

Sometimes they ask him to come back and be the Village Patsy once more, but he nearly always has an Engagement with the Pro to go out on the Course and overcome a Slice.

Moral: If you have to be Burned at the Stake, be a Good Fellow and collect your own Fire-wood.

The next *New Fable in Slang* will tell of *All that Triangle Stuff as sized up by the Meal Ticket.*



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The Moon-Maker

(Continued from page 24)

on the Appian Way, where Miss Beebe resided. He had never liked women, anyway—not since they had insisted on swathing him as a child in flannel soaked in various kinds of healing oils, and his experience with Miss Beebe and the McGee had not increased his regard. They were fools—or just scrawny fakers, aping intelligence like Miss Beebe, who filled him with disgust. Yet, had he known it, that withered virgin adored the ground upon which Bennie's carpet slippers trod, and she had not raised the rent on him for eighteen years. Such are life's tragedies. And now to be sent to one of the despised sex to crave succor, to beg for aid, humbly to be shown how to solve a not extraordinarily difficult problem in astronomical mathematics—it simply made him sick. He wouldn't go to her—he simply wouldn't!

As he sat on his bed, smoking defiantly an after-breakfast pipe, he could see her in his mind's eye,—a lean, flat-chested, bony person, with a sharp nose and chin, thin gray hair—and a mole, perhaps. "Snippy"—that is what she would be like—on the Beebe order! She would listen to him with a supercilious sniff and condescend patronizingly to put him in the wrong. Yet, he was very anxious to solve his problem, for ever since he had navigated the Flying Ring back from Ungava, he had been meditating on the possibilities afforded by this machine, which could negative the force of gravity. No; he must suppress his natural feelings in the matter and seek out this horny old maid—the research professor of applied mathematics at the National Institute—and get it over with. But he wouldn't change his collar for her—no, sir!

Still recalcitrant, he took the car over to Georgetown and inquired of the porter at the observatory for the research professor. The nearer he got to her the more averse he was to calling upon any woman for assistance; but once having appealed to the porter, it was too late to draw back, particularly when the latter conducted him to the door of a small room overlooking the garden, knocked, and left him there.

"Come in!"

The words had a certain musical quality as if half sung, although spoken, and while he did not recognize the voice, its cheerfulness communicated itself to the dejected spirits of the professor. With his pipe still in his mouth, to show his superiority, Hooker turned the knob and pushed open the door.

There, between two high French windows, sat the tan tailor-made girl! She had evidently been dictating, for a weazened, stenographic-looking male with a tonsure was bending over a note-book with elevated pencil. As Professor Hooker entered, the stenographer arose stiffly, and the tan young lady lifted her face toward the door and said,

"Good morning!" Then turning to the stenographer: "You may go, Stebbens. I want seven copies of that condensation of Hiroshita's 'Theory of Thermic Induction.'"

Bennie stared at her, choking with embarrassment.

"Are you the research professor of applied mathematics?" he exclaimed, as the stenographer slid by him.

"That's me," she laughed.

"I ought to have guessed it," responded Bennie humbly.

"How did you get on with your problem?"

"I didn't," he replied. "The truth is, I got side-tracked on something else."

Then, suddenly becoming conscious of his pipe, he thrust it hurriedly into his trousers pocket.

"For heaven's sake go on smoking!" said the girl. "I don't believe you could think at all without your pipe."

"That's true, too," said Bennie, replacing it where it belonged, with gratitude. "Do you mind taking a look at these equations? I'm after something different this time—not as hard as the other one—but I'm not sure of the solution." He laid his note-book down before her.

The girl glanced at it thoughtfully for a moment, and, drawing toward her a pad of yellow paper, she swiftly integrated the equation before Bennie's embarrassed but admiring eyes.

"I suppose one gets groggy occasionally," she said. "Of course I can see that you're on some gravitational problem."

"Yes," he replied; "I'm trying to calculate the rate at which the velocity of the Flying Ring—Pax's antigravity machine that I found up in Labrador, you know—would increase as it left the earth if I took it out into space. The attraction of gravitation, at a distance, say, of twelve thousand miles above the earth would amount to comparatively little, and our velocity would increase at a simply terrific rate. I must get an absolute solution of the problem. Skooting round in space would have to be done by a sort of dead reckoning, I suppose, anyhow, but a knowledge of our velocity would be essential, wouldn't it?"

"By 'our velocity' do you mean that you are planning to take me with you?" inquired the young lady pleasantly.

At this highly indelicate suggestion, Professor Hooker stared at his fair companion blankly.

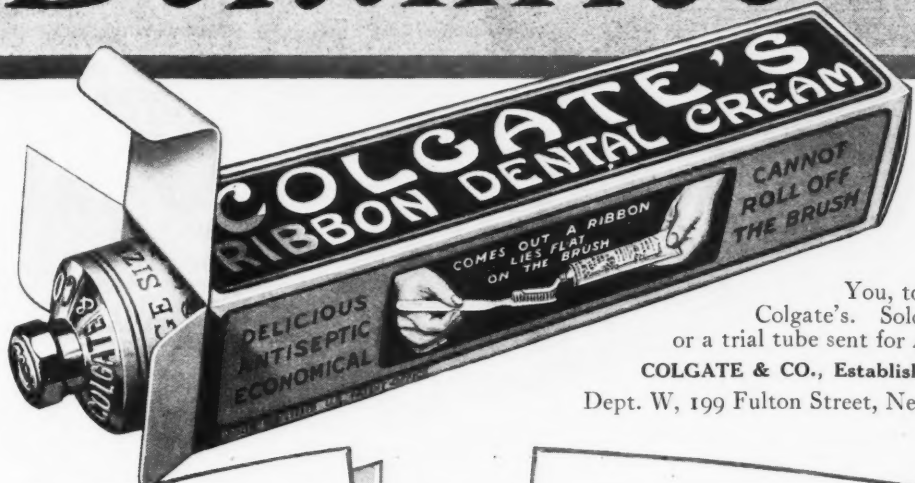
"You—I—thunder—no!" he stammered, suddenly turning pink and experiencing a sensation of warm stickiness around his collar. "Wouldn't do at all, you know! No idea of such a thing! Hope you didn't think—"

She leaned back again in her chair and rested her head against the wall, looking dreamily over Bennie's head to a great astronomical chart hanging upon the opposite side of the room.

"You know," she responded, and there was almost a suggestion of awe in her voice. "I have sometimes thought of the unlimited possibilities which the Flying Ring would afford to a person who had the courage to avail himself—or herself—of them. There is nothing, so far as I can see, to prevent your navigating the Ring anywhere in space. Provided you arranged for a sufficient supply of oxygen, a flight to the moon would hardly present any difficulties at all."

"Very little," answered Bennie. "It

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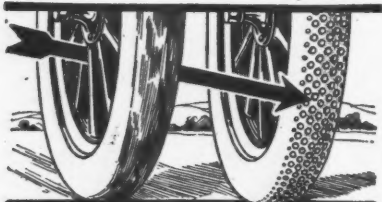
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New Fables in Slang

(Continued from page 86)

stood on any Public Thoroughfare and checked off the Plain People as they moped by, he would have noted that they were not very deep behind the Ears or gleamy in the Eyes.

The Plain People are worth dying for until you bunch them and give them the cold Once-Over, and then they impress the impartial Observer as being slightly Bovine, with a large Percentage of Vegetable Tissue.

The Cleanser and Sterilizer did not need the Salary and he was all booked up with his own Plans, but when he put his Ear to the Ground and heard the imaginary Cry for Help from thousands of lowly Plebes who were getting the short end of every Divvy, he said it was a time for Sacrificial Devotion; so he came out as a Candidate for the Legislature.

His Card appeared in the Evening Paper, and early next Morning earnest Men might have been seen bending over Grindstones and sharpening up their Snickersnees.

Mr. Foster thought he was Popular because he had been Militant, Constructive, and Altruistic.

The poor Simp had not made a Close Study of the Average Citizen who wears a 6½ Hat and likes to Whittle, or he would have known that the popular Johnny is one who never stirs up the Animals.

Among the Managers of the Party Machine were many Ex-Barkeeps, former Poker Players, perjuring Tax Dodgers, and amateur High Binders who had been waiting for years to take a Punch at the lily-white Samaritan.

They passed the word out to the Rough Necks and when the Convention Assembled, it promptly nominated for the Legislature a two-fisted Hick who raised Bull Dogs for a Living.

Mr. Foster saw that the Will of the People had been thwarted by secret Maneuvers of the corrupt Leaders.

He decided it was about time for some one to put a Crimp in the professional Yeggmen, so he came out, as bold as you please, and announced himself as an Independent Candidate.

His Dope was that the Sovereign Voters would scan his Record and find that he had been in the forefront of every Movement for the Common Good and then rush to his support *En Masse*.

It is quite true that the Citizens got a line on his Past Performances, and this is what the Investigation netted him:

Sixty per cent. of the Residents remembered with gratitude his efforts to clean up the overgrown Village. The other forty still nursed a Grudge.

Perhaps thirty per cent. of the Male Population continued to dream of the Happy Days—Right Foot on the Rail, Cheese Sandwich in left Mitt, a Scuttle in the Right.

At last they were to have a chance to throw the Boots into the Gink who had driven them out into the Desert to die of Thirst.

Did the Poker Players and their Friends

circulate quietly and do any Rapping? Possibly they influenced only about 10 per cent. of the Electors, but they certainly lined up the Sporting Element.

The Lady Pinkertons had not forgotten about the Hussy who worked in the Office.

A good many of them told their Husbands not to shame the Sons and Daughters by voting for a Satyr.

Inasmuch as these same Husbands were already sore at Mr. Foster on three or four outside Counts, and a little Jealous on account of the Blonde, the Women had no trouble in organizing about 15 per cent. of the Registered Voters on the Moral Issue alone.

Estimating that Mr. Foster had offended 30 per cent. of the Citizens by his demand for Street Improvements, 60 per cent. by his Agitation for a new Court House, 15 or 20 per cent. by his Sandbagging for the Y. M. C. A. and Hospital, and possibly 25 per cent. more by various Activities scattered over a period of Years, one has only to step to the Adding Machine and do a little Finger Work to discover that Mr. Foster's name was Dennis X. Mud with about 240 per cent. of the high-minded Peers to whom he had entrusted his Cause.

When the Returns were all in, the man who had converted Nubberville from a Mud Puddle to a Beauty Spot looked at the Figures and decided that he had been running on the Prohibition Ticket.

Did he become embittered and rave about being Knifed by those whom he had pulled out of the Ditch.

Not-a-tail.

He simply said, "Oh, Scissors!" and took a Vacation.

Turning the Business over to a pet Nephew, he moved out to a Bungalow near the Country Club which he had forced on the reluctant Community.

After saving Humanity for Years, he took off his Soldier Clothes and enlisted for a never-ending Battle with Colonel Bogey.

Once in a while the Town needs some one to grab hold and organize Public Sentiment and get Results.

The Committee which has been named for that Purpose gets together.

The Members sit around a Table and look at each other, benumbed and helpless-like, just as sprightly as a Congress of Jelly Fish.

They know that they need a Pace-Maker with Pep and Ideas, and they long for the friendly Aid of good old Foster, the Guy that they Harpooned in 18 different Places.

Sometimes they ask him to come back and be the Village Patsy once more, but he nearly always has an Engagement with the Pro to go out on the Course and over-come a Slice.

Moral: If you have to be Burned at the Stake, be a Good Fellow and collect your own Fire-wood.

The next *New Fable in Slang* will tell of *All that Triangle Stuff as sized up by the Meal Ticket.*



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YOU may be the one. Your chance is no better than those of the other six. Protect yourself and your family now—while you can. **Three cents a day** will do it if you are in a "Preferred" occupation. The cost of a couple of newspapers brings \$1,250 to \$3,250 in case of death by accident, \$5 to \$10 weekly income, \$1,000 to \$3,000 for loss of two limbs or eyes, \$500 to \$1,500 for loss of one hand, foot or eye, \$250 for death from any cause. (\$50 added to above payments for death if you insure while under 40 years of age.) Larger amounts at proportionate cost.



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The Moon-Maker

(Continued from page 24)



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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

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on the Appian Way, where Miss Beebe resided. He had never liked women, anyway—not since they had insisted on swathing him as a child in flannel soaked in various kinds of healing oils, and his experience with Miss Beebe and the McGee had not increased his regard. They were fools—or just scrawny fakers, aping intelligence like Miss Beebe, who filled him with disgust. Yet, had he known it, that withered virgin adored the ground upon which Bennie's carpet slippers trod, and she had not raised the rent on him for eighteen years. Such are life's tragedies. And now to be sent to one of the despised sex to crave succor, to beg for aid, humbly to be shown how to solve a not extraordinarily difficult problem in astronomical mathematics—it simply made him sick. He wouldn't go to her—he simply wouldn't!

As he sat on his bed, smoking defiantly an after-breakfast pipe, he could see her in his mind's eye—a lean, flat-chested, bony person, with a sharp nose and chin, thin gray hair—and a mole, perhaps. "Snippy"—that is what she would be like—on the Beebe order! She would listen to him with a supercilious sniff and condescend patronizingly to put him in the wrong. Yet, he was very anxious to solve his problem, for ever since he had navigated the Flying Ring back from Ungava, he had been meditating on the possibilities afforded by this machine, which could negative the force of gravity. No; he must suppress his natural feelings in the matter and seek out this horny old maid—the research professor of applied mathematics at the National Institute—and get it over with. But he wouldn't change his collar for her—no, sir!

Still recalcitrant, he took the car over to Georgetown and inquired of the porter at the observatory for the research professor. The nearer he got to her the more averse he was to calling upon any woman for assistance; but once having appealed to the porter, it was too late to draw back, particularly when the latter conducted him to the door of a small room overlooking the garden, knocked, and left him there.

"Come in!"

The words had a certain musical quality as if half sung, although spoken, and while he did not recognize the voice, its cheerfulness communicated itself to the dejected spirits of the professor. With his pipe still in his mouth, to show his superiority, Hooker turned the knob and pushed open the door.

There, between two high French windows, sat the tan tailor-made girl! She had evidently been dictating, for a weazened, stenographic-looking male with a tonsure was bending over a note-book with elevated pencil. As Professor Hooker entered, the stenographer arose stiffly, and the tan young lady lifted her face toward the door and said,

"Good morning!" Then turning to the stenographer: "You may go, Stebbens. I want seven copies of that condensation of Hiroshito's 'Theory of Thermic Induction.'"

Bennie stared at her, choking with embarrassment.

"Are you the research professor of applied mathematics?" he exclaimed, as the stenographer slid by him.

"That's me," she laughed.

"I ought to have guessed it," responded Bennie humbly.

"How did you get on with your problem?"

"I didn't," he replied. "The truth is, I got side-tracked on something else."

Then, suddenly becoming conscious of his pipe, he thrust it hurriedly into his trousers pocket.

"For heaven's sake go on smoking!" said the girl. "I don't believe you could think at all without your pipe."

"That's true, too," said Bennie, replacing it where it belonged, with gratitude. "Do you mind taking a look at these equations? I'm after something different this time—not as hard as the other one—but I'm not sure of the solution." He laid his note-book down before her.

The girl glanced at it thoughtfully for a moment, and, drawing toward her a pad of yellow paper, she swiftly integrated the equation before Bennie's embarrassed but admiring eyes.

"I suppose one gets groggy occasionally," she said. "Of course I can see that you're on some gravitational problem."

"Yes," he replied; "I'm trying to calculate the rate at which the velocity of the Flying Ring—Pax's antigravity machine that I found up in Labrador, you know—would increase as it left the earth if I took it out into space. The attraction of gravitation, at a distance, say, of twelve thousand miles above the earth would amount to comparatively little, and our velocity would increase at a simply terrific rate. I must get an absolute solution of the problem. Skooting round in space would have to be done by a sort of dead reckoning, I suppose, anyhow, but a knowledge of our velocity would be essential, wouldn't it?"

"By 'our velocity' do you mean that you are planning to take me with you?" inquired the young lady pleasantly.

At this highly indelicate suggestion, Professor Hooker stared at his fair companion blankly.

"You—I—thunder—no!" he stammered, suddenly turning pink and experiencing a sensation of warm stickiness around his collar. "Wouldn't do at all, you know! No idea of such a thing! Hope you didn't think—"

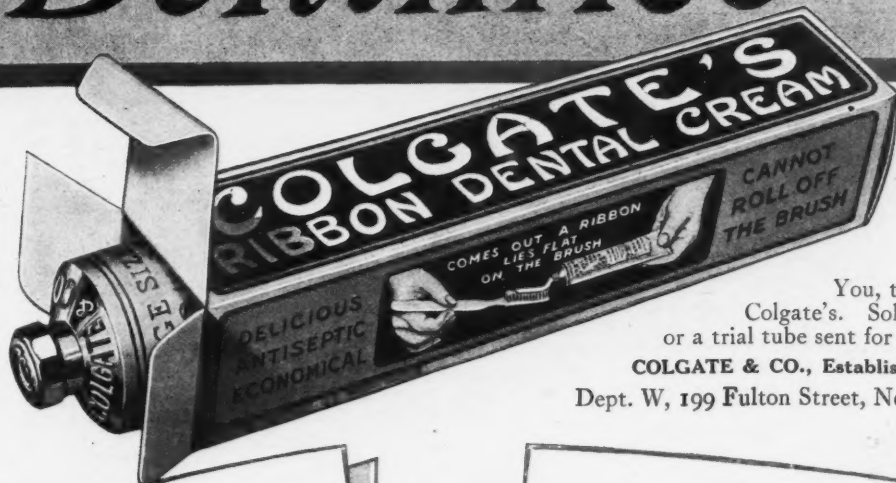
She leaned back again in her chair and rested her head against the wall, looking dreamily over Bennie's head to a great astronomical chart hanging upon the opposite side of the room.

"You know," she responded, and there was almost a suggestion of awe in her voice. "I have sometimes thought of the unlimited possibilities which the Flying Ring would afford to a person who had the courage to avail himself—or herself—of them. There is nothing, so far as I can see, to prevent your navigating the Ring anywhere in space. Provided you arranged for a sufficient supply of oxygen, a flight to the moon would hardly present any difficulties at all."

"Very little," answered Bennie. "It

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is perfectly plain that Pax had anticipated just such a flight, for the Ring is fully equipped with oxygen-tanks and all sorts of similar appliances. It may be that he actually did visit the moon! So long as I can get uranium cylinders for my tractor, I could take the Ring anywhere. But there are other considerations, certain chances that a chap oughtn't to take—unless he hopes to accomplish something worth while. The navigation of interplanetary space is an entirely new game, and the chances are that, no matter how much care I took, I shouldn't learn all the rules the first time. Then, if anything went wrong—

"If anything went wrong, and your engine ran down, or something happened to your machinery, you might find yourself caught between the gravitation of the moon and of the earth and whirling round and round forever through the universe."

Bennie took a long pull on his pipe. "That would be a new kind of immortality, wouldn't it?" he remarked whimsically.

V

THERE was soon no doubt regarding Thornton's prediction. Careful observation, supplemented by independent calculations, demonstrated beyond peradventure that the asteroid Medusa would certainly pass through the head of the comet, which now blazed nightly in the sky like the beam of a huge search-light. Never had such a meteor been known before, for it surpassed in brilliancy and size the famous comet of 1811. All night long the streets of every American city were filled with crowds of people watching the huge fire-ball, the diameter of which appeared to the terrestrial observer to be nearly half that of the moon itself. From the dawn of time these dragons of the sky have caused consternation in the hearts, not only of the ignorant savage but in those of the half-civilized as well, and even among the educated classes there still lingers some echo of that fear, inherited through millions of generations of men, who, from the birth of the race, have sought to read upon the scroll of the heavens the tracings of the hand of Fate. And so the boulevards of the capital swarmed with thousands of people, who gazed in silence at this monster of the sky. Unlike the Chinese, who endeavor to scare away such celestial demons by exploding firecrackers and making all the noise humanly possible, these Occidental multitudes viewed the comet in solemn if not religious awe, realizing poignantly, for the first time, that our universe is not protected from attack by wandering celestial bodies. Had a hostile Zeppelin appeared upon the horizon, a fleet of aeroplanes would have instantly arisen to meet and destroy it. But no known human agency existed which could go forth to challenge and possibly vanquish a fire-monster appearing thus malevolently out of the infinity of space. The man in the street walked with his nose pointing to the midnight zenith, and next morning complained at breakfast of having a most unaccountable "crick" in his neck; but the crowd was still save for the newsboys, who ran hither and thither shouting shrilly: "Extree! Extree! All about the comic!"

Consumptive old men, gray-bearded

and withered survivors of antebellum days, wastrails of the vicissitudes of fortune came crawling out of garrets to set up small, battered brass telescopes on weather-beaten mahogany tripods. And about these collected knots of people, who eagerly paid small sums to get a nearer view of this astonishing phenomenon which portended no one knew what. In the "black-and-tan" quarters of the city, the impassioned tones of the exhorters, mingled with the groans and wailings of converts and the chant of salvation-hymns, filled the air, for there, at least, the conviction prevailed that the day of Judgment was at hand, and that the sheep were at last to be definitely separated from the goats.

Four days after the meeting of comet and asteroid, which was duly reported by observing astronomers, newsboys were again crying, "Extra!" in the streets of Washington. An evening paper had been made the recipient of the following, the result of calculation on the part of Thornton:

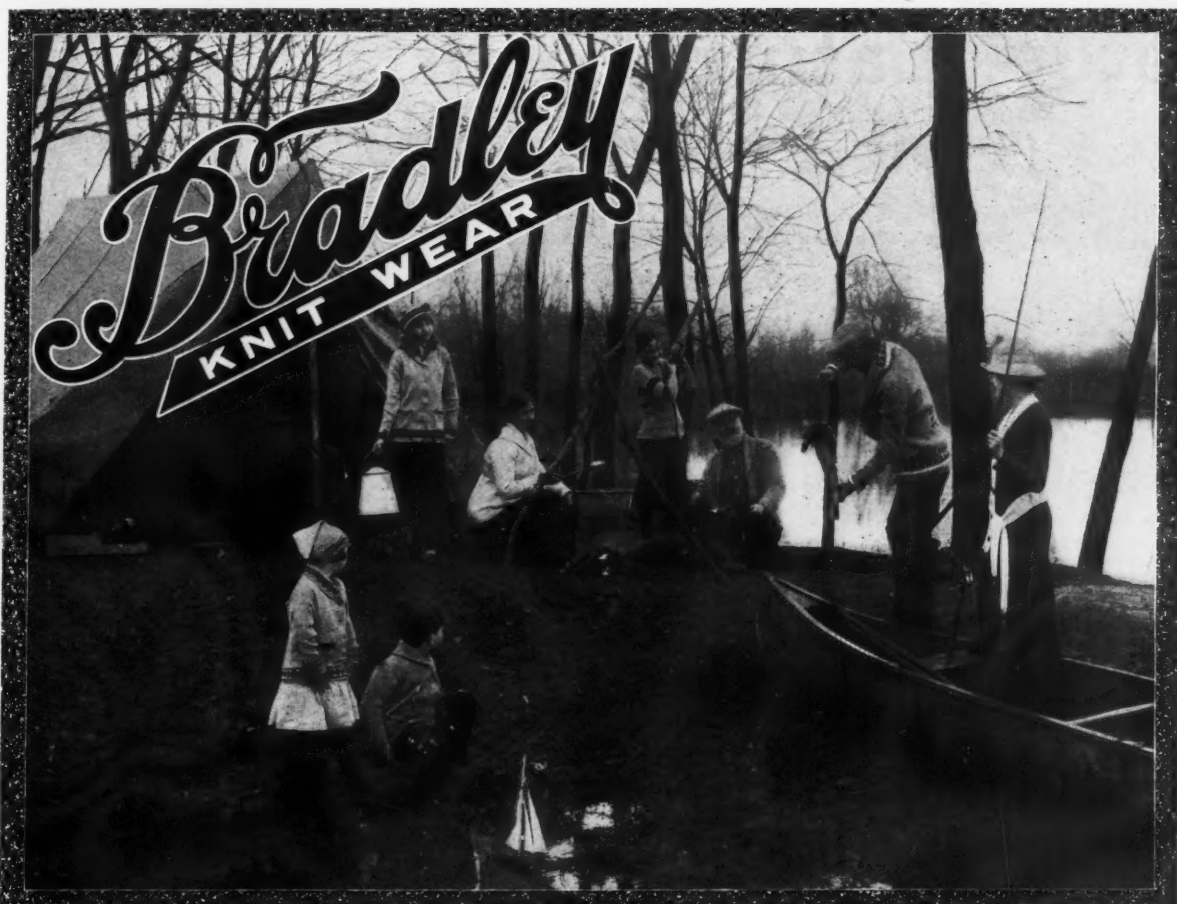
EARTH TO BE ANNIHILATED!

ASTEROID "MEDUSA" WILL TORPEDO OUR PLANET ON APRIL 22. CATACLASM NOW ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN

It is announced positively by the officials of the National Observatory that the asteroid Medusa, having been arrested in its orbit by its collision with the comet, is now plunging toward the sun with an increasing hourly acceleration and will undoubtedly hit the earth in less than five months from to-day. Calculations have shown that the point of impact will be in Mexico on the line of latitude passing through Tampico, though it is possible that the body may fall in the Pacific if the time of arrival is a little later than that predicted, or in the gulf of Mexico, if earlier. The opinions held by the leading scientific men of the country as to the immediate effects of the collision differ in the extreme. Some consider that, aside from earthquakes, tidal waves and considerable atmospheric disturbances, the destructive effects will be confined to an area of not more than three or four hundred miles radius. Others believe, however, that the concussion will destroy all life over the greater part of two Americas, and that the "splash" of the asteroid will bury the United States under a layer of fused rock, broken stones, dust, and mud to a depth varying from several miles in Texas to several feet in Maine and Oregon. All agree, however, in the belief that every building in the United States will be razed to the ground by the shock, and that the atmospheric disturbances will be such as to render the loss of life enormous over the entire continent.

The most extreme view is that taken by Professor Katz, of Columbia, who asserts that the impact will reduce our globe to powder. His colleague, Professor Smithers, claims that that part of the earth's surface subjected to the blow will be entirely fused and vaporized, while other scientists believe that the concurrent earthquake shock will travel completely around the earth and destroy all life upon both hemispheres. All agree that, if nothing worse occurs, the vast bulk of the asteroid will penetrate the film of the earth's surface for several hundred miles, the globe's diurnal rotation will be affected, its shape will be changed, and its orbit around the sun will be altered. Ultimate consequences cannot be predicted but THE END OF THE WORLD IS AT HAND!

The civilized world received the astounding news of the pending annihilation of the earth, first, with the amused silence of incredulity, and then with a gasp of horror that swept over the entire surface of the globe. The immediate reaction of the human brain to this inconceivable



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The picture above is a snap-shot of a happy family camping on the Des Plaines River, Ill. A sepia print 8 x 10 suitable for framing, together with Style Booklet, will be mailed upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

Stop Eating Foods That Poison!

Why Wrong Eating is Responsible for More Sickness than Any Other Cause. How Right Eating Removes the Cause of Sickness.

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around to-day with entirely remade stomachs. They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the foods we like best.

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist who has successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

In a recent talk with Eugene Christian he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of various ailments through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency has been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs

of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After a few months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons. With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 910, 460 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once

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Dept. 910, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City.**

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catastrophe was that of sublime disbelief in its possibility. The finite mind, incapable, as it is, of grasping the infinities, resolutely declined to accept any proposition outside the history of man's experience. Since that moment when the human race in the course of evolution, had appeared upon the face of our planet, the latter's orbit through space had never been attacked or even affected by any other celestial body, and since the earth had spun for countless millions of years in its regular course about the center of the solar system, and summer had inevitably followed winter, and men had been born, made love, fought, and died, no one was ready at first to accept the simple scientific truth that, if a meteorite weighing perhaps only a single ton could fall flaming earthward to bury itself in some farmer's plowed field, there was no reason, in the nature of things, why a meteorite a million times larger should not do the same thing, or why another planet several times larger than the earth should not shatter it to atoms.

Kings, emperors, presidents, sultans, and rajahs, with their courts, Cabinets, and wise men, treated the preliminary announcement of the observatories of Washington, Moscow, and Greenwich much as they had in the past treated the prophecies of clairvoyants and others that the day of Judgment was positively going to occur on certain specified dates. The newspapers carefully refrained from any editorial comment. Somebody, evidently, had made a big mistake which would presently be discovered, and then everybody would breathe easily again. But, unfortunately, the supposed mistake obstinately continued to remain undetected, and further observations merely served to corroborate those already made and to substantiate, not only the probability but the absolute certainty of what Thornton had prophesied.

Then, with a shriek of astonishment and despair the newspapers of all the nations gave themselves over to this, the greatest sensation in the history of the planet, and the combined energies of astronomers throughout the entire globe were concentrated upon determining, so far as possible, the size and weight of the falling asteroid, and the point upon the surface of the earth which would receive its momentous impact.

It was soon authoritatively announced that its diameter was not less than ninety or more than one hundred and sixty miles, and that, unless it was deflected from its course by the attraction of the moon or of some planet, it would strike the earth in the neighborhood of Galveston, Texas, with a velocity of nearly nineteen miles a second. What the precise result of this terrific concussion would be upon the earth and its movement, it was, of course, impossible for anybody to predict accurately or even imagine.

Would the earth be shattered, or would it resist the titanic blow of this monster from out of space? Would both bodies retain their integrity so that, one embedded in the other in a strange and horrible association, they would gyrate through eternity? What would the effect be upon the earth's orbit, its climatic conditions, and its life? What might happen at the worst, the mind of man refused to conjecture. But it was admitted that, beyond peradventure, the



The Romance of Rubber



WHEN your great-grandfather wanted his shoes waterproofed, he probably sent them to Brazil by his friend, the captain of the good ship "Sarah Ann." There they were dipped in latex, the liquid from the rubber tree.

Your grandfather's first rubber shoes were made on straight lasts. In those days there were neither rights nor lefts, and rubber shoes were few.

How times have changed! Today the United States Rubber Company makes millions of pairs of rubber footwear each year—several times as much as any other manufacturer, and more than all others combined—footwear that is fashioned to fit and fitted to fashion.

Included are rubber overshoes, shoes with rubber soles for street and home as well as sporting wear, and rubber boots and shoes for every purpose. The romance of rubber comes less from the jungles along the Amazon than from the rubber manufacturer. In the factory,

rubber has been developed almost overnight, as if by magic, and set to serve humanity.

The first company was licensed to make rubber goods only 74 years ago. This rubber factory, the ancestor of all rubber factories, enlarged, and other firms since founded, are the units which form the United States Rubber Company, the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.

The 47 great factories of the United States Rubber Company produce not only footwear, but also, on the same gigantic scale, raincoats, tires for automobiles, motor trucks and all other kinds of vehicles, druggists' rubber goods, hose, belting, packing, and all rubber goods for mechanical uses.

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I will send my machine on 30 days' free trial. You do not need to pay a penny until you are satisfied this washer will do what I say it will. Write today for illustrated catalog. Address: H. L. Barker, 6295 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y., or if you live in Canada, write to the Canadian "1900" Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

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best that could be hoped for would be that the asteroid itself might suffer annihilation—in which event, its shattered carcass would lie smothering a thousand miles of the earth's surface, changing the latter's axis and sending it staggering along a new orbit under conditions which might render human life upon the globe impossible. And the blow itself! Could life continue after such a shock, which would be greater by ten thousand times than that of the most violent earthquake known in the history of man?

The next instalment of *The Moon-Maker* will appear in the November issue.

The Dark Star

(Continued from page 37)

walked toward the house, and, as though he could not help himself, he walked beside her, his hat in his hand once more.

"I like this place," he said. "I wonder if there is a hotel in Gayfield."

"The Gayfield House."

"Is it very bad?" he asked jocosely.

She seemed surprised. It was considered good, she thought.

With a slight, silent nod of dismissal, she crossed the road and went into the house, leaving him standing beside his wrecked machine once more, looking after her out of sluggish eyes. Presently, from the house, emerged Stull, his pasty face starting in its pallor under the cloudless sky, and walked slowly over to Brandes.

"Well, Ben," said the latter pleasantly, "I'm going to Gayfield to telegraph for another car."

"How soon can they get one up?" inquired Stull, inserting a large cigar into his slitted mouth and lighting it.

"Oh, in a couple of days, I guess. I don't know. I don't care much, either."

"We can go on to Saratoga by train," suggested Stull complacently.

"We can stay here, too."

"What for?"

Brandes said, in his tight-lipped, even voice:

"The fishing's good. I guess I'll try it."

He continued to contemplate the machine, but Stull's black eyes were turned on him intently.

"How about the races?" he asked.

"Do we go or not?"

"Certainly."

"When?"

"When they send us a car to go in."

"Isn't the train good enough?"

"The fishing here is better."

Stull's pasty visage turned sourer.

"Do you mean we lose a couple of days in this God-forsaken dump because you'd rather go to Saratoga in a runabout than in a train?"

"I tell you I'm going to stick around for a while."

"For how long?"

"Oh, I don't know. When we get our car we can talk it over, and—"

"Ah," ejaculated Stull, in disgust, "what's the matter with you? Is it that little skirt you was buzzing out here like you never seen one before?"

"How did you guess, Ben?" returned Brandes, with the almost expressionless jocularity that characterized him at times.

"That little red-headed, spindling, freckled, milk-fed mill-hand?"

And in the midst of all this rumpus, Professor Benjamin Hooker suddenly stated that he purposed going out in the Flying Ring to meet the asteroid in its fall through space, attack it with the famous lavender ray that had disrupted the Atlas mountains, and either deflect it from its course so that it should not strike the earth at all or blow Medusa into smithereens! Yet his announcement that he intended to sally forth and slay the celestial monster—like a little scientific David—did not tend to assuage the universal terror in the slightest.

"Funny, ain't it? But there's no telling what will catch the tired business man, is there, Ben?"

"Well, what does catch him?" demanded Stull angrily. "What's the answer?"

"I guess she's the answer, Ben."

"Ah—leave the kid alone!"

"I'm going to have the car sent up here. I'm going to take her out. Go on to Saratoga if you want to. I'll meet you there—"

"When?"

"When I'm ready," replied Brandes evenly. But he smiled.

Stull looked at him, and his white face, soured by dyspepsia, became sullen with wrath. At such times, too, his grammar suffered from indigestion.

"Say, Eddie," he began, "can't anyone learn you nothin' at all? How many times would you have been better off if you'd listened to me? Every time you throw me you hand yourself one. Now that you got a little money again and a little backing, don't do anything like that—"

"Like what?"

"Like chasin' dames. Don't act foolish like you done in Chicago last summer. You wouldn't listen to me then, would you? And that Denver business, too. Say, look at all the foolish things you done against all I could say to save you—like backing that cowboy plug against Battling Jensen—like taking that big hunk o' beef, Walstein, to San Antonio, where Kid O'Rourke put him out in the first. And everybody's laughing at you yet! Ah," he exclaimed angrily, "somebody tell me why I don't quit you, you big dill pickle! I wish some one would tell me why I stand for you, because I don't know. And look what you're doing now—you got some money of your own and plenty of syndicate money to put on the races and a big com-mish! You got a good theayter in town with Morris Stein to back you and everything—and look what you're doing!" he ended bitterly.

Brandes tightened his dental grip on his cigar and squinted at him good-humoredly.

"Say, Ben," he said, "would you believe it if I told you I'm stuck on her?"

"Ah—you'd fall for anything. I never seen a skirt you wouldn't chase."

"I don't mean that kind."

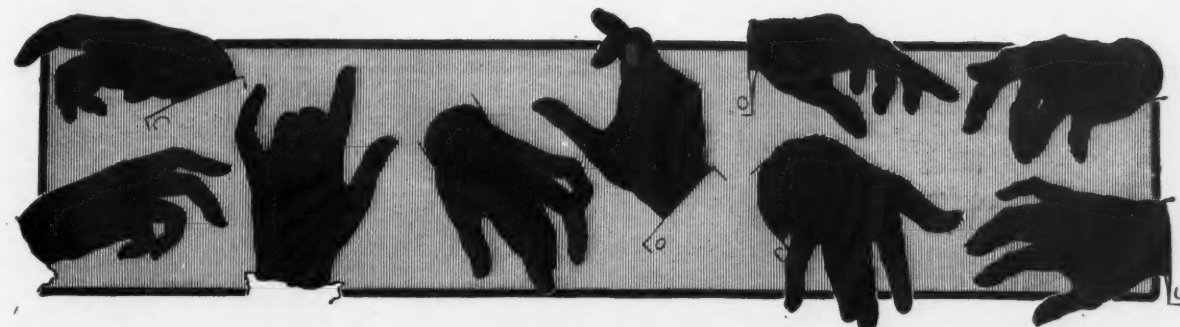
"What kind, then?"

"This is on the level, Ben."

"What! Ah—goon! You on the level?"

"All the same, I am."

"You can't be on the level. You don't know how."



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"Why?"
"You got a wife, and you know you have."

"Yes; and she's getting her divorce." Stull regarded him with habitual and sullen distrust.

"She hasn't got it yet."
"She'll get it. Don't worry."

"I thought you was for fighting it."
"I was going to fight it, but—" His slow, narrow, greenish eyes stole toward the house across the road. "Just like that," he said, after a slight pause; "that's the way the little girl hit me. I'm on the level, Ben. First skirt I ever saw that I wanted to find waiting dinner for me when I come home. Get me?"

"I don't know whether I do or not."
"Get this, then: She isn't all over paint; she's got freckles, thank God, and she smells sweet as a daisy field! I want to get my breath, and I'm getting it."

Stull's white features betrayed merely the morbid suffering of indigestion; he said nothing and sucked his cigar.

"I'm through," repeated Brandes. "I want a home and a wife—the kind that even a fly cop won't pinch on sight—the kind of little thing that's over there in that old shack. Whatever I am, I don't want a wife like me—nor kids, either." Stull remained sullenly unresponsive. "Call her a hick if you like. All right, I want that kind." No comment from Stull, who was looking at the wrecked car. "Understand, Ben?"

"I tell you I don't know whether I do or not."

"Well, what don't you understand?"

"Nothin'— Well, then, your falling for a kid like that, first crack out o' the box. I'm honest; I don't understand it."

"She hit me that way—so help me God!"

"And you're on the level?"

"Absolutely, Ben."

"What about the old guy and the mother? Take 'em to live with you?"

"If she wants 'em."

Stull stared at him in uneasy astonishment.

"All right, Eddie; only don't act foolish till Minna passes you up. And get out of here or you will. If you're on the level, as you say you are, you've got to mark time for a good long while yet—"

"Why?"

"You don't have to ask me that, do you?"

"Yes, I do. Why? I want to marry her, I tell you. I mean to. I'm taking no chances that some hick will do it while I'm away. I'm going to stay right here."

"And when the new car comes?"

"I'll keep her humming between here and Saratoga."

"And then what?"

Brandes's greenish eyes rested on the car, and he smoked in silence for a while. Then:

"Listen, Ben: I'm a busy man. I got to be back in town, and I got to have a wedding-trip, too. You know me, Ben. You know what I mean. That's me. When I do a thing I do it. Maybe I make plenty of mistakes. Well, I'd rather make 'em than sit pat and do nothing."

"You're crazy!"

"Don't bet on it, Ben. I know what I want. I'm going to make money. Things are going big with me—"

"You tin horn—you always say that!"

"Watch me! I bet you I make a killing at Saratoga. I bet you I make good with Morris Stein. I bet you the first show I put on goes big. I bet—"

"Ah—can it!"

"Wait! I bet you I marry that little girl in two weeks, and she stands for it when I tell her later we'd better get married again."

"Say—talk sense!"

"I am."

"What'll they do to you if your wife makes a holler?"

"Whoever heard of her or me in the East?"

"You want to take a chance like that?"

"I'll fix it. I haven't got time to wait for Minna to shake me loose. Besides, she's in Seattle. I'll fix it so she doesn't hear until she gets her freedom. I'll get a license right here. I guess I'll use your name—"

"What!" yelled Stull.

"Shut your face!" retorted Brandes.

"What do you think you're going to do—sneak?"

"You think I'm going to stand for that?"

"Well, then, I won't use your name. I'll use my own. Why not? I mean honest. It's dead level. I'll remarry her. I want her, I tell you. I want a wedding-trip, too, before I go back—"

"With the first rehearsal called for September fifteenth! What's the matter with you? Do you think Stein is going to stand for—"

"You'll be on hand," said Brandes pleasantly. "I'm going to Paris for four weeks—two weeks there, two on the ocean—"

"You—"

"Save your voice, Ben. That's settled."

Stull turned upon him a dead-white visage distorted with fury.

"I hope she throws you out," he said breathlessly. "You talk about being on the level! Every level's crooked with you. You don't know what square means; a square has got more than four corners when you draw it! Go on—stick around! I don't care what you do. Go on and do it. But I quit right here."

Both knew that the threat was empty. As a shadow clings to a man's heels, as a lost soul haunts its slayer, so had Stull followed Brandes, and would follow to the end. Why? Neither knew. It seemed to be their destiny, surviving everything—their bitter quarrels, the injustice and tyranny of Brandes, his contempt and ridicule sometimes—enduring through adversity, even penury, through good and bad days, through abundance and through want, through shame and disgrace, through trickery, treachery, and triumph—nothing had ever broken the occult bond which linked these two. And neither understood why, but both seemed to be vaguely conscious that neither was entirely complete without the other.

"Ben," said Brandes affably, "I'm going to walk over to Gayfield. Want to come?"

They went off together.

VII

WOLVES IN THE FOLD

By the end of the week, Brandes had done much to efface any unpleasant impression he had made on Ruhannah Carew. The girl had never before had to do with

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any mature man. She was, therefore, at a disadvantage in every way, and her total lack of experience emphasized the odds.

Nobody had ever before pointedly preferred her, paid her undivided attention; no man had ever sought her, conversed with her, deferred to her, interested himself in her. It was entirely new to her, this attention which Brandes paid her. Nor could she make any comparisons between this man and other men, because she knew no men. He was an entirely novel experience to her; he had made himself interesting, had proved amusing, considerate, kind, generous, and apparently interested in what interested her. And if his unfeigned preference for her society disturbed and perplexed her, his assiduous civilities toward her father and mother were gradually winning from her far more than anything he had done for her.

His white-faced, odd little friend had gone; he himself had taken quarters at the Gayfield House, where a car like the wrecked one was stabled for his use.

He had already taken her father and mother and herself everywhere within motoring-distance; he had accompanied them to church; he escorted her to the "movies;" he walked with her in the August evenings after supper, rowed her about on the pond, fished from the bridge, told her strange stories in the moonlight on the veranda, her father and mother interested and attentive.

For the career of Mr. Eddie Brandes was capable of furnishing material for interesting stories, if carefully edited and related with discretion and circumspection. He had been many things to many men—and to several women. He had been a tin-horn gambler in the Southwest, a miner in Alaska, a saloon-keeper in Wyoming, a fight-promoter in Arizona. He had traveled profitably on popular ocean liners until requested to desist. Auteuil, Neuilly, Vincennes, and Longchamps knew him as tout, bookie, and, when fitfully prosperous, as a plunger. Epsom knew him once as a welcher, and knew him no more.

He had taken a comic-opera company through the wheat-belt—one way; he had led a burlesque troupe into Arizona and had traded it there for a hotel.

"When Eddie wants to talk," Stull used to say, "that smoke Othello hasn't got nothing on him."

However, Brandes seldom chose to talk. This was one of his rare garrulous occasions, and, with careful self-censorship, he was making an endless series of wonder-tales out of the episodes and *faits divers* common to the experience of such as he.

So, of moving accidents by flood and field, this man had a store, and he contrived to make them artistically innocuous and perfectly fit for family consumption.

Further, two of his friends motored over from Saratoga to see him, were brought to supper at the Carews, and they gave him a clean bill of moral health. They were, respectively, "Doc" Curfoot—suave hunter of Peacock Alley and gentleman "caper"—whom Brandes introduced as the celebrated specialist, Doctor Elbert Curfoot; and "Captain" Harman Quint, partner in Quint's celebrated temple of Chance, and introduced as the distinguished navigating officer which he appeared to be. The steering for their common craft, however, was the duty of the eminent Doc.

They spent the evening on the veranda

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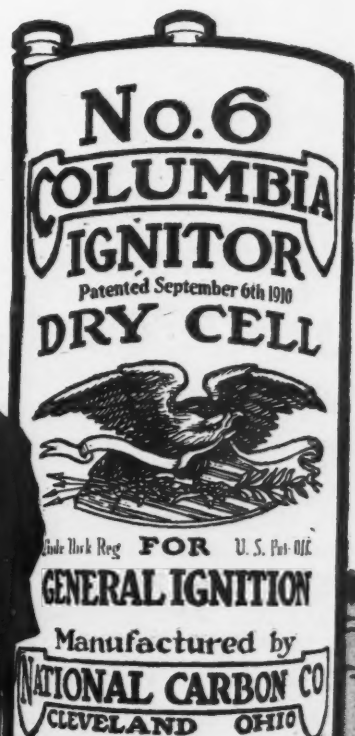
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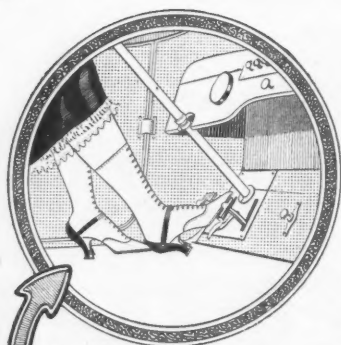
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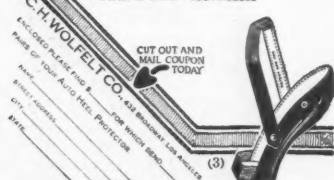
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with the family; and it was quite wonderful what fine fellows each turned out to be—information confidentially imparted to the Reverend Mr. Carew by each of the three distinguished gentlemen in turn.

Doc Curfoot, whose business included the ability to talk convincingly on any topic, took the Reverend Mr. Carew's measure and chose literature; and his suave critique presently became an interesting monologue listened to in silence by those around him.

Brandes had said, "Put me in right, Doc," and Doc was accomplishing it, partly to oblige Brandes, partly for practise. His agreeable voice so nicely pitched, so delightfully persuasive, recapitulating all the commonplaces and cant phrases concerning the literature of the day, penetrated gratefully the intellectual isolation of these humble gentlefolk, and won very easily their innocent esteem. With the Reverend Mr. Carew, Doc discussed such topics as "the influence on fiction of the ethical ideal."

With Mrs. Carew, Captain Quint exchanged reminiscences of travel on distant seas. Brandes attempted to maintain low-voiced conversation with Rue, who responded in diffident monosyllables to his advances.

Brandes walked down to their car with them after they had taken their leave.

"What's the idea, Eddie?" inquired Doc Curfoot, pausing before the smart little speeder.

"It's straight."

"Oh," said Doc softly, betraying no surprise—about the only thing he'd never betrayed. "Anything in it for you, Eddie?"

"Yes; a good girl. The kind you read about. Isn't that enough?"

"Minna chucked you?" inquired Captain Quint.

"She'll get her decree in two or three months. Then I'll have a home. And everything that you and I are keeps out of that home, Cap. See?"

"Certainly," said Quint. "Quite right, Eddie."

Doc Curfoot climbed in and took the wheel. Quint followed him.

"Say," he said, in his pleasant, guarded voice, "watch out that Minna don't double-cross you, Eddie."

"How?"

"Or shoot you up. She's some *Schützenfest*, you know, when she turns loose—"

"Ah—I tell you she *wants* the divorce. Abe Grittlefeld's crazy about her. He'll get Abe Gordon to star her on Broadway, and that's enough for her. Besides, she'll marry Maxy Venem when she can afford to keep him."

"You never understood Minna Minti."

Doc pushed the self-starter; there came a click, a low humming. Brandes's face cleared, and he held out his square-shaped hand.

"You fellows," he said, "have put me right with the old folks here. I'll do the same for you some day. Don't talk about this little girl and me—that's all."

"All the same," repeated Doc, "don't take any chances with Minna. She's onto you."

"That's right, Doc. And say, Harman"—to Quint—"tell Ben he's doing fine. Tell him to send me what's mine, because I'll want it very soon now. I'm going to

take a month off, and then I'm going to show Stein how a theater can be run."

"Eddie," said Quint, "it's a good thing to think big, but it's a poor thing to talk big. Cut out the talk, and you'll be a big man some day."

The graceful car moved forward into the moonlight; his two friends waved an airy adieu, and Brandes went slowly back to the dark veranda where sat a young girl, pitifully immature in mind and body, and two old people, little less innocent for all their experience in the ranks of Christ, for all the wounds that scarred them both in the overseas service which had broken them forever.

"A very handsome and distinguished gentleman, your friend Doctor Curfoot," said the Reverend Mr. Carew. "I imagine his practise in New York is not only fashionable but extensive."

"Both," said Brandes.

"I assume so. He seems to be intimately acquainted with people whose names for generations have figured prominently in the social columns of the New York press."

"Oh, yes; Curfoot and Quint know them all."

Which was true enough. They had to. One must know people from whom one accepts promissory notes to liquidate those little affairs peculiar to the temple of chance.

And New York's best furnished the neophytes for these rites.

"I thought Captain Quint very interesting," ventured Ruhannah. "He seems to have sailed over the entire globe."

"Naval men are always delightful," said her mother. And, laying her hand on her husband's arm in the dark, "Do you remember, Wilbur, how kind the officers from the cruiser Oneida were when the rescue-party took us aboard?"

"God sent the Oneida to us," said her husband dreamily. "I thought it was the end of the world for us—for you and me and baby Rue—that dreadful flight from the mission to the sea."

He gathered his crutches; the night was a trifle damp for him; besides, he desired to read. Brandes, as always, rose to aid him. His wife followed.

"Don't stay out long, Rue," she said, in the doorway.

"No, mother."

Brandes came back. Departing from his custom, he did not light a cigar but sat in silence, his narrow eyes trying to see Ruhannah in the darkness. But she was only a delicate shadow-shape to him, scarcely detached from the darkness that enveloped her.

He meant to speak to her then. And suddenly found he could not, realized, all at once, that he lacked the courage. This was the more amazing and disturbing to him because he could not remember the time or occasion when the knack of fluent speech had ever failed him.

He had never foreseen such a situation; it had never occurred to him that he would find the slightest difficulty in saying easily and gracefully what he had determined to say to this young girl.

Now he sat there silent, disturbed, nervous, and tongue-tied. He didn't at first quite comprehend what was making him afraid.

After a long while he understood it was some sort of fear of her—fear of her refusal, fear of losing her, fear that she

might have—in some occult way—divined what he really was—that she might have heard things concerning him, his wife, his career. The idea turned him cold.

And all at once he realized how terribly in earnest he had become, how deeply involved, how vital this young girl had become to him. Never before had he really wanted anything as compared to this desire of his for her. He was understanding, too, in a confused way, that such a girl and such a home for him as she could make was going not only to give him the happiness he expected, but that it also meant betterment for himself—straighter living, perhaps straighter thinking, the birth of something resembling self-respect, even perhaps aspiration—or, at least, the aspiration toward that respect from others which honest living dares demand.

He wanted her; he wanted her now; he wanted to marry her, whether or not he had the legal right; he wanted to go away for a month with her, and then return and work for her, for them both, to build up a fortune and a good reputation with Stein's backing and Stein's theater, stand well with honest men, stand well with himself, stand always, with her, for everything a man should be.

If she loved him, she would forgive him and quietly remarry him as soon as Minna kicked him loose.

He was confident he could make her happy, make her love him, if once he could find courage to speak, if once he could win her.

And, suddenly, the only possible way to go about it occurred to him.

His voice was a trifle husky and unsteady from the nervous tension when he at last broke the silence.

"Miss Rue," he said, "I have a word to say to your father and mother. Would you wait here until I come back?"

"I think I had better go in, too."

"Please don't."

"Why?"

She stopped short, instinctively, but not surmising.

"You will wait, then?" he asked.

"I was going in. But I'll sit here a little while."

He rose and went in, rather blindly.

Ruhannah sat thinking there deep in her splint armchair, slim feet crossed. Sometimes she thought of Brandes, pleasantly, sometimes of other matters.

Once the memory of her drive home through the wintry moonlight with young Neelance occurred to her, and the reminiscence was vaguely agreeable.

Listless, a trifle sleepy, the ceaseless noise of the creek in her ears, inconsequential thoughts flitted through her brain—the vague, aimless, guiltless thoughts of a young and unstained mind.

She was nearly asleep when Brandes came back, and she looked up at him where he stood beside her porch chair in the darkness.

"Miss Rue," he said, "I have told your father and mother that I am in love with you and want to make you my wife."

The girl sat there, speechless, astounded.

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My Hawaiian Aloha

(Continued from page 39)

back in California. To this day, he speaks with plaintive bitterness of his experience, although he never mentions what became of his garden hose and rake and hoe. Surely the soil could not have proved nigardly to him!

One reads of the first chief justice under the Kamehamehas that he was on his way around the Horn to Oregon when he was persuaded to remain in Hawaii.

THE LURE OF HAWAII

The sailor-boy, Archibald Scott Cleg-horn, had no intention of leaving his ship; but he looked upon the Princess Likelike. The Princess Likelike looked on him, and he remained to become the father of the Princess Kaiulani and to dignify a place of honor through long years. He was not the first sailor-boy to leave his ship, nor the last. One of the recent ones, whom I know well, arrived several years ago on a yacht in a yacht-race from the mainland. So brief was his permitted vacation from his bank cashiership that he had planned to return by fast steamer. He is still there. The outlook is that his children and his grandchildren after him will be there.

Another erstwhile bank-cashier is Louis von Tempsky, the son of the last British officer killed in the Maori War. His New Zealand bank gave him a year's vacation. The one place he wanted to see above all others was California. He departed. His ship stopped at Hawaii. It was the same old story. The ship sailed on without him. His New Zealand bank never saw him again, and many years passed ere ever he saw California. But she had no charms for him. And to-day, his sons and daughters about him, he looks down on half a world and all of Maui from the rolling grass-lands of the Haleakala Ranch.

There were the Gays and Robinsons. Scotch pioneers over the world, in the good old days when families were large and patriarchal, they had settled in New Zealand. After a time, they decided to migrate to British Columbia. Among their possessions was a full-rigged ship, of which one of their sons was master. Like my poet-friend from California, they packed all their property on board. But in place of his garden hose and rake and hoe, they took their plows and harrows and all their agricultural machinery. Also, they took their horses and their cattle and their sheep. When they arrived in British Columbia, they would be in shape to settle immediately, break the soil, and not miss a harvest. But the ship, as was the custom in the sailing-ship days, stopped at Hawaii for water and fruit and vegetables. The Gays and Robinsons are still here, or, rather, their venerable children and younger grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They took up land on Kaua and Niihau, the ninety-seven square miles of the latter remaining intact in their possession to this day.

I doubt that not even the missionaries; wind-jamming around the Horn from New England a century ago, had the remotest thought of living out all their days in Hawaii. This is not the way of missionaries over the world. They have always gone forth to far places with the resolve to devote their lives to the glory of God and

the redemption of the heathen, but with the determination, at the end of it all, to return to spend their declining years in their own country. But Hawaii can seduce them just as readily as she can seduce sailor-boys and bank-cashiers; and this particular lot of missionaries was so enamored of her charms that they did not return when old age came. Their bones lie here in the land they came to love better than their own; and they, and their sons and daughters after them, have been, and are, powerful forces in the development of Hawaii.

But, to return: Hawaii is the home of shanghaied men and women, who were induced to remain, not by a blow with a club over the head or a doped bottle of whisky but by love. Hawaii and the Hawaiians are a land and a people loving and lovable. By their language may ye know them, and in what other land save this one is the commonest form of greeting, not "Good-day," nor "How d'ye do," but "Love"? That greeting is "Aloha"—love, I love you, my love to you. Good-day—what is it more than an impersonal remark about the weather? "How do you do?"—it is personal in a merely casual, interrogative sort of a way. But "Aloha!" It is a positive affirmation of the warmth of one's own heart-giving.

VARIETY OF CLIMATE

Well, then, try to imagine a land that is as lovely and loving as such a people. Hawaii is all of this. Not strictly tropical, but subtropical, rather, in the heel of the northwest trades (which is a very wine of wind), with altitudes rising from palm-fringed coral beaches to snow-capped summits fourteen thousand feet in the air, there was never so much climate gathered together in one place on earth. The custom of the dwellers is as it was of old time, only better, namely: to have a town house, a seaside house, and a mountain house. All three homes, by automobile, can be within half an hour's run of one another; yet, in difference of climate and scenery, they are the equivalent of a house on Fifth Avenue or Riverside Drive, of an Adirondack camp, and of a Florida winter bungalow, plus a twelve months' cycle of seasons crammed into each and every day.

And what is true of Hawaii is true of all the other large islands of the group. Climate and season are to be had for the picking and choosing, with countless surprising variations thrown in for good measure. Suppose one be an invalid, seeking an invalid's climate. A night's run from Honolulu on a steamer will land him on the leeward coast of the big island of Hawaii. There, amongst the coffee on the slopes of Kona, a thousand feet above Kailua and the wrinkled sea, he will find the perfect invalid-climate. It is the land of the morning calm, the afternoon shower, and the evening tranquillity. Harsh winds never blow. Once in a year or two, a stiff wind of twenty-four to forty-eight hours will blow from the south. This is the Kona wind. Otherwise, there is no wind, at least no air-drafts of sufficient force to be so dignified. They are not even breezes. They are air-fans, alternating, by day and by night, between the sea and the land, made possible by the towering bulks of

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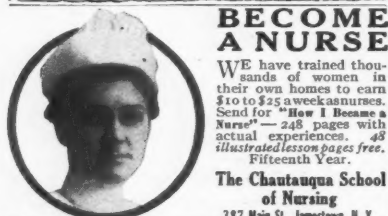
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Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. Beyond them, on the windward slopes of the big island, along the Hamakua coast, the trade-wind will as often as not be blustering at forty miles an hour. Should an Oregon web-foot become homesick for the habitual wet of his native clime, he will find easement and a soaking on the windward coasts of Hawaii and Maui, from Hilo in the south, with its average annual rainfall of one hundred and fifty inches, to the Nahiku country to the north beyond Hana, which has known a downpour of four hundred and twenty inches in a single twelvemonth. In the matter of rain, it is again pick and choose—from two hundred inches to twenty, or five, or one. Nay, further, forty miles away from the Nahiku, on the leeward slopes of the House of the Sun, which is the mightiest extinct volcano in the world, rain may not fall once in a dozen years, cattle live their lives without ever seeing a puddle, and horses brought from that region shy at running water or try to eat it with their teeth.

Nor is Hawaii niggardly toward the sportsman. Good hunting abounds. As I write these lines on Puuwaawaa Ranch, from every side arises the love-call of the quail, which are breaking up their coveys as the mating proceeds. They are California quail, yet never in California have I seen quail as thick as here. Yesterday, I saw more doves—variously called turtle-doves and mourning-doves—than I ever saw before in any single day of my life. Day before yesterday, I was out with the cowboys roping wild pig in the pastures.

Of birds, in addition to quail and doves, in place and season may be hunted wild duck, wild turkey, rice-birds, Chinese and Japanese pheasants, pea-fowl, guinea-fowl, wild chicken (which is a mongrel cross of the indigenous *moa* and the *haole* chicken), and, not least, the delicious golden plover, fat and recuperated after its long flight from Alaska and the arctic shores. Then there are the spotted deer of Molokai. Increasing from several introduced pair, they so flourished in their new habitat that they threatened the pastures and forests, and some years ago the government was compelled to employ professional hunters to reduce their numbers. Of course there is pig-sticking, and, for real hunting, few things can outthrill the roping, after cowboy fashion, of the wild bulls of the upper ranges. Also are there to be had wild goats, wild sheep—yes, and wild dogs, running in packs and dragging down calves and cows, that may even prove perilous to the solitary hunter. And as for adventure and exploration, among many things one may tackle Rabbit Island, inaccessible to all but the most intrepid and most fortunate, or seek for the secret and tabu burial-places of the ancient kings.

A LOVING LAND

Indeed, Hawaii is a loving land. Just as it welcomed the spotted deer to the near destruction of its forests, so has it welcomed many other inimical aliens to its shores. In the United States, in greenhouses and old-fashioned gardens, grows a potted flowering shrub called lantana; in India dwells a very noisy and quarrelsome bird known as the mynah. Both were introduced into Hawaii—the bird to feed upon the cutworm of a certain moth; the

flower to gladden with old associations the heart of a flower-loving missionary. But the land loved the lantana. From a small flower that grew in a pot, the lantana took to itself feet and walked out of the pot into the missionary's garden. Here it flourished and increased mightily in size and constitution. From over the garden wall came the love-call of all Hawaii, and the lantana responded to the call, climbed over the wall, and went a-roving and a-loving in the wild-woods.

And just as the lantana had taken to itself feet, by the seduction of its seed it added to itself the wings of the mynah, which distributed its seed over every island in the group. From a delicate, hand-manufactured, potted plant of the greenhouse, it shot up into a tough and belligerent swashbuckler a fathom tall, that marched in serried ranks over the landscape, crushing beneath it and choking to death all the sweet native grasses, shrubs, and flowers. In the lower forests, it became jungle. In the open, it became jungle, only more so. It was practically impenetrable to man. The cattlemen wailed and vainly fought with it. It grew faster and spread faster than they could grub it out.

BATTLE WITH THE LANTANA

Like the invading whites who dispossessed the native Hawaiians of their land, so did the lantana to the native vegetation. Nay, it did worse. It threatened to dispossess the whites of the land they had won. And battle royal was on. Unable to cope directly with it, the whites called in the aid of the hosts of mercenaries. They sent out their agents to recruit armies from the insect world and from the world of micro-organisms.

Some of these predacious enemies of the lantana ate and sucked and sapped. Others made incubators out of the stems, tunneled and undermined the flower-clusters, hatched maggots in the hearts of the seeds, or coated the leaves with suffocating fungoid growths. Thus simultaneously attacked in front and rear and flank, above and below, inside and out, the all-conquering swashbuckler recoiled. To-day, the battle is almost over, and what remains of the lantana is putting up a sickly and losing fight. Unfortunately, one of the mercenaries has mutinied. This is the accidentally introduced Maui blight, which is now waging unholy war upon garden flowers and ornamental plants, and against which some other army of mercenaries must be turned.

Hawaii has been most generous in her hospitality, most promiscuous in her loving. Her welcome has been impartial. To her warm heart she has enfolded all manner of hurtful, stinging things, including some humans. Mosquitoes, centipedes, and rats made the long voyages, landed, and have flourished ever since. There was none of these here before the *haole* came. So, also, were introduced measles, smallpox, and many similar germ-afflictions of man. The elder generations lived and loved and fought and went down into the pit with their war-weapons and flower garlands laid under their heads, unvexed by whooping-cough, and mumps, and influenza. Some alien good and much of alien ill has Hawaii embraced and loved. Yet, to this day, no snake, poisonous or otherwise, exists in her forests and jungles.

Jack London's concluding article on *Hawaii* will appear in the November issue.



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**The Life of Charles Frohman**

(Continued from page 75)

held to commemorate Gillette's triumph, Frohman said:

"There was nothing of the sort. Mr. Dillingham, my manager, and I joined Mr. Gillette in his rooms at the Savoy. We had some sandwiches and wine, and then played hearts for several hours."

This episode inspired Frohman to give utterance to what was the very key-note of his philosophy about an actor and his work. Talking with a friend in England, shortly after the opening of "Secret Service," about the modest way with which Gillette regarded his success, he said,

"Nothing so kills the healthy growth of an actor and brings his usefulness to an end so soon as the idea that social enjoyment is a means to public success, and that industrious labor to improve himself is no longer necessary."

Frohman always regarded the success of "Secret Service" as the corner-stone of his great achievements in England. He was very fond of Gillette. Once, in speaking of this star's success he said,

"You know, what tickles me is the fact that it was left for England to discover that Gillette is a great actor."

"SECRET SERVICE" IN PARIS

A few years later, Frohman made his first Paris production with "Secret Service." The masterful little man always regarded the world as his field, hence the annexation of Paris. He had a version made by Paul de Decourcelles and the play was put on at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. Guitry, the great French actor, played Gillette's part. A very brilliant audience saw the opening performance, but the French did not get the atmosphere of the play. They could not determine whether it was serious or not. The character of General Nelson was almost entirely omitted in the play, because the actors themselves couldn't tell whether it was humor or tragedy. Besides, the French actors wanted to do it their own way.

Charles B. Dillingham, who had charge of the production in Paris, realizing, on the opening night, that it would be a failure, and knowing that he had to send Frohman some sort of telegram, cabled, with his customary humor, the following:

The tomb of Napoleon looks beautiful in the moonlight.

As was the case in England, Charles Frohman was the only American manager who made any impression upon the French drama. From his earliest producing days he had a weakness for adapting French plays. Out of France he got some of his hugest successes, especially those of Henri Bernstein. He "bulled" the French market on prices. The French playwright hailed him with joy, for he always left a small fortune behind him.

Having established a precedent with Gillette, he now presented his first American woman star in England. It was Annie Russell in Bret Harte's story, "Sue." He was very fond of this play, having already produced it in the United States with great success, and he was very proud

of the deep impression that Miss Russell made.

Up to this time, Charles Frohman had made his London productions in conjunction with the Gattis or George Edwardes at the Adelphi, the Vaudeville, or the Garrick Theatres. This would have satisfied most people. But Frohman, who wanted to do things in a big way, naturally desired his own English theater, where he could unfurl his own banner and do as he pleased.

THE FIRST LONDON THEATER

Early in 1897, therefore, he took what was up to that time his biggest step in England, for he leased the Duke of York's Theatre for nineteen years. His name went over the doorway, and from that time on it was the very nerve-center, if not the soul, of Charles Frohman's English operations. It was one of the best known and the most substantial of the British playhouses, located in St. Martin's Lane, in the very heart of the theatrical district. He took an infinite pride in his control of it. He even emblazoned the announcement of his control on the walls of the Empire, on Broadway, in New York city. In his affections, it was to England what the Empire was to America. It was destined to be the background of what was his most distinguished artistic attempt in any country.

Charles Frohman now embarked on a sea of lavish productions. Typical of his attitude was his employment of the best known and highest priced producer in London. It was none other than Dion Boucicault, son of the famous playwright of the same name, and who was himself a very finished and versatile actor. He gave the Frohman productions a touch of real distinction, and his wife, the accomplished Irene Vanbrugh, added much to the attractiveness of the Frohman ventures.

Charles Frohman celebrated his sponsorship of the Duke of York's with a magnificent production of Anthony Hope's "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," which had been a success in New York with E. H. Sothern and which ran an entire season. It was done in the usual Frohman way, so much so that the British critics said that "the production, from first to last, was correct down to a coat button."

Until the end of his life, the Duke of York's Theatre had a large place in his heart. At the back of private box F, which was his own box, and which was also used for royalty when it visited the play, was a comfortable retiring-room, charmingly decorated in red. Here Frohman loved to sit and entertain his friends, especially James M. Barrie, Haddon Chambers, Somerset Maugham, Arthur W. Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Michael Morton, and other famous English playwrights.

The Duke of York's furnished Frohman with many amusing episodes. On one occasion he was caught in its self-operating elevator and was kept a prisoner for over an hour. His employees were in consternation. When he was finally extricated, they began to apologize most profusely.

"Nonsense!" said Frohman. "I am glad I got stuck. It's the first vacation I have had in two years."

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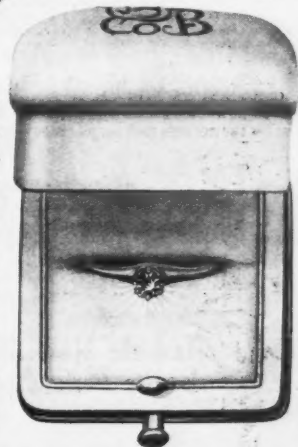
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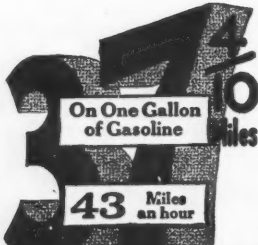


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The lobby of the Duke of York's illustrates one of Charles Frohman's distinctive ideas. Instead of ornamenting it with pictures of dead dramatic heroes like Shakespeare and Garrick, he filled it with photographs of his live American stars. The British theatergoers who went there saw huge portraits of Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Marie Doro, John Drew, and William Gillette.

On one occasion, he was held up at the door of the Duke of York's by a new doorkeeper, who asked for his ticket.

"I am Frohman," said the manager.

"Can't help it, sir; you've got to have a ticket."

"You're quite right," said Frohman, and went to the box-office and bought himself a stall seat. When the house-manager, James W. Matthews, threatened to discharge the doorkeeper, Frohman said:

"Certainly not. The man was obeying orders. If he had done otherwise you should have discharged him."

Frohman so loved the Duke of York's Theatre that he would go back to it and witness the same play twenty times. During his last visit to England, when his right knee was troubling him, he telephoned down one night to have his box reserved. Matthews, to spare him any trouble, had a little platform built so that he would not have to walk up the steps. Two weeks later, Frohman again telephoned that he wanted the box saved, and added:

"I am better now. Don't bother to build a theater for me."

Curiously enough, the first failure that Charles Frohman had at the Duke of York's was "The Christian," which had scored such an enormous success in America. But failure only spurred him on to further effort. When an English friend condoled with him about his enormous loss on this occasion he said:

"Forget it. Don't let's revive the past. Let's get busy and pulverize the future."

LONDON PRODUCTIONS

It is impossible to go into details with Charles Frohman's London productions. When you state the simple fact that he made one hundred and twenty-five of these, you obtain, at a glance, the immense scope of the man's operations there.

Among other things, Frohman and David Belasco presented Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Garrick Theatre in two of her greatest successes. The first was "The Heart of Maryland." It was during this engagement that Charles Frohman bought the rights to "Zaza" in Paris. It was his original intention to star Julia Marlowe in this play. When Belasco heard of it he immediately saw that it was an ideal vehicle for Mrs. Carter, and Frohman generously turned it over to him. After its great triumph in the United States, Frohman and Belasco now produced "Zaza" in London.

It was a huge success, and made the kind of sensation in which Frohman delighted. There was much question as to its propriety, so much so that the lord chamberlain himself, who supervised the censorship, came and witnessed the performance. He made no objection.

An amusing incident, which shows the extraordinary devotion of Charles Frohman's friends, occurred on the first night. While attending the rehearsals at the Garrick, Frohman caught cold and went to bed with a slight attack of pneumonia. On the inaugural night he lay bedridden. He was so eager for news of the play that he said to Dillingham,

"Send me all the news you can."

Dillingham organized a bicycle service, and every fifteen minutes sent encouraging and cheering bulletins to Frohman, who was so elated that he was able to emerge from bed next morning, a well man.

Now the interesting thing about this episode is that Dillingham faked most of the messages, because, until the end of the play and for several days, its success was very much in doubt. Indeed, it took more than a week for it to "catch on."

"MADAM BUTTERFLY"

He followed up "Zaza" with a superb production of "Madam Butterfly," in which he used Belasco's beautiful equipment. This production put the artistic seal on Charles Frohman's achievement as a London manager. Up to this time, there were some who believed that, despite the lavishness of his attitude toward the theater, there was the germ of the commercial in him. "Madam Butterfly" removed this, and if there was any doubt remaining, it was wiped out by his exquisite presentation of "The First Born."

Associated with this is a story that shows Charles Frohman's dogged determination and resource.

Belasco had made the production of "The First Born" in America in magnificent fashion. He brought to it all his love and knowledge of Chinese art.

A rival manager, W. A. Brady, wishing to emulate the success of "The First Born," got together a production of "The Cat and the Cherub," another Chinese play, and secured time in London, hoping to beat Frohman out. It now became a race between Frohman and Brady for the first presentation in London. Brady got his production off first. When Frohman heard of it he said,

"We must be in London first."

"But there are no sailings for a week," said one of his staff.

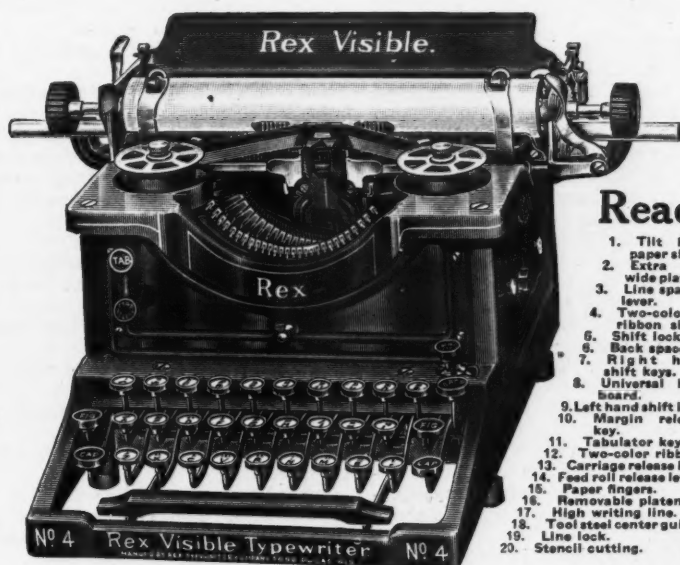
"Then we will hire a boat," was his retort.

This enterprise was not necessary, because a steamer was forthcoming.

"The Cat and the Cherub," however, was produced first, and it took the edge off the novelty of "The First Born," which was a failure. But it gave Charles Frohman a premier place as artistic producer in England, and he never regretted having made the attempt.

Frohman was now immersed in a multitude of things. In September, 1901, for example, he was interested in five London playhouses. He had five different plays going at the same time: "Sherlock Holmes," "Are You a Mason?," "Bluebell in Fairyland," "The Twin Sister," and "The Girl from Maxim's." This situation was typical of his English activities from that time until his death.

The next instalment of *The Life of Charles Frohman* describes the career of Edna May and others under his management, and gives the history of his most important artistic achievement, the Repertory Theatre in London.



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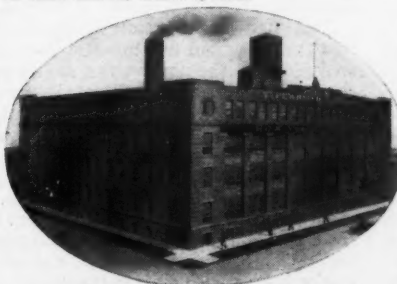
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\$2⁵⁰

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Perfecto

(Continued from page 29)

rapidly, like a thirsty dog, like a man who has but partially waked from a horrible nightmare. It was two minutes before he spoke. Then he said,

"Change places with me." When the change had been effected, he said, "Now rest."

These two words meeting with no response, he slid an arm about her and drew her close to him until their sides and cheeks touched. Then he said,

"It's all right when you are on this side."

To which the Society Queen, still nettled (but ready for mollification), answered:

"What's the matter with your other side? Got a carbuncle?"

"In my inside pocket," he said, "on the right side, there is a little rubber bulb, and a little electric battery. These are connected by insulated wires with the large leather cigar-case which I carry in my left inside pocket—don't you feel it?"

"No; I got stays on."

"Well, it's there. But there are no cigars in it. It's full of dynamite?"

"Hunh?" said the Society Queen.

"If the bulb were adventerly or accidentally squeezed, a few seconds later the dynamite would explode—and—good-night!"

"But why?"

"In case I am recognized. Wouldn't you rather be blown into a thousand pieces than live out your life in a dungeon below the level of the sea, like the old president? Sure you would—sure Mike!"

"And I'm leaning against that cigar-case?" She shuddered but didn't move. A moment later, she said,

"Are you lying?"

By way of answer, he kissed her, but so tenderly and wistfully that she knew he had told the truth.

"About the old president," she said presently, "it's no good. Garcia would let me visit the fortress and look the old man over if—there was any old man to look over. I'll betcher anything you like that Miramonte's dead as a door-nail."

There was a long silence. Perfecto kissed her again. Then he said,

"If the poor old man is dead, then my need of you is treble what it was before."

"Was you and him that close?"

"We were closer than many fathers and their sons. But he shall be avenged; that's sure—sure Mike!"

IV

BUT the company did not devote the whole of its energies to luncheon-parties and champagne. Indeed, they worked like mules, sometimes from sunup to sunset, upon the early episodes of the Great Revolution scenario. The most attractive houses of Oranchez were loaned to them as backgrounds. For them, the keep-off-the-grass signs in the public parks had no meaning. For them, the government-owned railroad ran or did not run, precisely as the director decreed. And when a mob scene was wanted, why, the man in the street came running and so did his wife, and the other woman, and the other man, and all the children.

The first fights of the picture were street-fights, skirmishes in cemeteries; a thrilling blindfold duel in the director's room of the Bank of Oranchez, an abortive dash in an armored train. Then there was the murder of the doting secretary of the Treasury by the Vampire. She plied him with wine, she did, and then she dipped the point of a hatpin into his heart. And shortly after that there was a kind of New World night of St. Bartholomew, during which patriots who wore yellow and green badges murdered patriots who didn't wear any badges at all.

Perfecto played the part of Miramonte, the old president. The first time he appeared in his make-up, he almost started a riot, so exactly did he resemble that unfortunate and beloved old man. In order to dispel the illusion which he had created, it was necessary for him to climb a step-ladder and, in full sight of the crowd, remove his false beard and wave it above their heads.

From the city, the rapid course of revolution shifted to the country, to the desert, to the mountains beyond the desert. The army of Oranchez pretended now to be the driving army of Miramonte and now the driven army of the revolted Garcia. Sometimes it split itself in two and fought savage battles in which it was both armies at once.

President Garcia himself followed these maneuvers in a car, with several members of his Cabinet and many cases of champagne. Sometimes he deposed the man who represented him, and for a scene or two in which there was more posing than acting, had himself photographed at the head of his body-guard. A vainer man was never lured by vanity to his undoing.

Of course, it wasn't all fighting. The fighting, you may say, was only the background of the picture. In the foreground, noble spies were shot against walls, and the Vampire lived, moved, and had her being, and was continually foiled by the passionate patriotism of the Society Queen.

Just before the great battle of the Cave, the Society Queen, Juanita, for an act of exalted devotion, is decorated with the Cross of Honor by General Garcia in the presence of his body-guard. At that moment, the alarm sounds. The guard, surrounded on three sides, can only escape by rough riding. But, for Juanita, there is no horse. Does that matter? No; she has saved her general. Let death come; she will die in her little tracks.

But she shan't; nothing of the kind! General Garcia beckons; he stiffens his left foot; she steps lightly upon it, leaps to the saddle behind him, arms round his neck, and off they go at the moving gallop of the "movies"—ninety miles an hour.

"Eat 'Em Alive-o Bill," excellent in the dashing, swaggering part of General Garcia, did not play this scene. The real General Garcia, flushed with luncheon, insisted on playing it himself. And he did not play it decorously. As the Society Queen stepped lightly upon his foot and rose from the ground, he leaned swiftly and met her with a loud, smacking kiss. The general's horse cavorted. Juanita lost her balance, flung her arms round the general's neck, so

that he lost his balance, and they fell heavily to the ground.

They were both hurt, the Society Queen, in her left shoulder, and the general in his self-esteem. There were recriminations in two languages. And it looked, for a moment, as if the general were going to order his army off the scene and refuse to play any more.

Perfecto saved the situation.

He lifted the discomfited president from the ground, brushed the dust from his clothes, and exclaimed,

"A less skilful athlete might have broken his neck!"

It was noticed that Perfecto was very pale, and that, whenever he looked at the president, he touched with his fingers the right breast of his coat.

"Nasty old beast!" exclaimed the Society Queen.

"What does she say?"

"She says," said Perfecto, "that you saved her from what might have been a nasty fall."

President Garcia inflated his chest.

"She is right," he said, and he flicked the ends of his mustache upward.

V

"I WOULDN'T call it the Cave of the Sun," said the Society Queen; "it's more like the middle of the night. Gee, I'd hate to get lost in here!"

Perfecto turned the beam of an electric torch hither and thither.

"If only the old president had known that Garcia's army was hiding in this place," she said, "what would he 'a done to 'em?"

"He could have put a machine gun on each side of the narrow entrance and shot every one of them as they came out. But he wouldn't have done that. He would have blocked the entrance until they couldn't come out. And then he would have waited until they felt like surrendering."

"You could hide armies in here as easy as peas in a Swede's mouth," said the Society Queen. "Let's get out. It gives me the starvation-shudders and cold chills. Don't you get careless and bump that rubber bulb of yours into one of them stalagmites and set off your cigar-case."

"Don't worry," said Perfecto; "I no longer carry it."

"Since when?"

"Since we got here—since yesterday. I'm safe now."

They had not penetrated very deeply into the cave, and five minutes later had emerged from the narrow, cold mouth into the tawny and baking Valley of the Sun.

The day's work had been mapped out as follows: General Garcia's army, representing General Garcia's army, was first to march into the cave, bag and baggage. Then, representing Miramonte's army, it was to march down the hills and camp for the night. Then, divided in two, and representing both armies, one half, the wide-awake half, was to emerge stealthily from the cave and put the sound-asleep half to the sword.

A few swells had autotomobiled from the capital to witness the taking of the last

scenes. And it amused President Garcia to observe that a large majority of these had been, and probably still were, loyal to the old régime. It amused him to think that they should see for themselves precisely how they and their cause had been outwitted by him.

Mounted on his war-horse, the president took up his stand near the mouth of the cave in the full sunlight, to review his troops as they marched in.

It was one of the proudest moments in his life. He had insisted that this particular part of the picture should not be faked. The entire armed forces of Oranchez were to pass in review. But, of course, the camera-men did not photograph the whole army—only its generals, its leading features, the heads of columns, etc., and enough of the rank and file to give an impression of there being ten times as much infantry, cavalry, and artillery as there really was.

With the camera-men stood such actors as were not to be visible until the thrilling moment when the army, headed, this time, by President Garcia, should come charging out of the cave. But Perfecto was not among those present. Only the Society Queen knew where he was, and she wouldn't tell. But her eyes, continually wandering from the procession to the cliff fastnesses above the entrance to the cave, might very well have given his whereabouts away.

And, of course, the very last man to disappear into the cave was President Garcia. That a general should cover the retreat of his army in person is not good war, but it is good film.

Just before the shadows closed upon him, he turned in the saddle and, with a Latin smile, blew a Latin kiss to the Society Queen. But her eyes, very anxious eyes, were on the cliffs above his head.

A minute passed, two minutes. The mouth of the cave was like a splash of ink against the sun-illuminated cliffs.

From these cliffs, Perfecto was now seen to descend with haste. Having reached the level of the valley, he broke into a run, and he did not cease running until he was in the presence of the Society Queen.

Somewhat to the amazement of all the camera-men and to the chagrin of one of them, he took her in his arms and kissed her. Then, one arm still around her waist, he turned and looked expectantly toward the cave.

It was on the program that in one minute and thirty seconds President Garcia was to charge out of the cave at the head of his men, teeth gleaming, saber whistling, automatic detonating.

But in just ten seconds, zigzagging lines of pale-amethyst smoke spurted here and there from the face of the cliff, great cracks opened and widened, and following a number of gigantic but muffled thuds, there arose a great roaring sound, as of a great river falling from a height.

And, where a moment before there had been a clear passage into the bowels of the earth, a thousand tons of rock, from which the dust rose, now blocked the egress of President Garcia and his army.

"It will take a week to dig them out," said Perfecto, "and then they will be very glad to surrender their weapons and go to work in the fields."

The Society Queen having fumbled nervously at the bosom of her dress, drew



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forth a necklace of diamonds that gleamed in the sunlight. But Perfecto wayed the treasure aside.

"You will continue to wear them," he said, "but where they will show."

The director rushed up, streaming with sweat.

Gouverneur Morris's next story, *Back to the Cave*, will appear in the November issue.

The Wheeled Hour

(Continued from page 66)

bank in MacGregor's store corner. "I didn't think I'd live to see it at my age. I spend more in a day than I made in a week when I was married. Slips right through your fingers. Frank, he ain't got no idea of values. Hand him a dollar Saturday night and it's a dime by Wednesday. If I turn my back a minute, he's off in one of the cars trapsin' round the country. Maybe it's better so; he probably would have left for where there was more excitement—just as you say.

"I'm not complainin' but I wish I could keep more of what I make. Still, it comes easier. When I just had the boats for hire, I was up at every hour of the day and night. I'll probably sell all but two and the launch. Thank the Lord, I don't have to run that all winter, towing timber and coal-barges. With one of these things you can take good payin' jobs in one of the other towns after the slack-up, and sleep home regular.

"Notice all the changes? Scott calculates that the owners could have built this road for themselves long ago and paid for it with half the increase in the value of the land. Berlin is pushin' out. Them bungalows are recent. People with cars ain't forced to live so close to town and the extra difference in the cost of lots off a little ways buys the car.

"My, how the world does move! Would you believe it, my wife is puttin' silk stockin's on Iola. Land alive, if my old mother could know that! Why, it was unheard of for farmers and poor people to behave that way. I didn't possess a new suit of my own 'till I was nigh twenty. I never had more than a penny at a time, except at Christmas; then I got a levy (which was twelve and a half cents) to buy firecrackers with and ginger ale. I collected lumber 'till I had enough to make me a house-boat, and winters I gunned the marshes, livin' aboard her and tradin' birds and ducks with the farmers for potatoes and corn-meal.

"When I married, I had six dollars; that was enough—it paid for the calico to make my wife a dress (which she did), and we went to live on the boat. The first year we took two carpenters for boarders and made out right good, I thought. I didn't know any better. We all grew up together down here, and ideas don't change much when you don't come in contact with new folks. Comparin' ideas teaches a man a lot—ain't it true?

"I've learned more wisdom listenin' to men sittin' in that very seat you're in than I picked up before I got goin' 'round considerable and seein' the improvements that the world has took on.

"As I look at it, havin' started to try myself out, there's no tellin' what I couldn't do if I hadn't grown up in a place which was satisfied to leave well-

"What does this mean?" he cried.

"It means," said Perfecto, "that I am President of Oranchez. And that this lady has consented to be my wife."

"Did you hear that?" said the Christian Slave to the Vampire. "He called her a lady."

enough alone. It's ketchin', backwardness is, just like enterprise. If you live 'round the same people always, you just naturally keep on as you started.

"I calculate that Ocean City would have been much the same to the end if automobiles weren't invented. It's like this: The first man that buys one can move so much quicker and get 'round to so many more places that he can find chances the rest don't learn about. Well, that won't do. Pretty soon there's another car. And before long everybody's figurin' that they can afford them if their friends are in a position to pay the price. What happens, then? The town fills up with 'em. There ain't so many delays and waits. You don't cover ground so slow. I can run to Salisbury after breakfast and be back by noon. It used to take a whole day, which I calculate means a half-day wasted. A carpenter like Tolliver was limited. If there wasn't any jobs 'round the neighborhood, he had to go idle. That's done away with. He can circle 'round for forty miles, where before it was impossible to go more than six distant.

"Take a lot of places in a row figurin' like that and they ain't a goin' to stand for bad roads and weak bridges. Between 'em, they've got votes enough to run the legislature, one county bein' just like another. So, before you know it, you're in a state that can be traveled over from one end to the other so fast that it makes your head swim. We all get drawn closer and understand each other better. It's educatin'. The business men have more in common. They grow to realize that it's better not to fight each other so much, but to make improvements which will bring more people in and keep the old ones home. Just one idea after another. Exactly as I say.

"Take the hotels. A different set of boarders have been comin' down since the roads have been fixed. They bring their machines with 'em. What we used to have was good enough for them that couldn't get better or go farther away. But they won't stand for second-class accommodations. What happened? Half the houses on the beach have spruced up. Harry Cropper couldn't get bath-tubs enough in time.

"As I told you, we got telephones now. When the Bell found enough subscribers ready to support better service, they came in.

"And so it runs. I often ask myself where the extra money comes from to pay for it all? Then I figure that it pays for itself out of the harder thinkin'. The automobile somehow seems to turn you modern. You don't work harder, but different. You become—"

"Efficient," I suggested.

"I never heard the word, but—maybe so."



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Is There a Royal Road to Health?

By WALTER WALGROVE



MET a friend the other day who two months ago had been discharged from the hospital after an operation, and during our conversation he happened to say:

"For the first month after I left the hospital I never felt better in my life. My mind was as clear as a bell, I grasped things better than usual, and in all my life I never got up in the morning feeling as eager for the day's problems nor as competent to cope with them.

"Now, although I feel well enough to say perhaps that I am in my usual health, I don't experience that clearness of mind and sureness of judgment, and haven't that virile enthusiasm that was mine a month ago."

"Did they give you any treatment at the hospital," I asked, "that would account for your condition immediately following your discharge?"

"They gave me no treatment whatever in the shape of medicine," he replied—"the operation itself was about the only 'treatment' that I remember particularly."

"Didn't they do anything before the operation was performed?"

"Not very much—they gave me a series of Internal Baths which they told me was to thoroughly cleanse the Large Intestine."

"I see. And did they give you any of these Internal Baths while you were convalescing?"

"Yes; but only about once a week."

"Well, do you realize, my friend," I asked, "that nearly one million Americans are now taking Internal Baths once a week, and are eager to testify that it keeps them always in the same happy condition that you were in during the first month after you left the hospital?"

No, he hadn't "realized that, or even dreamed it." But I could wager if that were responsible he'd quickly get himself back to where he was and keep himself in that condition—

If there is "A Royal Road to Health," this is it!

Auto-Intoxication is very properly defined as "Self Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

The Medical Profession thoroughly realize and agree that there is no more fruitful nor vicious source of Auto-Intoxication than accumulated waste in the Lower Intestine.

Under our present mode of living we all have more or less of this accumulated waste, and the reasons that every particle of this be removed before an operation, are—first: because of its highly poisonous nature—second, with it removed the system works perfectly and gives the patient infinitely greater chances of recuperation and recovery.

Under normal conditions, the bowels act naturally, at least once a day. In this day of rush and hurry, of perverted living, of sedentary pursuits, we do not live normal lives. Hence, we must resort to outside agents. The one that is without harmful results is a full warm flushing, applied in the right way. Nature is gently aided by it, not forced to violent action. By the proper system, warm water can be introduced so that the colon, or large intestine, can be perfectly cleaned and always kept pure. There should be no violence in the process—flooding the intestines should be as harmless and beneficial as external bathing and it is vastly more important.

Now, it would be obviously ridiculous to state that every person with an accumulation of waste must be ill; if that were true we would all be incapacitated. But it is true, and you yourself probably know that this condition, when only moderate, makes us dull, dispirited, and in every way about fifty per cent. efficient—when acute it brings on Biliousness, Indigestion and Fever, and so weakens our powers of resistance that we are easy prey for the contraction of any serious disease which may be prevalent.

The clearest proof of the universality of this trouble is the fact that more drugs are used in an endeavor to correct it than for all other complaints combined—

But drugs are habit-forming, and are only partly effective at best; and the only reason they are effective at all is because they are noxious to the system, and cause it to make a supreme effort to throw them off—Every dose, therefore, is a jolt to Nature instead of an assistant.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

How much better to remove the entire cause of the trouble with Nature's own cleanser and purifier, Warm Water— That's what they did and do in the hospitals when they want to remove all the waste— And if drugs were adequate for this purpose, they would be infinitely easier to give than the baths. Physicians are not looking for more work; they are seeking the highest possible efficiency, and have found it in the Internal Bath. Not that an Internal Bath is difficult to administer, but naturally it takes a little more time than it does to swallow a pill— But it more than pays for the little additional time.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work, and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is called, nothing but a bath scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself, could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

Internal Bathing should become a cult. Everybody should know and understand its great significance, its health-insuring value. An interesting treatise on the subject is to be found in Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell's little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing." It is, without question, the best and most informing book on the subject that has ever been placed within the reach of the lay reader. Internal Bathing, in that little book, is treated exhaustively and in a manner to awaken interest in this important subject.

Twenty-five years ago Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., of New York, was given up as a hopeless case by several physicians, but persisted in taking Internal Baths, because he calculated they could do him no harm, and would at least give his functions the best possible opportunity for asserting and strengthening themselves.

He recovered, and his experience and indications at that time were such as to induce him to specialize on intestinal troubles and Internal Bathing. For twenty-five years he has been treating these troubles and perfecting the system of Internal Bathing.

The results of these many years of research and practical experience are summed up in a little book which he has called "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," and which will be sent free for the asking if you will address Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, 134 West 65th St., New York, and mention having read this in *Cosmopolitan*.

If you are interested to know just how and why nearly a million progressive Americans have found and are now travelling the "Royal Road to Health" it will be well worth your while and that of your family to write for this free book. —*Adv.*

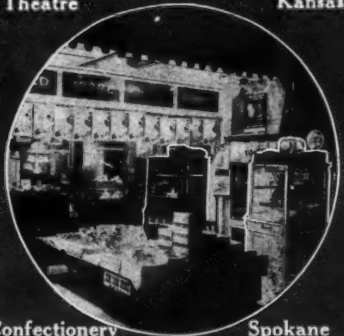


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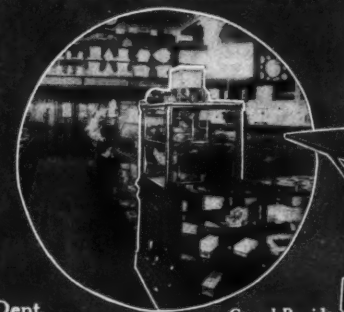


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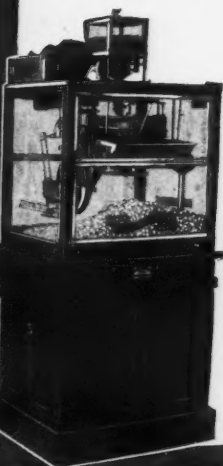
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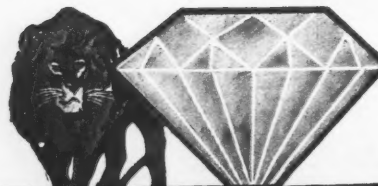
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The Career of Katherine Bush

(Continued from page 64)



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of the tail of her eye, but she said, quite innocently,

"Yes; Gerard always says so." Then she left him to his letters, with a word as to tea and a cozy talk in her boudoir after it.

At tea he did not converse with Miss Bush, but he never lost the consciousness of her presence, and was almost annoyedly aware of a youngish man's evident appreciation of her conversation. So that his temper, when he found himself in Lady Garribardine's sitting-room, was even more peevish than it had been on the evening before.

Katherine had preceded him there, but had left ere he arrived. She had brought some letters for her mistress's inspection. When this business was finished, she had said quite simply:

"His grace came up into the schoolroom after luncheon to-day. He appears to have been confused over my two identities. I explained to him, and told him who my father was, and my mother's father, and how I have only tried to make myself into a lady. It did not seem fair that he should think that I was really one born."

Lady Garribardine looked disagreeable for an instant. She, too, had to conquer instinct at times, which asserted itself in opposition even to her heart's desire and her deliberate thought-out intentions. But her intelligence crushed out the folly almost as quickly as it arose, and she smiled.

"And, of course, the duke at once said he could not know common people, and bounced from the room. Katherine Bush, you are a minx, my child!"

Katherine laughed softly.

"He did not say that exactly—but he did go away very soon."

"He that fights and runs away," quoth her ladyship; "but I don't think you had better let him come to the school-room again. Martha will be having her say about the matter."

Katherine reddened. That her dear mistress should think her so stupid!

"I did not intend to. It is very difficult—even the greatest gentlemen do not seem to know their places always."

"A man finds his place near the woman he wants to talk to—you must not forget that, girl."

"It is a little mean, and puts the woman in a false position often."

"She prefers that to indifference. There is one very curious thing about women: The greatest prude is not altogether inwardly displeased at the knowledge that she exercises a physical attraction for men. Just as the greatest intellectual among men feels more flattered if exceptional virility is imputed to him than all the spiritual gifts. Virility—a quality which he shares with the lower animals; spirituality—a gift which he inherits from God. Oh, we are a mass of incongruities, we humans, and brutal nature eventually wins the game! Savagery is always the outcome of too much civilization. And unless the dark ages of ignorance fall upon us once more, so that we can again be sufficiently simple to believe *en masse* in a God, I feel our cycle is over, and that we shall be burnt out of time."

Then presently, as her secretary was moving toward the door, Her ladyship remarked irrelevantly,

"Look here, girl: Do you think it is in your nature ever to love really, or are you going to let brain conquer always?"

"I—do not know," faltered Katherine.

"Love is the only thing on earth which is sublime. This evening until you come down after dinner, I recommend you to read the 'Letters of Abélard and Héloïse.'"

The duke talked of politics for a while when he came in, and then of books and ideas, and, lastly, of Gerard. Was he happy with Beatrice, after all?

"Yes; they do very well together. Beatrice is bred out of all natural emotions. She is well-mannered and unconsciously humorous. They go their own ways."

"But Gerard was always an ardent lover. Has he had no emotions since the Alice Southerwood days?"

"A transient passion for Laö Delemar, and since then a deep devotion elsewhere—quite unreturned, though. It has rather improved him."

The duke unconsciously felt relief.

"Unreturned? That must be a new experience for him. Gerard has every quality to attract a woman."

"This one is infinitely too proud and too intelligent to waste a thought upon a married man."

"It is a girl, then! How unlike Gerard's usual taste!"

"Yes. Mordryn, shall you open Val-freyné quite soon?"

"Immediately. I shall have a party for Whitsuntide, if you will honor me by acting hostess."

"All right—if I may bring my personnel with me—a large order! I can't stand the racket without Stirling, and James, and Harmon, my chauffeur—and Miss Bush."

"All are perfectly welcome—especially Miss Bush. She appeared an extremely clever girl when I had the pleasure of talking to her."

"Yes; she is a wonderful creature. I am thinking of marrying her off to Sir John Townly."

The duke leaned forward; his voice was quite shocked.

"How inhuman, Seraphim! John Townly must be sixty at least."

"My dear Mordryn, that is only seven years older than you are, and I look upon you as hardly yet at the prime of life. And beggars cannot be choosers; the girl is of no family. Neither, for that matter, is Sir John. It will be suitable in every way. I suppose you will let me have a say as to the guests for the Whitsuntide outbreak, eh?"

"Naturally—but spare me any too overmodern widows, or any further breakers-in of my sensibilities."

Seraphim laughed, and they set about making the list.

But when the duke had gone to dress, she looked long into the fire, something a little sentimental and yet satisfied in her gaze.

"Dear Mordryn, Gerard and the smoking-room caused him uneasiness; it would not have done for that to continue, because of the unpleasant reflection that G is

a married man. The hint about Sir John was splendid—but Mordryn is no fool. I must now really oppose him in every possible way—I am not sure if, after all, I shall take her to Valfreyne."

XXVII

ON Easter Sunday in church, Katherine sat in the overflow pew, and so could be looked at by those highly placed in the chancel seat of honor without the least turning of their heads. It was not surprising, then, that the duke found the sermon a very good and a very short one, and his thoughts ran on just as Gerard Strobbridge's had done in that same church once before.

What a charming oval face the girl had—and how purely white was her skin! What was she thinking about with that inscrutable expression? The mouth was so firm and so was the chin. Full red lips, which were yet firm, were dangerous things. Her air was very distinguished. The whole thing was incredible. Of course there must be some harking-back to gentle blood.

And she had spoken, too, of love. She had admitted that she knew of one side of it. What were her words? "It makes one feel mad, agitated, unbalanced—even motherly and protective." But what it could be if it touches the soul she could not fathom. Well, the phase which she did know was not without its charm. What extraordinary and alluring eyes she had! Who could the fellow have been? Not a person from—er—Bindon's Green, of course; she must always have been too refined for that—and not Gerard. A woman who had once felt those emotions for a man did not look at him with that serene calm with which Miss Bush had looked at Gerard—

But the people were rising—the sermon was over. Capital fellow, Woolman—his sermons were much shorter, though, than they used to be. Would she walk back across the park? Yes, of course; and he would have to motor. What contemptible slaves civilization made of people!

As everyone was assembled in the hall on the way to luncheon, the exasperated duke came over to Katherine.

"Can I find shelter in the peaceful back-water again this afternoon, Miss Bush? It is a vile day, you see, and no tennis is possible."

"No; I am afraid not."

"Does that mean no tennis or no back-water?"

"Both."

"Why?"

"The schoolroom is not intended for visitors, and Sunday afternoon is the only time in which I can sit in the armchair myself and read."

"I would not take more than the edge of the table, if you would let me come"—eagerly—"and we could talk over what you are reading."

Katherine looked at him, and there was reproach in her eyes.

"Your grace must know that it is altogether impossible for you to come to the schoolroom; it could but bring censure upon me. Is it quite kind?"

He was contrite in a moment.

"Forgive me! I see my suggestion was not chivalrous—forgive me a thousand times!"



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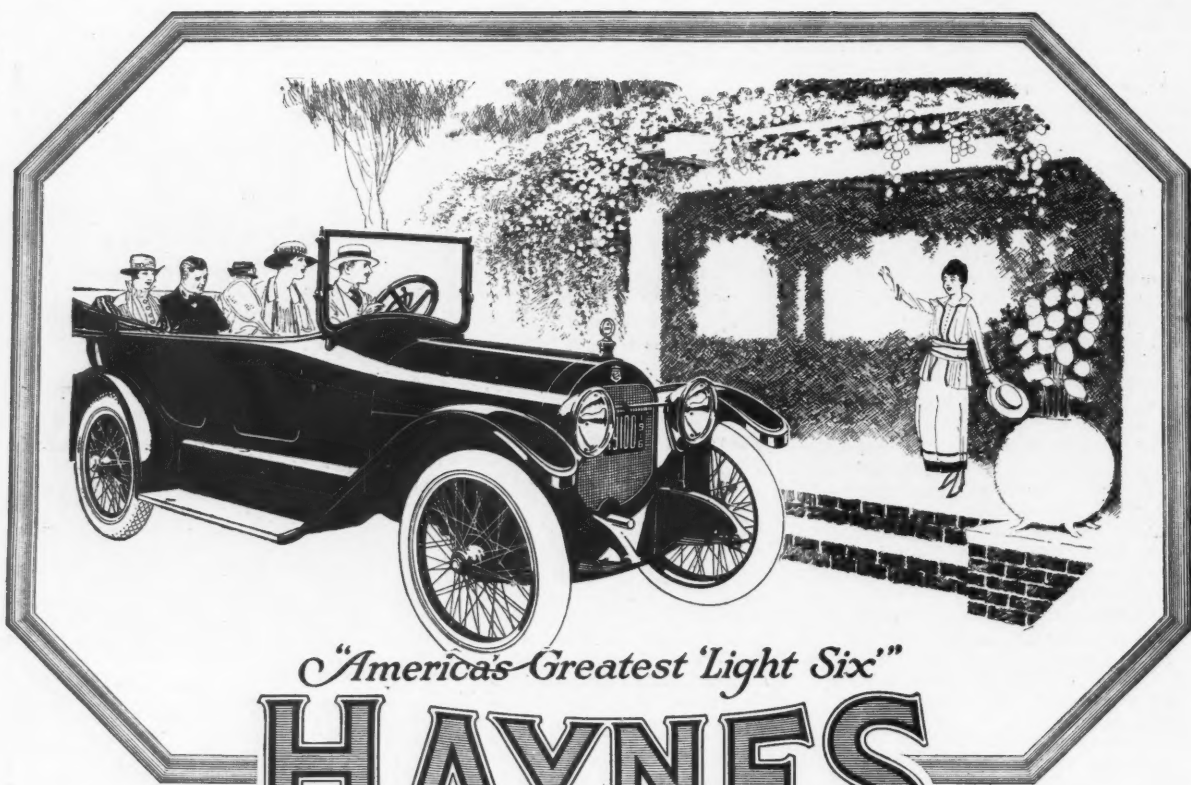


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She moved on with the general company without answering, and it chanced at luncheon that the duke could see her face, and it looked to him rather sad. He felt a number of things, and even though it rained, he went for a walk in the early afternoon alone.

And Katherine sat in the schoolroom for a little, but she did not read. She had seen the duke from the window for an instant, passing the end of the rose garden. The sight of him had made her sit down in her armchair and begin to think.

Could the barrier of the enormous difference in their positions ever be surmounted, after all? Dukes had married even actresses in the past, but she would not accept such a position as had been the lot of such duchesses. She must only wear the strawberry leaves if they could be given her in all honor, and with the sympathy and the approval of her own immediate world. It almost looked as though her mistress's acquiescence would be forthcoming. But there was yet another side of the question; there was the recollection of Lord Algy. She was faced with the thought of what would the duke say if he knew of this circumstance in her life. With his lofty point of view, his pride, and his present great respect for her, the knowledge would inevitably part them. And if he should remain in ignorance and marry her, the secret fear of his ever discovering the truth afterward would hang like Damocles' sword over her head. It would insidiously, and inevitably destroy the harmony and perfect balance of mind, necessary for her to carry through the great task of playing successfully the part of duchess, and it would eventually spoil her whole life.

Then she scolded herself. To fear was to draw inevitably the thing feared. She must have no fears and no regrets. She must pursue her plan with intelligence, and if the feeling that she was using deception grew to be insupportable, then she must have courage to face the result of her own past action, and she must admit herself beaten and retire from the game.

The common-sense way to look at everything was that the time for heart-searchings was not yet, and that her energies must be concentrated upon continuing to profit by the results of her first sensible action in making the impression upon the duke's imagination unbiased by class-prejudices.

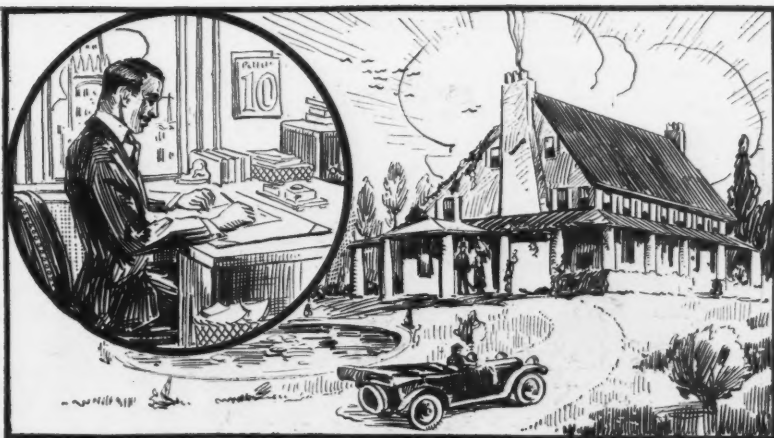
So, presently, she grew quieter and at last fell asleep over the wood fire, the volume of the "Letters of Abélard and Héloïse" still in her hand.

She was awakened after a while by the entrance of Lady Garribardine, and quickly rose from her seat.

"I am sorry to disturb your well-earned Sunday peace, Miss Bush, but some of the guests are growing restive with the wet. Go and take charge of those in the drawing-room and accompany their songs. I don't think this party has been well chosen—the elements do not assimilate."

Katherine was laboriously doing her duty when the duke came in. He did not attempt to come near her, but stayed by the great center fireplace.

She could get a good view of him from the piano, and found her eye greatly pleased. He was certainly very attractive. He had that same humorous and rather cynical expression which so often distinguished her mistress. His figure



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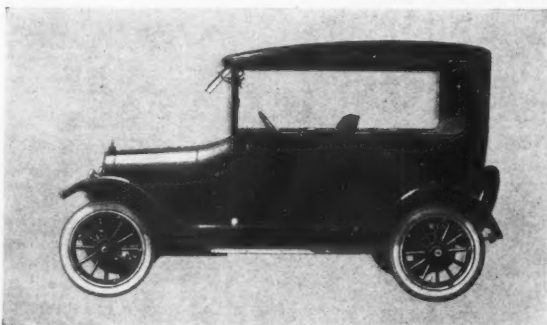
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was so perfect, and his clothes, with their air of a bygone day.

At tea, he took a seat near.

"Had you profitable repose this afternoon in your armchair, Miss Bush?"

"Yes; I hope so—I was sorting things and getting them into their niches in my mind. I hope you had not too wet a walk. I saw you from the window, passing the end of the rose garden."

"I wish you had come out; the air was fresh, and it is rather nice to have the wet in one's face at times. So you put everything into niches in your mind? Was it in chaos before, then?"

"Yes, partly."

"What had caused this upset?"

"That"—and there was a peculiar tone in her voice—"I should much like to know. We seem to come upon new vistas in life—do we not?—when everything must be looked at in a fresh perspective."

"That is very true."

"And then we must call up all our sense of balance to grasp the new outlines accurately, and not to be led away into false conceptions through emotion."

The duke was greatly interested. How exactly she was describing his own state of mind. But what had caused such thoughts to arise in hers?

"It is extremely difficult to see things as they are when emotion enters into the question," he said, "and how dull everything appears when it does not!"

She looked at him, and there was rebellion and suppressed emotion in her compelling eyes. The duke's pulses suddenly began to bound; but this was the sole exchange of sentences they were vouchsafed, for Blanche Montague subsided into a sofa close to his side and beamed at him with a whispered challenge. So Katherine turned and devoted herself to some other guests beyond.

She did not come into the drawing-room again that night. She asked her mistress if she might be excused, for, if not really wanted, there were numbers of letters to write.

The duke liked rising early, and escaped to the rose garden alone about nine o'clock on Easter Monday morning. No windows but those of the smoking-room wing and those of the picture-gallery and the main hall looked out upon this secluded spot. He had walked to the end when he saw in the distance, at a turn in the shrubbery, the figure of Katherine disappearing toward the park. This was luck, indeed! He hurried after her and overtook her as she opened the shrubbery-gate. She carried a basket of fresh eggs and a black bottle.

"Whither away, mistress?" he asked, as he raised his hat and walked by her side.

"I am going to take these to old Mrs. Peterson at the far lodge; she has not been well these last days."

"Jacob's wife?"

"Yes."

"Then may I come, too? I must have some exercise. Look upon it like that, since I strongly suspect if I told you that it was simply for the pleasure of being with you, you would send me back."

"I should not want to, but I suppose I should have to say that."

"Shall we forget all those stupid conventions on this wild March morning, and return to the stage in our acquaint-

ance at which we were when we said good night at Gerard Strobbridge's?"

"That would be nice."

"Is it a bargain, then?"

"Yes."

"I am not to be 'your grace,' and you are not to remind me every two minutes that you are Lady Garribardine's secretary."

"Very well."

"If you remember, the last words we had together then were finished by a question from you to me, as to whether there was not something else in love beyond that side which you intimated that you already knew."

"Yes; I remember."

"I think there is a great deal more, but it would not be complete alone. Love to be lasting must be a mixture of both ardor and idealism, but where can one find such a combination in these days? The emotion which most people call love is composed of self-interest and a little transitory exaltation of the senses. But such old-fashioned and divine qualities as devotion and tenderness and self-sacrifice are almost unknown."

Katherine did not speak. The "Letters of Abélard and Héloïse" were very fresh in her memory; one passage in Héloïse's first letter had struck her forcibly:

If there is anything that may properly be called happiness here below, I am persuaded it is in the union of two persons who love each other with perfect liberty, who are united by a secret inclination and satisfied with each other's merits. Their hearts are full of love, and leave no vacancy for any other passion; they enjoy perpetual tranquillity, because they enjoy content.

And now, with sudden illumination of the spirit, the conviction came to her that this was the truth, and that this man walking by her side, talking in his exquisite voice to her, looking at her with his deep blue eyes, could inspire in her all the devotion, and all the tenderness which Héloïse had felt of old. And the magnitude of the discovery kept her silent, with lowered lids.

He waited for her to speak, but when no words came, he bent forward and looked into her face. The eyes which at last met his were troubled and sweet, and not falcon-like in their proud serenity as usual.

"Do not let us talk about love," she said, at last. "It is a moving theme, and better left alone. Yesterday I was reading the 'Letters of Abélard and Héloïse,' and it is wiser to remember the wisdom in this phrase of Abélard's than to talk of love: 'What great advantages would philosophy give us over other men, if by studying it we could learn to govern our passions.'"

Mordryn smiled.

"Finish the quotation," he commanded, "or shall I? 'What efforts, what relapses, what agitations do we undergo—and how long are we tossed in this confusion, unable to exert our reason to possess our souls, or to rule our affections! What a troublesome employment is love!' Philosophers remember Abélard as a great scholar and ethical teacher, but he lives not by his learning or his philosophy, but by the memory of his profound and passionate love."

Katherine sighed.

"I suppose love is indeed divine, but



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please do not let us talk of it; it makes every-day life gray and commonplace by contrast."

The duke was sufficiently master of himself to realize that it was wiser to take her advice. To discuss love on a March morning with this most attractive and forbidden young woman was not wisdom, so he changed the subject by expressing his contrition at having come to the school-room. He hated to think that his chivalry had been at fault.

Then they talked of many things, all in the abstract, evolution and ethics and aspirations and theories, and, at last, Katherine said:

"How glorious to be you! To have all that is noble your own by right, and so to have leisure to let your soul expand to the highest, without wasting it in the struggle to emerge from clay."

Her deep voice had a passion in it, and her eyes flashed.

"You, and all aristocrats, should be grateful to God."

Mrs. Peterson was a good deal better, it seemed, and Katherine proposed to stay with her for half an hour—so she came out of the door and asked the duke not to wait for her.

"Go back without me—I have been so happy—and please do not talk to me any more to-day—and, oh, please, remember who you are and who I am, and leave me alone."

And, to his intense surprise and sudden unheeding, her fearless glance was softened by a mist which might have presaged tears.

Mordryn spent a most unrestful day; he found it very difficult to settle to anything. He felt it wiser whenever his thoughts turned to Katherine Bush, immediately to picture Bindon's Green and the auctioneer father and butcher grandfather. They acted as a kind of antidote to the very powerful intoxicant which was flooding his veins.

And Katherine sat typing mechanically her morning's work, but some third sense, beyond eye and hand, was busy with agitating thoughts. No; she could play no further game with the duke. Fate had beaten her. It would be no acting. She knew that she was just a woman, after all, and he was a man, and the dukedom had gone into shadow-land.

He possessed everything that Algy had lacked, there would be no blank half-hours with him. His perfectly cultivated intellect could enchant her always. She adored his point of view, as unconsciously arrogant as Lady Garribardine's, and yet as free and expanded. How she could soar with him to guide her! What happiness to take refuge from everything in his arms!

He did not seem old to her; indeed, except for his thick, iron-gray hair and the expression of having greatly suffered, which now and then showed in his proud eyes, there were no unlovely signs of age about him. He could still call forth for many years the love of women. And what was age? A ridiculous fantasy. The soul was the thing.

Katherine was beginning to believe that she herself had a soul, and that Otto Weininger was altogether wrong about individuals, even if his deductions were correct concerning the majority of women.

The next instalment of *The Career of Katherine Bush* will appear in the November issue.

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(Being a day's adventure with "Packer's")



8 A.M. **THEY** started me early this morning, shampooing tiny Ethel. Naturally! Regular shampooing with me means healthy, beautiful hair in after years. Little Ethel will thank her mother then. Thousands of little Ethels have.



11 A.M. **I'M** in demand. Sixteen-year-old Elizabeth's using me—and you can't see her hair for the foam she's raised! Mother knows that particular care now will help Elizabeth's hair safely through a critical time—and make it silkier and softer, too. If *all* mothers only knew.



3 P.M. **MOTHER** says, "Time for my own shampoo now." So she changes part of me into a beautiful, refreshing lather. She rubs it in. Afterwards she smiles when she sees the pretty lights I've brought to her hair—and the fluffiness and softness, too! Why not?



5³⁰ P.M. **FATHER'S** home from a dusty train and makes a dash for the bath-tub—and me. Father says I'm too good to be used for shampooing only; he likes me, too, as a bathing soap—for use all over.

A little thinner is Packer's Tar Soap at the day's end. But it's conscious of a good day's work well done. All that it asks is that you rub its pleasant, pure pine-tar lather in well round the roots. Hair and scalp will respond, never fear. Thousands have proved this for over forty years. Send 10c for sample half cake.

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\$2 enclosed herewith. Send me the next nine numbers of Harper's Bazar beginning with the Fall Fashions Number, now ready.
Name.....
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The Woman Gives

(Continued from page 81)

special prizes. A month after his first appearance before the public, his prices had trebled.

In all this flurry of success, Inga remained a little bewildered. She had gone to the private view and to the opening-day, but, from then on, she had returned into her shell and slowly eliminated herself. Before these brilliant crowds of a strange world she found herself ill at ease, keenly sensitive of the storm of whispered comments of which she felt herself the center, embarrassed by the curious glances which played over her as she moved silently, a little frightened, by the shoulder of her husband. Invitations poured in upon him from those eager to exploit a new personality. Dangerfield refused them all, ready to meet those who came with their enthusiasms to his studio, declining to venture forth. She thought she understood the reasons of these refusals, in his loyalty to her. She watched him covertly from a distance with the perplexity of a mother bird who sees its nestling take wing and soar away. In the discussions which raged over the supper-table and in the quiet of the studio-nights, she remained always in the distance. They spoke of things which she did not understand, but she did understand how eagerly the mind of Dangerfield craved this exhilaration of the imagination and, as she had learned to read his innermost thoughts by the passing expression in his eyes, she comprehended that, despite his determined exile, that there were cravings in him, even necessities, for the stimulus of the more public triumphs which he refused. She felt the happiness which would come to him in a complete return to the world of personalities, among those favored few whose presence is acclaimed by a sudden stir in a crowd.

De Gollyer, Quinny, Steingall, and all the old friends had urged him to return to the club as a sort of first step back into the world which eagerly awaited him. Despite his persistent refusal in which was perhaps a temperamental shrinking before the publicity of the test, Inga comprehended how deeply inlaid was this very longing. To her, there was a sort of finality about the decision, a final surrender of the last hold which she had over his life. Yet this very realization drove her to urge the thing she feared.

"There is one thing you ought to do," she said to him, one night.

"What's that?" he asked, without particular attention to her remark.

"Go back to your club."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it is time," she said quietly, "and because you want to go."

"Well, I'm not going," he said abruptly, and, with a sudden gesture of irritation, he cut her short and refused to discuss the matter further.

But despite his protestations he longed to do the very thing he had refused. Yet he hesitated. It seemed some disloyalty to her. Just why he should feel so, he could not quite explain to himself; yet he felt, despite all, that she had said it would send her further from him than she was now, with the feeling of encompassing loneliness.



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Good Housekeeping

It was not until a week after, late in the afternoon, during a renewed urging by De Gollyer that he yielded far enough to glance undecidedly at Inga.

"Come on now, Mrs. Dangerfield," said De Gollyer; "Dan always was an unsociable brute. He ought to drop in, you know—he really ought to. Everyone at the club is waiting to see him, can't understand why he doesn't come around."

Inga sprang up lightly amid the approbations of De Gollyer and taking up Dangerfield's coat, brought it over to him with a determined air.

"Of course he must go—besides he's just dying to," she said laughing.

Dangerfield hesitated.

"Are you sure you want me to go?" he said.

"Oh, I'm sure."

He looked into her eyes with a little guilty weakening in his heart. Yet he was unable to detect any modifying seriousness beneath the lightness of her expression. He allowed her to slip his arms into the coat.

"There," she cried; "you know you're just crazy to do it!"

He couldn't repress a telltale smile.

"How do you know so well what I want to do, young lady?"

"I do," she said defiantly.

XLVI

WHEN he saw around the green and tranquil park the familiar outlines of his club, he had a feeling as though he were seeing the first welcome lights of civilization after long wandering in the wilderness. His entrance made quite a stir. Old Joseph at the door came up beaming to take his hat and coat. In a twinkling the rumor of his return spread from floor to floor. Men came crowding about him, old friends who greeted him uproariously, concealing, under the boisterousness of their greeting, the deep emotion which each felt.

It was almost seven o'clock before he realized the hour. He would have liked to stay for dinner in the old dining-room, packed with relics, and to have enjoyed gluttonously this richness of affection, and to have felt again and again the strange, tingling delight as each new figure recognized him with a start of surprise and came joyfully up to claim him.

On his way to the Arcade, he began to plan many things. There was no reason now why he should continue the meagerness of their present life. He had always had in him luxurious desires, the need of beautiful surroundings, and a disdain of petty economies. Now that he had emerged from the wilderness, that success was his, he would take an apartment with a great double studio, which he could fit out with all the luxury of detail which his pagan temperament craved.

But he had a feeling that Inga would resist the suggestion, or, if she did not oppose it, behind the baffling calm of her eyes there would be a deep revolt. Yet, when a few days later, he made up his mind, after much hesitation, to approach the subject, he found, to his surprise, that she made no objection. She asked only if he meant to abandon the studio in the Arcade. This had, in fact, been his idea, but something in the directness of this, her only comment, made him change his mind.

"No, no," he said hastily; "we'll keep this for the work, for the serious business—a place to run away from people."

"I am glad you are not going to give this up," she said quietly.

"You'll have to get used to a servant, young lady," he said laughing, "and a Jap butler at that."

"I'll try. Have you found a place?"

He nodded, a little embarrassed to thus admit that he had kept the information from her so long.

"You'll like it, and perhaps you will even get used to the butler."

She seemed to accept the change as a matter of course, as though it were something she had foreseen for a long while. Her attitude rather surprised him. He had not expected such easy compliance.

Once the installation was completed, she seemed to enter into the new atmosphere quite naturally. It is true that she became more reticent than ever, seldom joining in the general conversation except when addressed, but in the company of others—and their rooms were seldom quiet now—she held herself with grace and dignity. If she offered no advances, she showed no antagonism. Of all the new acquaintances perhaps only one, De Gollyer, suspected the truth, that she was absolutely out of her element, quite at loss how to reconstruct her days. In the middle of the second month, she said to Dangerfield, quite suddenly one day,

"Would you mind if I did something?"

"What?" he asked.

"I am going to take up my work again."

Since their marriage she had abandoned the modest little field of magazine covers and posters which had formerly been her means of existence.

"Is this a request or an ultimatum?" he said grimly.

She frowned, and for a moment, for the first time, he saw a look of rebellion in her eyes.

"I should like to very much," she said.

"I am rather—rather restless."

"Then do it by all means," he said, after a moment's reflection. "Besides, Inga, it isn't for me to say what you should or shouldn't do."

"Yes, I know," she said; "but I wanted to tell you."

He caught her hand as she turned to depart.

"Are you unhappy, Inga?" he said suddenly. She looked at him and shook her head. "There's nothing I have done at any time to hurt you, is there?"

"No, Mr. Dan; nothing."

"If anything ever did happen, you'd tell me?"

"Why, of course!"

The change did not affect the ordinary routine of their lives much, except that as he spent more of his time in the apartment, the working-fit being still absent, and, as Inga was busy at the Arcade, their days were more divided. After a little while he ceased to notice this. One afternoon, she came home rather later than usual, and at the first glance at her face he perceived that something out of the ordinary had transpired.

"Well, what has happened?" he said, when they had gone into the studio and were standing by the great window that gave on to the low spread of park beneath. She looked into his eyes and saw them go

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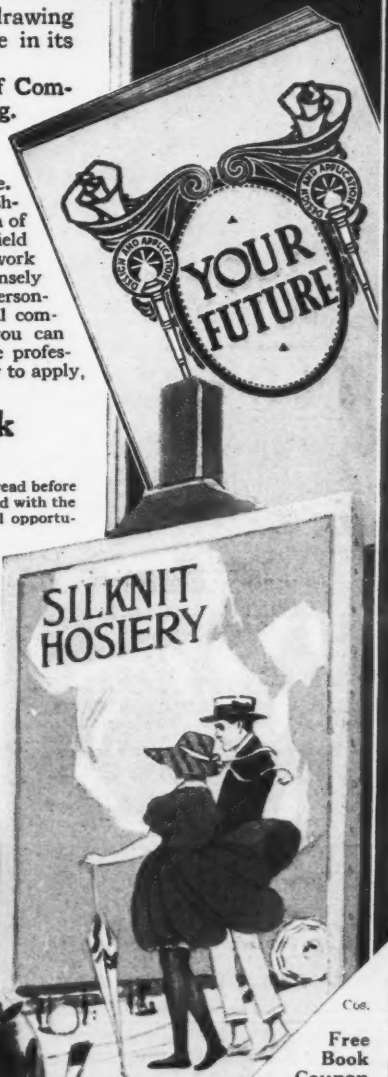
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down to a crumpled envelop in her hand. "You remember that letter?" she said slowly, "that letter last summer?" He nodded. "Yes; this is another one."

"From him?"
"Yes, from him."
"Inga," he said gently, "we haven't said one thing to each other we have really thought for months. Don't you think it is better to talk it out?"

"I wonder if we can," she said doubtfully. He took her by the wrist and led her before the great Florentine fireplace, installed her in one of the big armchairs. Then he sat down himself.

"Inga," he said presently, "whatever we do, let's feel we can say to each other just what we think. It's the concealing and evasion that is wrong. Now, understand me: I claim no rights over your life and your actions. Yes; I did once, but that was a time of tempests and jealousies—a wild moment. I look at things differently now. I don't want you for my slave. I want you as a free companion. You must be that, as free as the day I met you."

She drew her hands up before her lips, and her little teeth closed over her fingers as she stared into the fireplace.

"You are unhappy," he said slowly.
"No."

"Is that the truth, I wonder?"
"I am restless," she said, after a moment. Something seemed to close cruelly about his heart-strings. He had a sudden horror of what might come, the dread of any change. He rose, moving aimlessly, sought out his pipe, but did not fill it. Then he returned to his seat, looked at Inga, still staring ahead, and said:

"What do you want to say to me? You can talk out freely."

"He has written me again," she said. "Did you answer the first time?" he said impulsively, and then immediately he felt ashamed to have expressed the doubt. She shook her head.

"No."
"I don't know why I said that, Inga," he corrected himself hastily. "Forgive me; I know you better."

She raised her eyes, and smiled faintly. "He has written me again," she repeated, as though she had forgotten that she had announced it before. "It is very pitiful. He is in a bad way; he has no one, and it is all my fault."

"Yours, Inga?" he said, astonished.
"Yes; it is my fault," she said, her glance in the distance. "I failed. He was very weak, but I failed to do what I should." She looked down and drew the letter from its envelop and extended it toward him. "I would like to answer it—very much."

He looked hungrily at the crumpled paper she thus offered him. Then a great wave of pity came to him for the woman whom he had absorbed so covetously in his need, and in a moment of generosity, he refused to accept the key to what he knew were many things which had mystified him in the past.

"No; I do not want to see it; that is not necessary," he said gently. "Do what you wish. If you can help him, do so."

"He wants to see me. He is very down. He needs"—she stopped—"he needs help." She again extended the letter to him. "I think, if you read it—it would be better. You'd understand."

"I understand," he said quietly. "I am at a point in life when one can understand such things. I understand that a person one has cared for cannot possibly pass completely out of one's life. If you can help him now, do so. I think that will make you happier, won't it?"

She raised her eyes.
"You mean that?" she said, after a full moment of intense absorption.

"I mean there must be perfect faith between us," he said, with kindness.

"Thank you," she said, but so low that it was almost a whisper. And she rose, very straight and slender, "I shall never break that faith, Mr. Dan."

"Live your life, Inga," he said impulsively, "in whatever way it must be lived to bring you happiness. That is the least I can do for you, but remember one thing: What you've done for me no one can ever undo, no one can take this place from you—it's yours."

XLVII

WITH the first exodus of the summer travelers from the city, a new spirit of work possessed Dangerfield. With the clearing of the horizon of all that was glittering and superficial, the city, with its great sanity and moving vital currents, returned to him. He put off his departure for the country from month to month, fascinated by the summer moods of the metropolis, the brilliance on the avenues, the extravagance in the lighted air, the teaming, boisterous, sweltering hordes on the beaches. He felt himself possessed with new enthusiasms. It was a new city he discovered, the city of the outer air, swept together in a friendlier fraternity by the mutual necessity for crowded pleasure after the long day. In these excursions he gathered around him other men, younger men, ardent disciples who wished to see what he saw, men interested in his new exposition of the treasures of beauty near at hand.

One day, on Dangerfield's return to the Arcade, he found Inga installed in her old studio. He went angrily to her door, so profoundly hurt by her action that, for the first time, he was in a mood for reproaches. He found her busy at her easel, model on the stand. He stopped, hesitated, and said, with enforced restraint:

"I don't want to interrupt you. When you are through, come in—there's something I want to see you about."

"Shall I come now?" she said instantly.
"No, no," he said hastily. "After working-hours; not before."

He crossed to his own studio, rebelling bitterly at the persistence of her self-sacrifice. The model he had engaged was already waiting for him, an old toper, scavenger of small beers and wine drippings from the fragrant hogsheads of Franklin Street, who had caught his fancy the day before. He was placidly asleep in a sort of musty drowsiness, and he did not stir at Dangerfield's entrance. Something grotesquely humorous in the gourdlike head, sunk in childish slumber, caught his imagination immediately. He tiptoed over to his easel, brought out a canvas, and stealthily prepared for a rapid sketch. At the noise of a falling tube, the blissful Falstaff slowly opened one eye and prepared to awake.

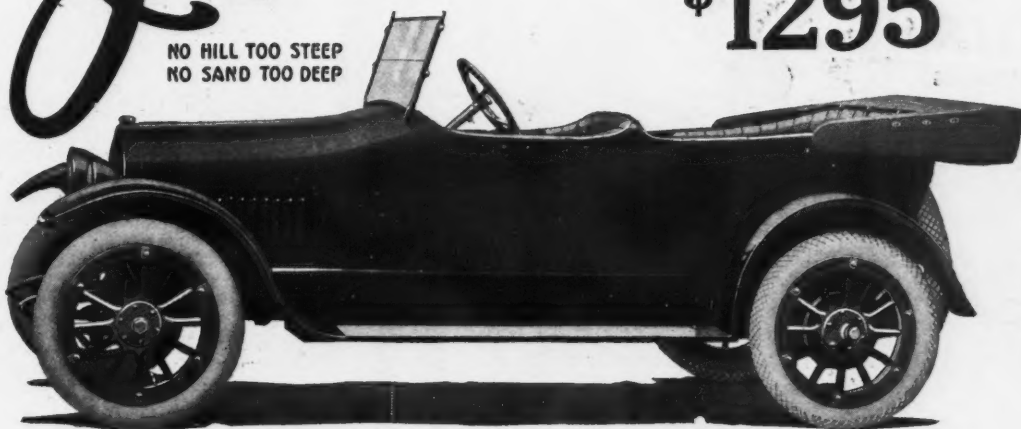
"Don't move!" said Dangerfield hastily.

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They represent the latest development in design. They are painted and varnished with extreme care in our own shops and we upholster them with heavy and real leather.

The equipment is absolutely complete. All those little conveniences that result from a careful study of your comfort are apparent—even to the mechanical tire pump and pressure gauge.

And this Jackson "Wolverine Eight" is really economical. Exacting tests show that it maintains an average of 17 miles to the gallon of gasoline, on ordinary roads, under actual touring conditions.

It is built in four models: Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1295; Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1370; Four-Passenger Roadster, \$1395, and Two-Passenger Roadster, \$1295.

Model "348"—A Light-Weight Eight, 112-inch wheelbase, five-passenger Touring Car, \$1195

See your Jackson dealer at once and arrange for an immediate demonstration of the Jackson Eight. Write for full details of what we believe is the greatest car value of the year

JACKSON AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, JACKSON, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

You Must Read This



Drawing by Everett Shinn
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The Star Co.

YEARs ago Jack London wrote one of the most read and re-read stories ever written. It was about a dog that ran off and returned to a savage state.

"Babette" is the story of men who became savages and a dog who stayed civilized. It is a story of the Great War, but from a new angle—the story of a new kind of hero—a red-cross dog. It will appear in the October issue of the

American Sunday Magazine

The biggest, most attractive and most interesting number ever issued by any Sunday Magazine.

There are other exceptionally good stories in this issue that you surely want to read—especially is this true of

"Nothing to Declare"

by Detective Burns and George Jean Nathan

Illustrated by Gerald Leake

And, of course, there's an exceptionally beautiful cover illustration called "Wireless," in four colors, by Harrison Fisher, the recognized master of cover designs.

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Ask your newsdealer to-day to be sure and leave you the American or Examiner including the American Sunday Magazine.

Cosmopolitan for October, 1916

"Eh?"

"Go to sleep immediately," said Dangerfield sternly, too interested to perceive the humor of the situation.

"Sleep? That all you want?"

"Go to sleep at once, just as you are."

His sitter, nothing loath, nodded drowsily, and, in a moment, a kettlelike breathing announced that he had obeyed to the letter.

When, an hour later, Inga came in Dangerfield sent her a warning sign. She tiptoed over and took her seat by his side, waiting quietly until the end of the afternoon's painting.

When the model had gone, Dangerfield, all else forgotten, stood eagerly contemplating the little masterpiece which a fortunate hazard had thrown in his way.

"What luck!" he said joyfully. "The beggar was fast asleep, dreaming of running spiggots and seas of beer when I came in. What luck! I never would have gotten this in the world."

"It is you at your best," she said, nodding, with a pleased smile. "By the way, what was it you wanted to see me about?"

He looked at her, suddenly remembering.

"Oh, yes; and it's very serious, too," he said hastily, and then, in order to reassemble all the resentment he had felt, he took a turn or two about the room, drew off his blouse, and flung it viciously across the room. "You know, Inga, I'm very angry with you."

"Why?" she said, with just the trace of a smile.

"What the deuce do you mean by going back to your studio? I don't like it. If you are going to work, work here with me. You always used to do it."

"Yes; I used to; but that was different."

"Why?"

"I can tell you now," she said. "When I worked here then, it was to help you, quiet you, because you needed to have me near you, always near you, all the time."

"Now you've made up your mind you'd be in my way," he said irritably.

"No," she said, shaking her head; "I wasn't thinking of you. I was thinking of myself."

He believed that this was but an evasion.

"Inga, is that the truth?"

"Yes, it is," she said, in her low, musical voice. "What we do is so different. If I should work here with you, I should be overpowered by you. I must get by myself, do the little things I can do."

"Is that the affect I have on you now?"

"If I tried to work here with you, I should only sit and watch what you are doing; and I want to work—I must work."

"I misunderstood you, then," he said, his voice returning to gentleness. "I thought it was because you were thinking of me, and I can't bear that you should be always making the sacrifices."

"No, no, Mr. Dan," she said hastily, "I must think of myself, too—don't you see?"

"Yes, yes, of course, dear," he said.

Afterward, he wondered if she had told him the whole truth, if his own needs had not been in question as well as her own, for he needed the privacy of his own room, as every artist beyond the intimacy of friendship and love must retain a certain sanctuary of isolation where he can close out an all-distracting, intruding world.

His sense of loyalty to her never wavered. The world in which he moved was a world of workers. The rest he persistently shut away, resolutely declining all invitations

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen—Wanted everywhere by a responsible, established house. Average sales of one or two machines a week, and make from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year. Sell Chemical Fire Engines on Wheels to factories, stores, Fire Depts., etc.—no capital required—exclusive territory—goods well advertised. Ajax Fire Engine Works, 97a Liberty St., N.Y. City.

\$120 in 3 days is big profit but Jennings did it in 3 hours. How? Selling our wonderful, brand new, repeat advertising proposition to retail merchants, stores, etc., everywhere. Work when you like—make what you want. Experience unnecessary. Our book tells all—write quick. Salesmanager, Winslow Cabot Co., 90 Congress Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Agents Make Big Money. The best line of Non-alcoholic Food Flavors, Perfumes, Soaps, and Toilet Preparations, etc., ever offered. Over 250 light weight popular priced quick selling necessities—in big demand—well advertised—easy sellers—big repeaters. Others making \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day. Complete Outfits furnished free. Just a postal today. American Products Co., 9614 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Turn spare time into extra dollars a week. We want wide-awake representatives everywhere to take orders for Goodlow's Good Clothes—guaranteed Suits and Overcoats for men and young men. Previous experience unnecessary. Start now. Goodlow's, 80A Fifth Avenue, New York.

Lady Agents make good money selling Mrs. McCormick's Beauty Cream. Large jar 50 cts. Repeats. Beautifies complexion. Delightful odor. A wonderful face cream. Write for particulars. Behrens Drug Co., Waco, Texas.

Salesmen of character and ability to sell the New Teachers and Pupils Cyclopaedia to teachers & School Boards. Liberal terms. Exclusive territory. Salary or Comm., Bufton Book Co., Kan. City, Mo.

Salesmen selling restaurant, hotel, cafe, cigar, pool, drug, general store trade can do big business with our new live pocket side line. All merchants towns 100,000 and under want it. \$5.00 commission each sale. No collecting. No expense or risk to merchant. We take back all unsold goods. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.

Agents Wanted—Men or Women; big profit, selling specialties used in homes, hotels, stores, and offices. The Carson Company, Box 1D-800, Houston, Texas.

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Salesmen wanted. Best Punch Board Deals on earth. Brand new consignment. \$5.00 commission on order and repeats. Old reliable. Grove Mfg. Co., 2562 Cottage Grove, Chicago.

We will pay you well. Hardenburg's famous line of Leather Goods, Diaries and other Advertising Specialties. Product of forty years' experience. Easy sales, satisfied customers. A serious offer for hustling salesmen. No canvassers. H. B. Hardenburg & Co., 69 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Smoker wanted—want silent salesman who will smoke a pipe and get paid for it. Send no money, just write for particulars. M. H. Putnam, 607 West 51st Street, New York City.

Agents Get particulars of one of the best propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Others making \$25.00 to \$50.00 weekly. Just a postal today. E. M. Feltman, Sales Manager, 9714 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Large profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisps," costs cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Machine & instructions, prepaid, \$7.50. Send 10c for sample. Barley Crisp Co., 1208 B'way, San Fran.

Agents! Earn big commissions selling \$20 value all-wool made-to-measure suits, for \$10 retail. No experience necessary. Chicago Woolen Mills, Dept. 102, 833 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Women make money introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear, Dresses in spare time. Beautiful samples furnished. Fitzcharles Co., Dept. 135, Trenton, N. J.

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Energetic Men make big money selling slick-shine in every home, store, garage and through sub-agents. Duplicate orders come easy. Address Slick-Shine Co., Newark, N. J.

Salesmen in close touch with investors, capable of dealing with persons seeking unusually profitable investment, are invited to write us at once. Opportunity exceptional; commission liberal; work permanent. Brookes, 10 Wall St., New York.

Large manufacturer wants representatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

Let us start you in a permanent business of your own selling guaranteed Planto-Silk Hosiery, and Underwear direct from factory to the homes; capital and experience not necessary; many of our representatives make \$3,000 to \$5,000 per year. Write for particulars to Malloch Knitting Mills, 110 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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They sell on sight! Our marvelous Nibco Auto Washer for cleaning automobiles. Also our adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters, sanitary brushes and other household specialties. Complete line. Immense profits. Write now. Silver-Chamberlin Co., 1-3 Maple St., Clayton, N. J.

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1916's Sensation! 11-piece toilet article set selling like blazes at \$1, with \$1 carving set Free! Whirlwind stunt! Newcome made \$18 one day! Write E. Pierce Co., 906 Lake St., Chicago.

We make largest line sanitary brushes for every purpose. Big money for Agents. Write for attractive proposition, Puritan Sales Co., Dept. C, 1908 Broadway, N. Y.

We start you in business, furnishing everything: men and women, earning \$30 upward weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Hillery-Ragsdale Co., E. Orange, N. J.

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Men not earning \$1200 yearly get in touch with largest manufacturers of transparent handled knives and razors in U. S. Address Novelty Cutlery Co., 7 Bar St., Canton, O.

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Phonograph factory seeks representative. Energy and \$100 needed for territory. This \$10 Hornless Phonograph equals in results \$100 machines. Splendid opportunity. Princess, 505 5th Ave., N.Y.

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N. R. G. Little Wizard Labor Saver washes clothes in 10 minutes, absolutely without rubbing. Contains no Lime, Lye, Paraffin, Wax or other injurious material and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. There is nothing like it on the market. It is positively the wonder of the age, sells for 15c, enough for 5 family washings. We supply one free sample with every package you buy and guarantee the sale of same. All you do is to leave the free sample with the housewife and, when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady and permanent customer. Secure territorial rights at once, or you will regret it. A 1c postal card brings sample and full particulars. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk E204, 140 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

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Every Home on Farm in small town or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One farmer cleared over \$500 in 6 weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning \$100 to \$300 per month. No capital required; we furnish goods on time to reliable men. Write quick for sample lamp for free trial, distributor's proposition and secure appointment in exclusive territory. Mantle Lamp Co., 602 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

1000 women wanted to sell National dress goods, Silks, Velvets, Handkerchiefs, etc. The "National" line is the best. Newest goods—big assortments—prompt deliveries. Beautiful samples. Our plan will appeal to you. Write today for full information. National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 48, N. Y.

Salesmen wanted—to sell Shinon Products to retailers and jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Low prices; attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commission nets large income. All or part time. Shinon, Rochester, N. Y.

Agents—Sell Buckeye Duplex Overcoat-Raincoat Direct from Manufacturer, retailing from \$3.95 Up. Each Coat guaranteed. Write for Booklet. Buckeye Mfg. Co., 41 Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. C.

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The largest stock of typewriters in America. Underwoods, one-fourth to one-half manufacturer's prices, rented anywhere, applying rent on purchase price; free trial; instalment payments if desired. Write for catalogue O. Typewriter Emporium (Estab. 1892), 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago.

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Because we can't convince by words how fine our work and service are, we'll re-edge 3 safety blades free and return in Handy Mailing Case with "Inside Facts on Resharpening." Parker-Warren Engineering Lab'y., 107-F, W. 42d St., N. Y.

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Wedding invitations, announcements, etc., 100 in script lettering, including inside and outside envelopes, \$2.50; 100 visiting cards, 50 cents. Write for samples, C. Ott Engraving Co., 1017 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Song Writers "Key to Success" Sent Free. Get real facts. We revise poems, compose & arrange music, copyright and facilitate Free Publication, or sale. Submit poems for examination. Knickerbocker Studios, 540 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

A postal card will bring you full particulars about this department. Address Cosmopolitan Opportunity Adlets, 119 West 40th St., New York City

to wander back along pleasant paths that opened to him at every point. Where she could not go, or, rather, where she would not wish to follow him, he refused to enter. In fact, he did not even refer to the multiplicity of invitations which he continuously declined. He would have been very much surprised indeed had he suspected how intuitively she had divined his sacrifice. A great gentleness encompassed them, a deference toward each other that had about it the tenderness of their happiest days, but it was the deference of strangers. He never put a question to her; he never asked her for an account of her days; he made no reference to the man who had written to her in his need or sought to learn what her decision had been. Once, when she started to open the subject, he stopped her, saying gently:

"You don't need to give me any explanations, Inga. You must feel this and I don't want you to change your life in the slightest on account of me. For the rest, I have absolute faith in you."

But, from day to day, he watched her—wondering.

Meanwhile, in the ordinary routine of the Arcade an event happened which threw the inhabitants of the sixth floor into a flurry of astonishment.

Without the slightest warning, out of a clear sky, King O'Leary's wife turned up. She was a frail, rather pretty, rather tired, rather bored little woman who vouchsafed not the slightest explanation, but came back, weak and discouraged, to be taken care of. It was exactly the thing King O'Leary did.

"I'm down and out, King," she said, by way of excuse. "You're the only real man I know. If you don't take care of me, it's all over."

He looked at her, and the illusion which had lived in his heart through all the years suddenly snapped. She meant nothing to him now, could mean nothing, but she had been a part of his youth.

"Well, I guess you're still Mrs. O'Leary," he said slowly, "and if there's no one else to see you've got a roof over your head, I guess it's up to me. That's law and that's religion."

She broke down and wept at this, which annoyed him more than her return. But in a day she recovered her spirits, and seemed to be thoroughly content to be lounging about the studios, smoking endless cigarettes, slumbering through the daytime and waking to laughter and boisterousness at night. King O'Leary installed her in the room that had been Myrtle Popper's, and probably gave her generously of his savings, for she appeared in several new dresses of a rather Oriental suggestion. During these weeks, a cloud hung over the face of King O'Leary, and all his usual good-humor fled. For this, the cause was evident. The attitude of his wife had become that of a petty tyrant. Knowing the extent of his pride and the depth of his chivalry, she seemed to take a malicious pleasure in tormenting him before others, snapping him up at the slightest opportunity, lecturing him, seizing every chance to turn him into ridicule with such persistent vindictiveness that his friends wondered how he managed to hold himself in.

Then, one day, as suddenly as she had come, she disappeared, taking with her

all of her belongings and, in addition, one or two other small objects which had pleased her fancy, leaving behind her the following note:

KING:

I'm a thorough little beast and you are as fine as they make them. I won't bother you any more, I promise you that. You've been so decent I'm going to tell you the truth. I'm no more your wife than Belle Shaler. I got a divorce three years ago down in California. When I get hold of my papers, I'll send you the decree. I thought at first you knew, and then I made up my mind to work you for a good thing, but you're too decent for that. I'm not making apologies—it's not my way. You're one of the best, King, and the only good thing I did for you was to leave you. Good luck and good-by!

LULU.

XLVIII

THE first boisterous winds of autumn had come to end the stagnation of summer when, one day, in the full midst of the afternoon's work, Inga came into the studio where Danglefield was singing gorgeously to himself.

"Hello!" he said, looking up, surprised at this early entrance. "Nothing doing this afternoon?"

"I finished sooner than I expected," she said evasively, "and it was very bad. I want to watch you."

"All right; I'll try to perform." But something in the gravity of her look made him turn abruptly and study her with a sudden presentiment. She seemed unconscious of his scrutiny, even when, from time to time, he turned in her direction with increasing wonder. She sat just behind him so as to command both the model and the canvas, her body thrown backward in the depths of an armchair, her glance set in reverie before her.

A vague sense of uneasiness crept over him, something which seemed to scatter all the playfulness and the delight which had been in his heart. He could not quite account for this sudden shadow which seemed to obsess the room. He had seen her often in such profound moods, and yet there was something indefinable in the solemnity of her pose, in the set purpose of her eyes which warned him. Something began to race in his heart and to quicken every nerve.

"That will do for to-day," he said, dropping his brushes suddenly. And, to the model: "I'll let you know when I want you. Take your things and go."

The moments until they were alone seemed interminably long and cruel. He jerked the canvas from its easel and set it in the corner without a second look, stripped off his blouse, and went hurriedly to the wash-stand to plunge into soap and water. When he came back, drying his arms, the little model, a waif from the West Side, was ready, waiting for the day's pay. He paid him twice over—some instinct of weakness before destiny which is inherent in the superstition of man—silenced his thanks, and sent him out.

Then he came and stood in front of the chair in which Inga was sitting in the same rigid pose, with the same unseeing stare in her eyes. He spoke her name before she seemed to realize his presence.

"Inga."

Her glance came back slowly. Was it from the future or from out the past?

She saw him, rose slowly, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Just a moment," she said, with a long breath.

She went past him to the window where she stood half turned from him, a free and slender line against the white of the outer day. He followed her until he stood just behind her, waiting for her to speak.

"You know what it is, don't you?" she said, at last, but without turning toward him.

"No," he said, and yet, at the bottom, he knew.

"Do you remember what we said to each other here once," she began, but with much hesitation; "the promise you gave me?"

"What promise?" he said mechanically.

"The promise—" She stopped.

"Come, Inga," he said; "what has got to be said must be said. You've known that all along, and so have I."

"Yes, I know," she said, but her eyes dropped down, and her hands came together in a straining, nervous clasp.

"You mean," he said, "the time has come when you want to go out of my life. Is that what you're trying to tell me, Inga?"

She raised her eyes again, and again her glance fled from his, but she nodded her head in silent acquiescence.

"Oh, Inga!"

He had known it for weeks, and yet, now that it lay between them, immutably written, forever fixed by the nod of her head, he felt strangled by the suddenness of the blow. He caught her up to him, crushing her in his arms, and what he said to her and the wild, unreasoning phrases that came pouring from his lips he did not know. Only that, for the moment, faced with the sudden ache of parting, it seemed to him that he loved her completely, absolutely, deliriously, as he had never loved her before.

She neither tried to check nor to answer him. Her head lay weakly on his shoulder, powerless against his strength, and when again he had regained his calm, he saw the tracks of tears across her face.

"Inga," he said angrily, catching hold of her wrists, clutching them until they must have hurt her, "you're not going to do this, you understand?"

"I want to talk to you," she said, shrinking back.

He stopped, walked away from her, buried his head in his hands, and gradually fought his way back to self-control.

"Yes, yes," he said, with a sudden feeling of contrition at the intemperance of the emotion which had carried him away; "I am sorry—I couldn't help it. Let's talk to each other, then—but facing things as they are, as we should have talked to each other long ago."

"Oh, yes—please!"

All at once, a presentiment of the finality of her decision came over him.

"Very well," he said; "but not here. I don't want—you understand—not here, Inga."

"I understand," she said, and, without looking at him, moved over to the door.

He joined her, and because they did not wish anyone to see their faces at that moment, they did not call the elevator but went slowly down the dark stone descent. In the street, he held out his arm to her with a longing to feel again the intimate clinging pressure of her body.

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"Take my arm," he said.

She hesitated, and then slipped her hand into its protection, and thus they returned to their apartment.

When they had come into these outer surroundings, which represented all that was recent in their existence together, he felt that not only outwardly but inwardly they had passed from one life into another. He saw all at once what he had refused to see—how utterly out of place she was against the formal correctness of his new home, in this gilded cage into which he had forced her, and, feeling this all at once, he felt, too, how helpless he would be before the logic of her plea.

A moment before, under the spell of the old haunts, he had been, for the moment, the Dangerfield of the past, the man who had come into her life as life was natural and instinctive to her. Now he was suddenly aware of all the difference that lay between them, of the far poles of society from which they had started on their groping journeys, for one moment of which destiny had brought them together. He took her things from her as deferentially as though it had been for the first time, and, going into the hall, rang for the butler and sent him away. She would never have thought of this.

He came back to her, and, with a sudden wave of gentleness, laid his hand on her shoulder and said:

"Inga, I know that this is hard for you. I won't lose control of myself again. Now, let's understand each other. When man and woman have been to each other what we have been, something remains which can never completely pass away. You feel that, don't you?" She nodded. "We could never do anything to hurt each other—consciously do it. I am ready to do anything that you feel you need. Now that the air is clear, let's say what we think. We have tried so often and failed. It is my fault, for I have known for a long while that you have been unhappy."

"No, Mr. Dan," she said gently; "not unhappy. I have been, well—just lost."

"I don't quite understand that," he said, sitting down beside her, so close that their knees brushed one another's, their heads almost touching. He took her hands in his. "It isn't anything that I have done, is it? I haven't hurt you?"

She shook her head slowly and tried to smile.

"Oh, no, you couldn't. You've done more than you should."

"That isn't true," he said firmly. "I haven't made one sacrifice."

"Aren't we going to tell each other the truth?" she said, with a sudden intensity, and, from this moment, all indecision passed from her, as though she had hastily dried one rebellious tear which had come uncontrollably to her eyes.

"This is the truth," he said, with an attempt at openness. "If it were not for you—not because I should be afraid for you but because I know you would hate the life, I might drift back into certain purely formal connections that once made up my life. But what would that mean to me? Absolutely nothing. As a matter of fact, it might represent a danger. It is hard to seek out the world without being, in the end, a slave to it so that, don't you see?—and I've been absolutely honest—what you might think I've done for

you, is really the thing I should do for myself."

She did not answer, but sat considering what he had said, turning it over from every angle, as women do, seeking the claim of motives and the reasons which it might reveal. Seeing her thus, he thought that he had understood the reason of her renunciation.

"Inga, why do you always sacrifice yourself, always think of me?" he burst out. "For that, at the bottom, is what it is. There's something rigid and cold about it which is like the country you come from. You want to go out of my life because you think that that act will set me free. You rebel because you think I am held to you by a sense of loyalty and gratitude. Now, listen. You may think that another woman may come into my life, a woman brought up in the superficial life which I have known. You're utterly and absolutely wrong, and the trouble is that you undervalue yourself. There's no other woman—there can be no other woman in my life. What you are to me is absolutely what I need, the companionship above all else."

She turned and looked at him with an expression so inscrutable that he felt uncomfortable beneath this challenge, as though he were guilty of some evasion and had been caught in the act.

"Why do you look at me like that?" he said uneasily.

"Mr. Dan," she said impulsively, "don't you see it's not of you I am thinking this time? It's myself, my life."

"What!" he said—completely thrown off his guard. "But, Inga, doesn't it mean anything to you to be my wife, to share in my success, and to feel that all the world knows you have been the force behind? Isn't that sufficient? Doesn't that thrill you?"

"No," she said quietly; "all that means nothing." He looked at her helplessly.

"It's strange that you don't understand," she said pensively, "for you understand so many things—you have such a big way of looking at life."

He rose and sat down again abruptly.

"We are beating about the bush; we are coming to nowhere, Inga," he said firmly. "There's another man come into your life who means more to you than I do. You want to go to him, isn't that it?"

"Yes."

"I gave you my promise to free you; I shall keep it," he said.

"And you—you understand?" she asked.

"I shall try to understand." Then, despite himself, he broke into a laugh, a bitter echo of the mocking laughter of the past. "Understand? No; I shall never understand."

"Perhaps I can make you," she began. "Mr. Dan, I do care for you, and if you ever needed me as you did once, I would have to come to you, no matter where I was or what else was in my life. Believe me, I mean it. But I have never really belonged to your life. There's all the difference in the world between us; you know it, and I know it. That's why I didn't want to marry you. And you know it now, too, you feel it the moment I come here into this room. Only, you are very loyal, very kind, and very generous; but it is so."

"It wasn't always so!" he cried impulsively, and then suddenly stopped, realizing what the admission had been.



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"I belonged to you, but I don't belong to your life—I can't. I don't want to, Mr. Dan; it bores me. You don't know how completely lonely I have been."

"Inga," he said, interrupting her, "it isn't entirely that. You, too, are not telling the whole truth. Perhaps I understand you in this better than you do yourself. Frankly, you are not interested in me any more, because you've finished your task, because there's nothing more for you to do."

"Yes, Mr. Dan," she said slowly; "there is nothing more for me to do. I can't give you anything more. I don't count."

"It seems strange," he continued, "that there should be so little vanity in you. Other women would feel a sense of pride, of possession, of parading what they had accomplished, but not you. I think you were happiest, you really loved me the deepest, when I was trembling on the edge of the gutter, when you were the last hold which held me back, and now you miss that, you miss the dramatic side of it, the struggle, the tremendous tax on every nerve of your body, on every shred of your will. You've won out; you've made me, and now I no longer interest you. You miss the other."

"Oh, it is not simply that I miss it," she cried passionately, "it's that I must have it! I'm that way; it's my happiness. I should stifle if there was nothing in life for me to do."

"I do not say it in bitterness," said Dangerfield. "I am not bitter. I know now that you must follow your instinct, and between the other man and myself, you must go to the one who needs you now as I used to need you. Isn't that so?"

"Yes; he needs me," she said, and she rose and, unconsciously, a little light, a fierce maternal craving came into her face. "I have waited until I was sure; I haven't told him. He doesn't know that I will come."

"I only hope he is worth the giving," said Dangerfield abruptly. Of all the other emotions—jealousy, passion, gratitude, loyalty—only one remained, a feeling of great tenderness, of almost paternal solicitude.

"He has wonderful things in him, too," she said, "that must be saved."

Then they stood facing each other a moment, knowing that all had been said between them, each suddenly shy and embarrassed before the other.

"You have been very kind to me, Mr. Dan. There are things I can never forget." She stopped, put out her hand to his and said, "And I am glad now that you had your way, that you made me marry you."

"I can't say anything," he said, and he took her in his arms gently, as though she had been a fragile flower, her head against his head while the tears from their eyes rained together on their cheeks, trembling against each other, as they who have loved passionately live again at the final parting.

AFTERWORD

THE little fraternity in the Arcade broke up gradually, after one more dramatic interruption. "The baron," whose health had faded rapidly in the last months, was gradually confined to his

room, where Pansy came each day to watch over him with the tenderness of a daughter. Twice Drinkwater attempted to follow his wife into the intimacy of the room, but each time the intrusion roused such a tempest of fury in Mr. Cornelius who actually drew a pistol and threatened to shoot him that the lawyer retreated precipitately. Of Drinkwater's assiduous curiosity and the plan of blackmail which had long matured in his crafty mind, Pansy had not the slightest suspicion, as was afterward evident. Of all who had wondered at the lawyer's impulsive marriage with the girl who had won Mr. Cornelius's confidence, "the baron" alone divined the reasons for his action. His hatred for Drinkwater was something uncontrollable and terrifying in its rage. The resemblance of Pansy to "the baron," so marked in the upward lift of the right eyebrow, the lustrous black of the eyes, and the faint similarity of the profile, coupled with the affection the old man had shown to her alone, had suggested a scheme of blackmail to Drinkwater's fertile imagination. At the death of Mr. Cornelius, he had planned to claim that Pansy was his true daughter, and, through threats of scandal, to force a settlement from the estate. For this purpose, he had even insinuated the belief into the imagination of the girl—who, however, was quite guiltless in the attempt that followed.

To bolster up his scheme, it became necessary for Drinkwater to procure, first, the knowledge of "the baron's" real name and, second, some intimate relics which would carry conviction. To this end, he had sought several times an opportunity to force the lock of the great chest, which he rightly guessed held the secrets he coveted. As a matter of fact, it is quite possible that desiring what he did so ardently, Drinkwater had actually been able to convince himself that Pansy was, in truth, what he intended to claim. The declining health of Mr. Cornelius and his own failure to gain admittance as a friend, undoubtedly impelled him to the rash act which brought so fatal a termination. By some means or other he had procured a key to the chest and one evening when the inhabitants of the floor were gathered in O'Leary's studio fêteing Tootles' birthday, he succeeded in making his entrance into "the baron's" room. Some abiding suspicion must have crossed Mr. Cornelius's mind (he had long suspected Drinkwater's clandestine searches) for, without explanation, he was seen to leave in the middle of the party. A minute later, a sudden outcry and the sound of a pistol-shot sent them rushing down the hall. In the center of the room, Mr. Cornelius was standing, pistol in hand, swaying against the back of a chair which had caught his weight; and by the chest, which had been pried open, still grasping a locket, was the body of Drinkwater, quite dead.

"The baron" did not long survive him. The shock and the memory sent him into a raging fever, and the end came a week later. Every clue to his past was carefully removed by Dangerfield acting under instructions, who transferred the chest to the control of the lawyers. Only a few personal effects, a few books, and the portrait of the woman who had meant the whole of life—heaven and hell—in his romantic, tragic career, remained at the end. The few reporters who came in avid-

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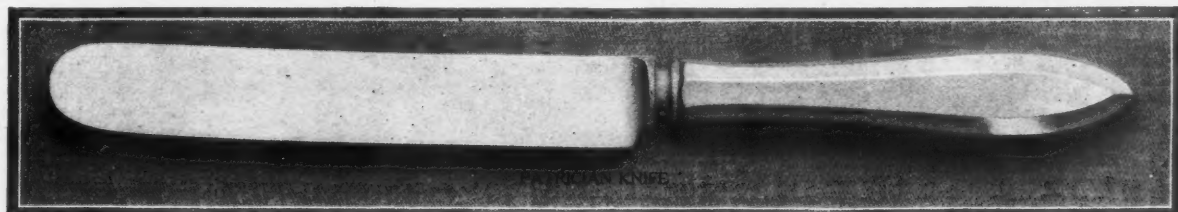
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ly scenting a story drew fanciful pictures of this inexplicable ending, stories that had a remembered touch of Alexandre Dumas—though one or two guesses came near the truth. The death of Drinkwater seemed to affect Pansy but little. She went back into the old partnership with Belle Shaler, neither richer nor poorer, a little dazed but incapable of deeper emotions.

After this tragic interruption, the floor seemed to disintegrate all at once. Tootles went off to Paris for further study, thanks to Dangerfield, who sent him as a sort of tribute to the past, the one touch of generosity permitted him. King O'Leary ended by marrying Millie Brewster and went with her roving down into Central America, where, thanks to her practical ambitions, he found opportunities and began to make his way. Flick remained of the fraternity of bohemia, never at loss to turn a quick dollar, incapable of saving one, wandering through many trades, always on the point of discovering the sudden road to fortune, always awaking in a garret, nor being greatly depressed by the failure. Schneibel and Miss Quirley drew back into their respective shells. Other tenants succeeded to the sixth floor, but the association which had been begun with the arrival of King O'Leary and Dangerfield was never resumed.

And what of Inga? Despite her explanations, she remained as great a mystery to Dangerfield as on the first wild night when he had opened his eyes to find her in his studio in self-assumed command of his destiny. Despite his pleadings and remonstrances, she had refused to take from him the slightest assistance. Free she had always been, and free she remained.

That she had loved him and still loved him he knew, for on the rare occasions when they passed each other in the crowd, her eyes showed that she still remembered. Yet was this love as deep and encompassing as her impulse toward the other man? And what part had he played in her life, in both their lives?

Luigi Champeno, he met once, two years after his marriage to her, on the occasion of the opening of the fall Academy, where two groups of the young sculptor were the hit of the exhibit, for their uncanny originality—a daring representation of the squalor of a crowded tenement stoop in which, curiously enough it seemed to him that he found traits of his own way of looking at things. The meeting had been accidental, the introduction unavoidable. He had given his hand with a feeling of deepest kindness, strongly stirred, at the sight of Inga, at the somberness and poverty of her dress, divining all the struggle and the happiness that it revealed.

Only a few words were said and those quite inconsequential. In the eyes of the young man he had seen the sudden leap of hatred and animal jealousy which once, he remembered, had torn his soul in shreds in the days of his own infatuation. That Champeno adored her with a clinging, idolatrous faith was evident. Dangerfield had looked eagerly at Inga into the sea-blue eyes, seeking some clue there of regret, of complaint, of renewed triumph or of restlessness, but her eyes as always retained their veil. He could divine nothing. Yet of the man himself he retained a singularly illuminating memory, an im-

pression of a morose and tortured child, of violent moods and moral weakness, a precocious child tortured by a spark of genius, utterly undisciplined and untamed, incapable of standing alone.

"The battle there will never be won," he thought with a sudden comprehension, and he added, with a little touch of poignant regret, "and he will adore her fiercely, tyrannically as I never could."

The answer to many perplexities seemed to be there. Inga had adored him and by the other she had been adored. With him, her reason for existing had been accomplished; with the other, it could never end. With him, she had never quite been herself, conscious of intangible social demarcations, while with Champeno she went arm in arm, child of the people to the last.

He moved over to where De Gollyer was standing in critical admiration before the exhibit of the young sculptor which had attracted general enthusiasm. It was a group of immigrants, mother and babe, with children clutching at her skirts marooned on a flight of stairs, looking hopelessly out on the sea of New York, powerfully repulsive, startling in its fidelity, revolutionary but convincing.

"What puzzles you?" he asked.

"My boy, it has a suggestion of you," said De Gollyer. "Fact—reminds me of things you've done."

"You think so?" he said, surprised that his friend had noticed what he had felt at the first glance.

"It's strong—best thing in years. The boy's got it fairly," said De Gollyer; "came out of the slums himself; the iron and the gall are there. There's a story he started in an East Side gang and was railroaded up to the reformatory for a year. Probably fiction. But he's felt what he's crying out to us. No mistake about that. And yet, Dan, if you'd signed it, I shouldn't have been surprised." Dangerfield didn't reply. He was staring at the strangely revealing group, wondering what else she had taken out of his life to give to the other.

He never remarried. He did big things. It is true he just missed the final enduring touch of genius, but it is doubtful if he himself realized it, nor what he might have been if Inga had not left him and the world made him its hero and its slave. For his own day, he was master and leader. For whatever the judgment of posterity may be, as De Gollyer was wont to remark, "It is better to die as Sheridan than to die as Shakespeare, for Shakespeare never knew."

The world naturally completely misjudged Dangerfield. In his career they saw nothing but the oft-repeated story of devouring genius; the man growing beyond the woman who had regenerated him and sacrificing her once he had arrived. Dangerfield himself was aware of this hostile attitude, but he never sought to explain it away. De Gollyer, it is true, told his version of the romance in strictest confidence to a multitude of friends, but De Gollyer's reputation as a raconteur was against him. His listeners were amused, grateful, and stubbornly incredulous, not recognizing that women like Inga Sonderson do exist.

THE END

